

Wm. Luller.

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4 Park Street Boston, Mass.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

85 Fifth Avenue, New York

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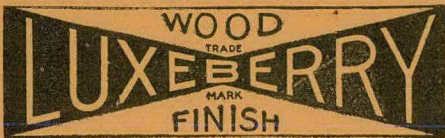
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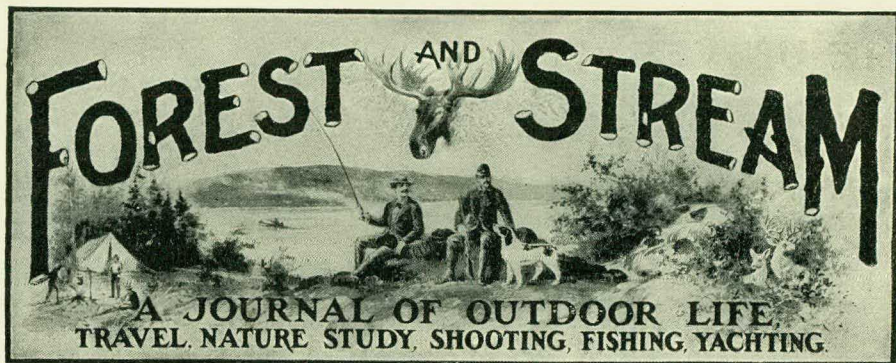
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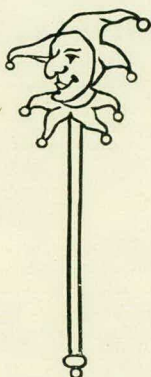
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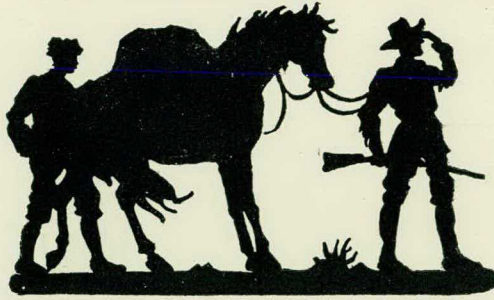
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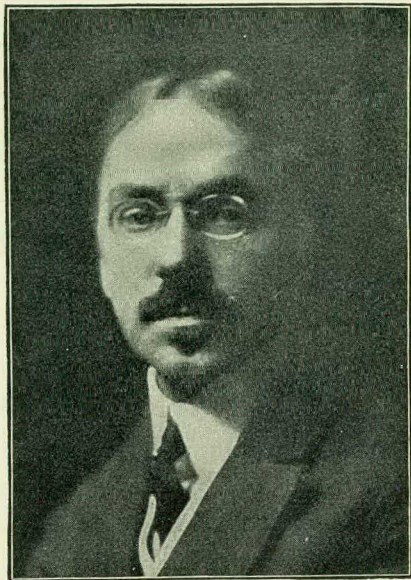
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Benjamin F. Trueblood is the General Secretary of the American Peace Society and the editor of *The Advocate of Peace*. He was at The Hague during the First Hague Conference, and has been a prominent worker in the cause of international arbitration. He has written a book on *The Federation of the World*. *Thomas Nixon Carver* is the author of *The Distribution of Wealth* and other books in the field of economics. He is a Professor of Economics in Harvard University. *Bradford Torrey* is a writer of out-door essays and literary criticism, whose work frequently appears in this magazine. Among his more recent contributions have been *Robert Louis Stevenson*, *The Secret of Wordsworth*, and *A Bunch of Texas and Arizona Birds*. *Julian Hawthorne*, the only son of the famous romance writer, is himself an author of wide experience and unusual talent. The list of his published books is a long one. *John Henry Denison* has written several striking articles for the Atlantic, among them a sketch of the late General Armstrong in January, 1894, and *The Great Delusion of our Time* in June, 1904. *T. J. J. See* is an astronomer and mathematician who has held many important astronomical posts, and is now stationed at the Naval Observatory, Mare Island, California. He has written for the Atlantic on such subjects as *Recent Progress in Astronomy* and *The Blue Color of the Sky*. *Martha Baker Dunn* is an essayist whose work has been received with particular favor by the readers of the magazine. She is the author of a recent collection of essays entitled *Cicero in Maine*. *Frank Clayton* is the *nom-de-plume* of a Southern gentleman. *Frank Foxcroft*, the editor of *Littell's Living Age*, is a journalist who has devoted especial attention to the progress of political and social reform movements. *Arthur Symons* is an English essayist of high rank. He has already written for the Atlantic on *Sir Walter Scott as a Poet*. *Winthrop More Daniels*, Professor of Political Economy at Princeton University, is the author of many books and articles. In 1905 he contributed a group review of recent books in his department, similar to that which appears in the current number.

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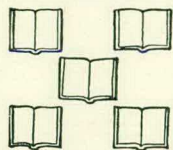
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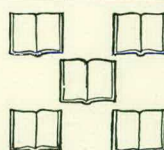
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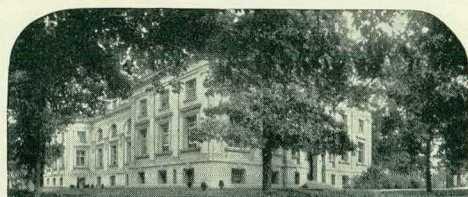
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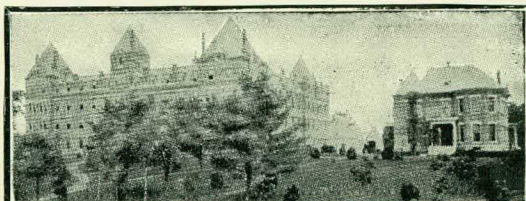
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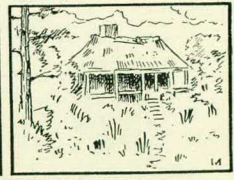
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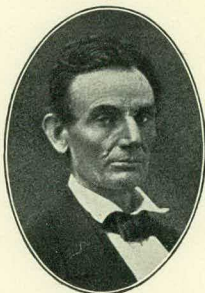
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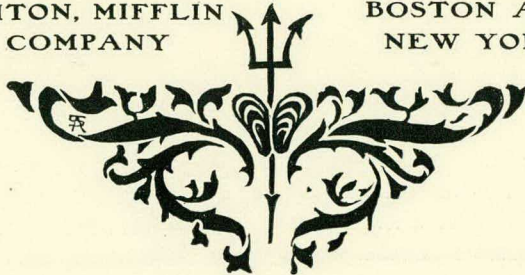
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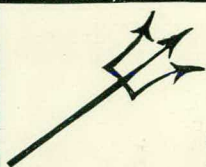
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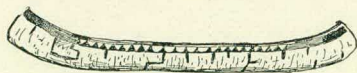
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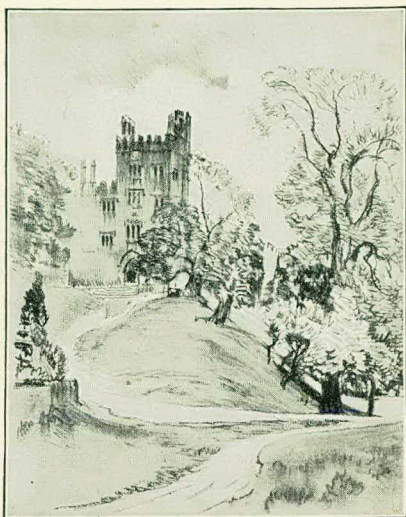
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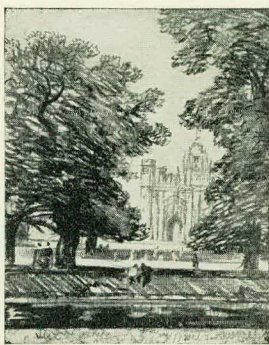
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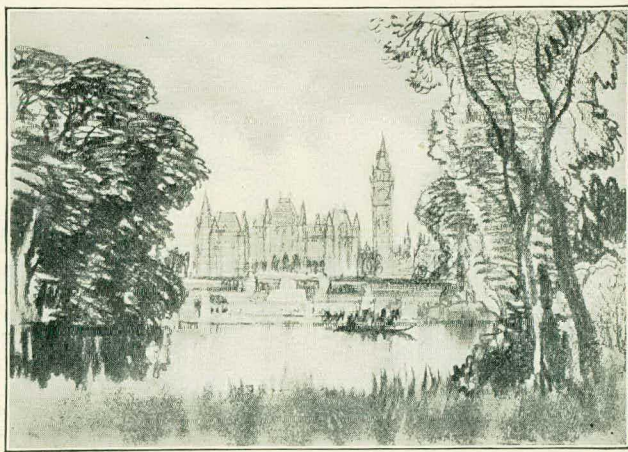
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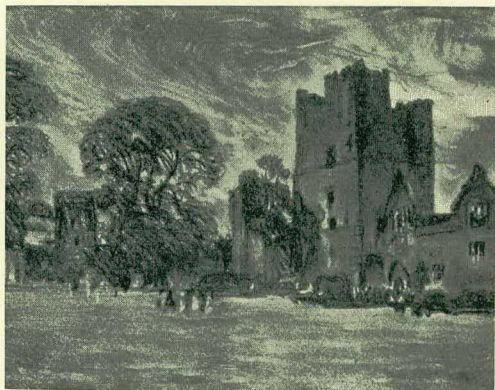
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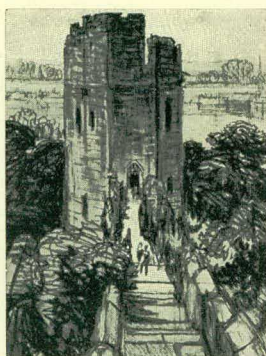
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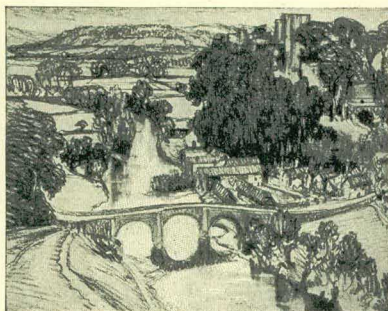
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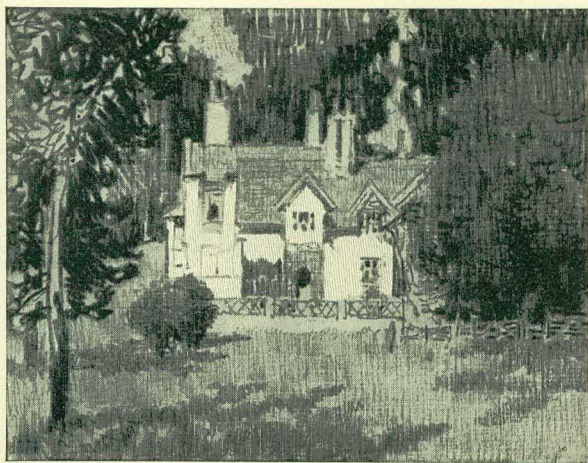
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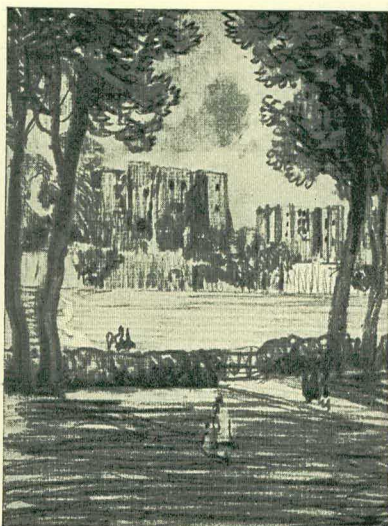
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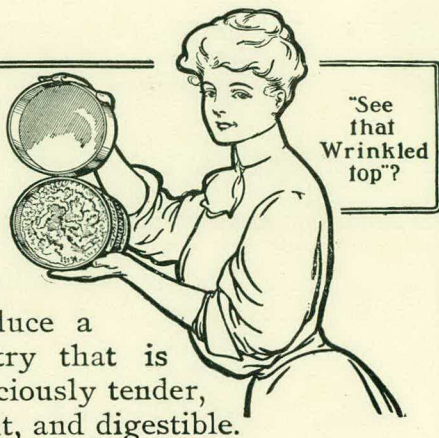
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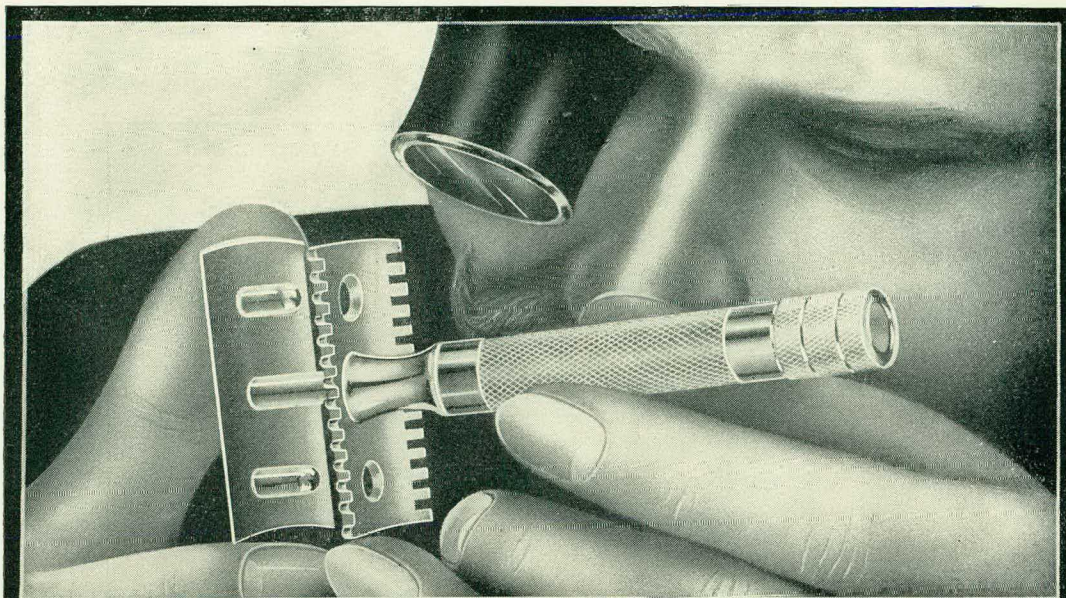
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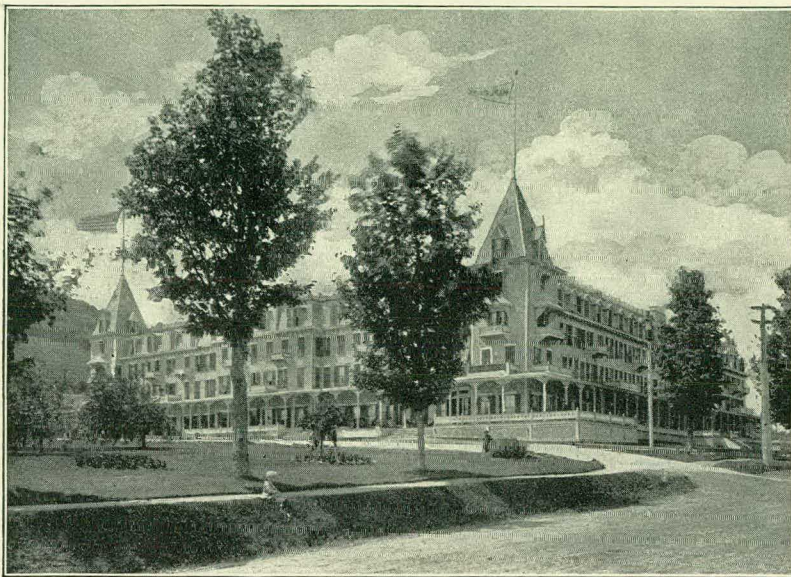
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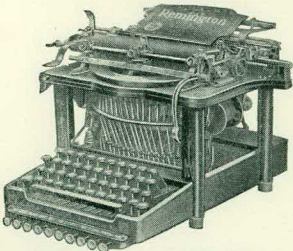
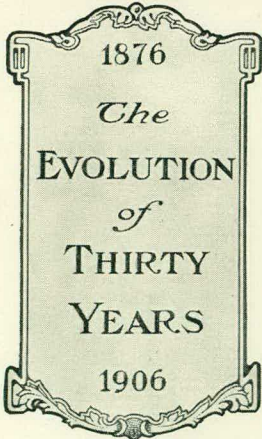
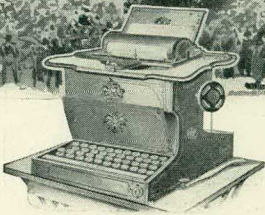
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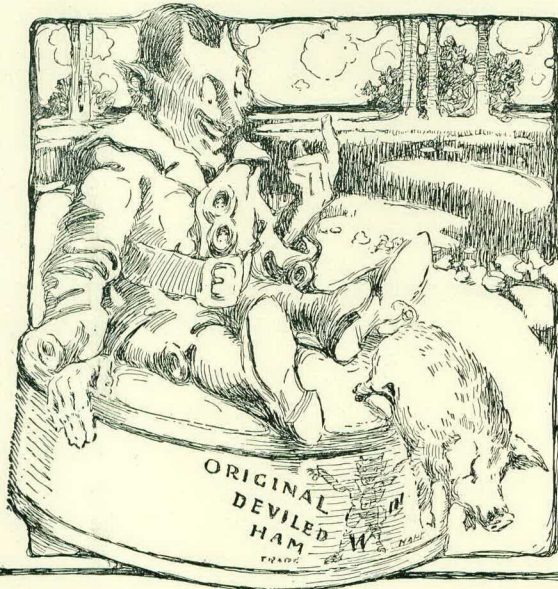
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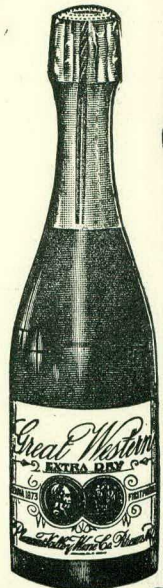
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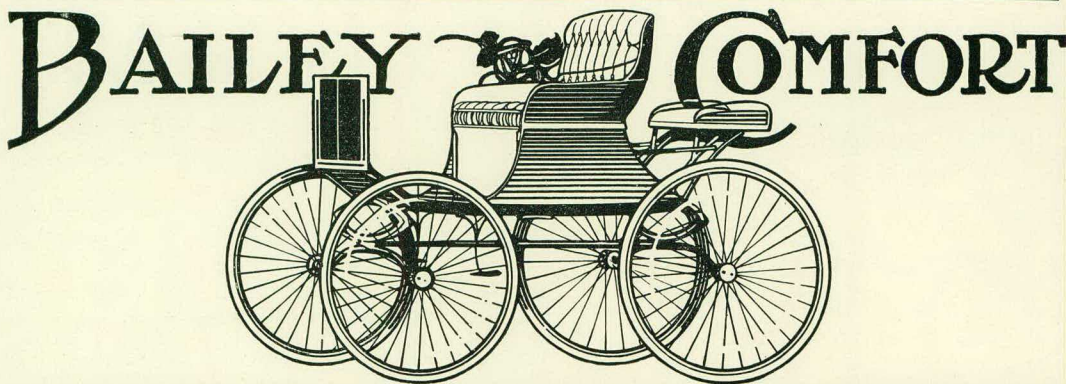
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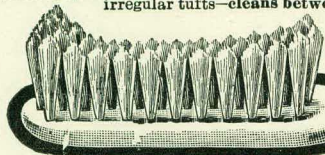
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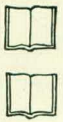
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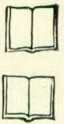


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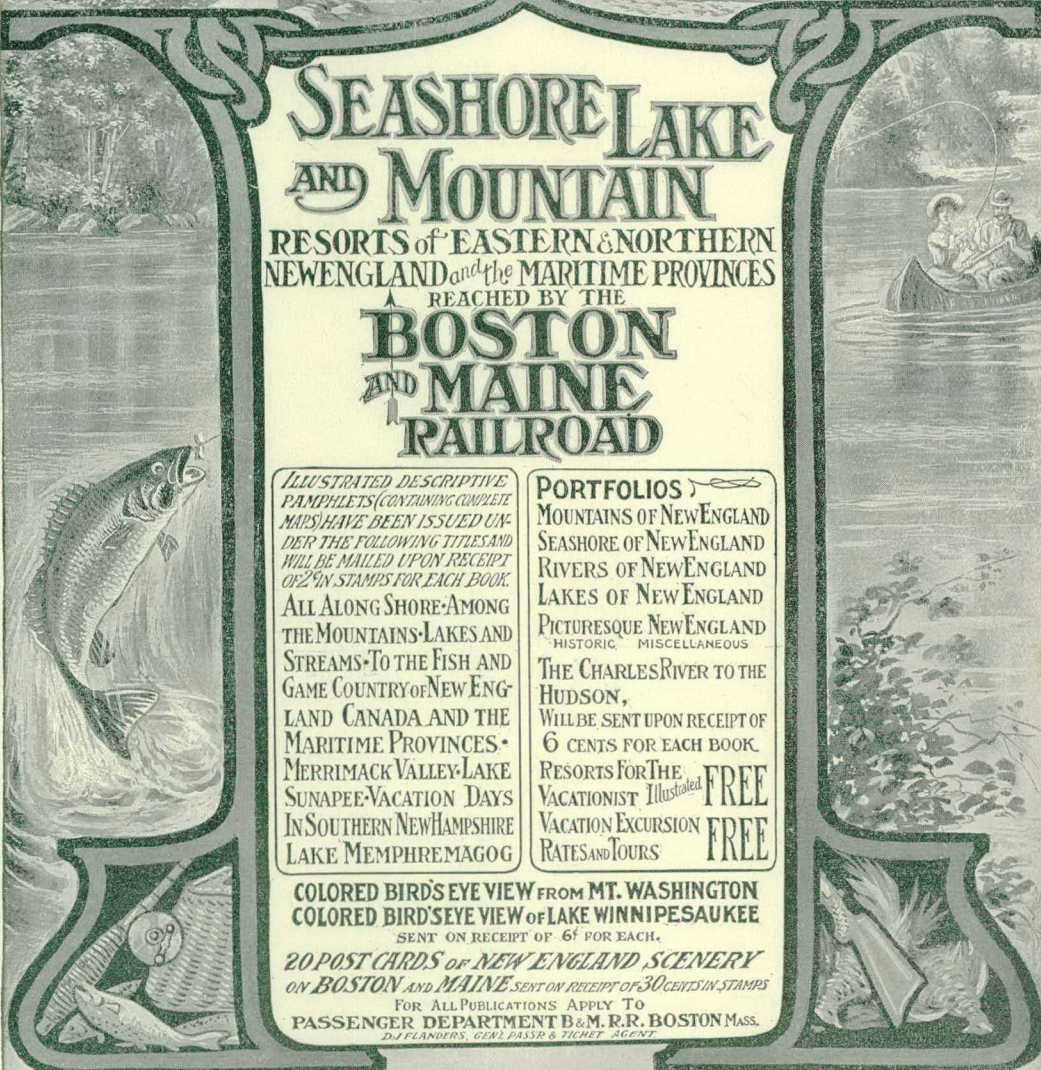
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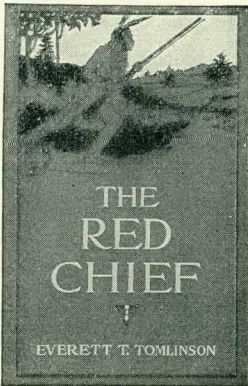
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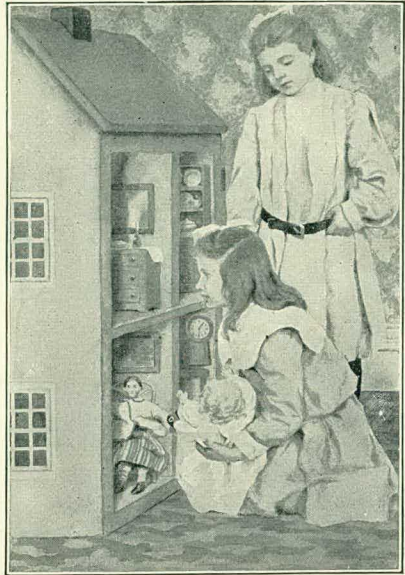
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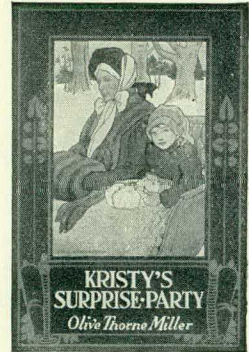
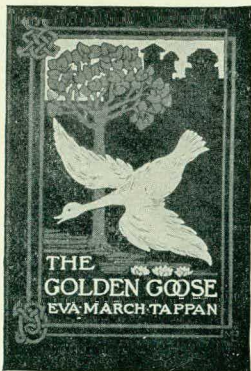
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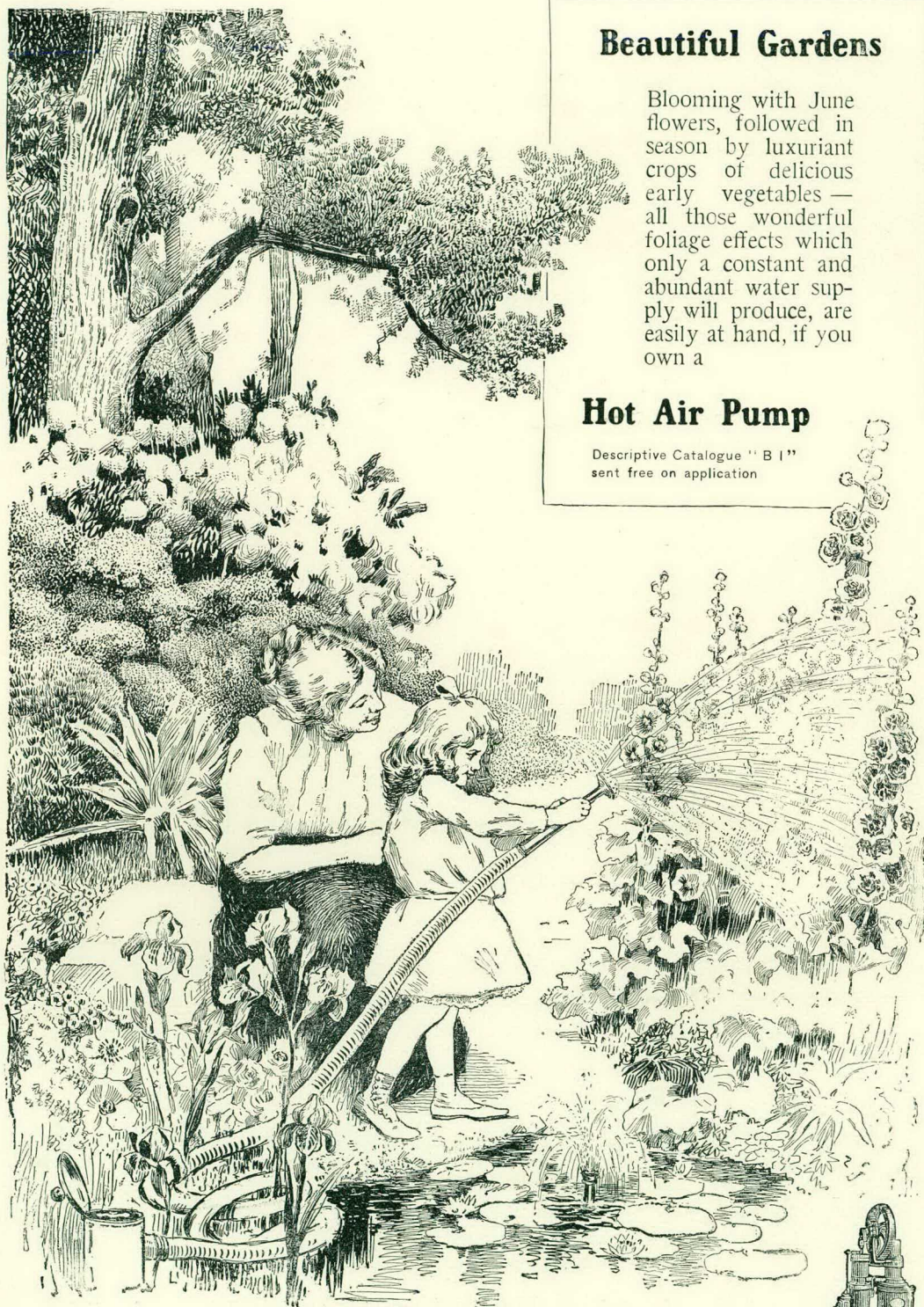


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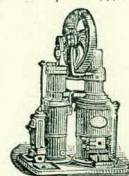
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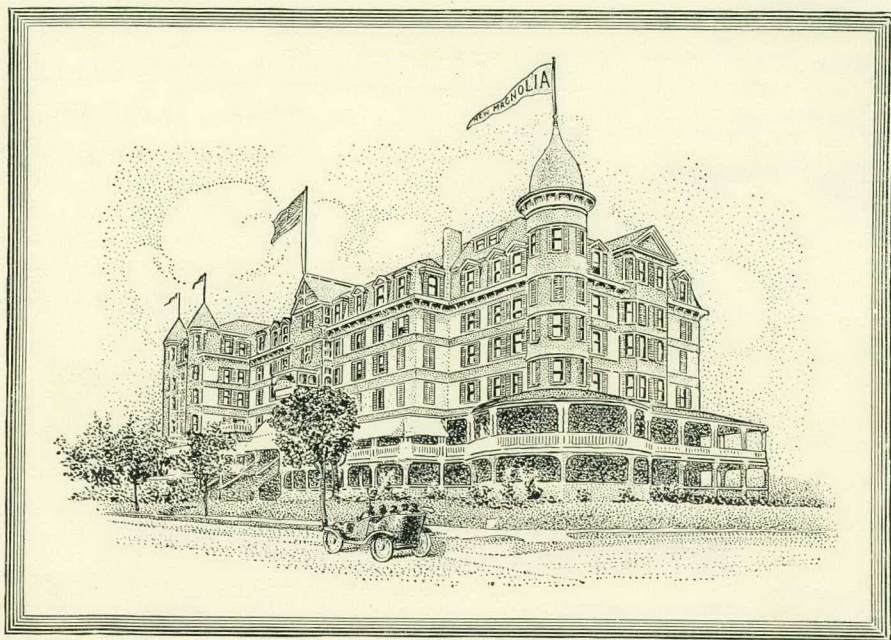
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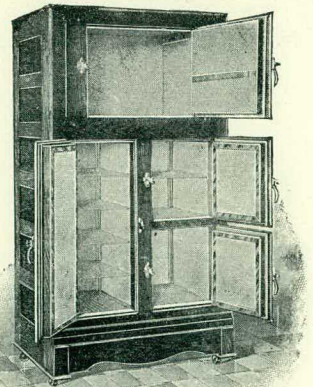
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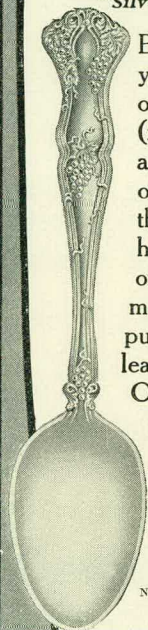
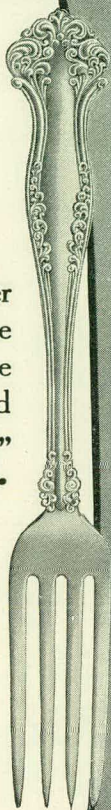
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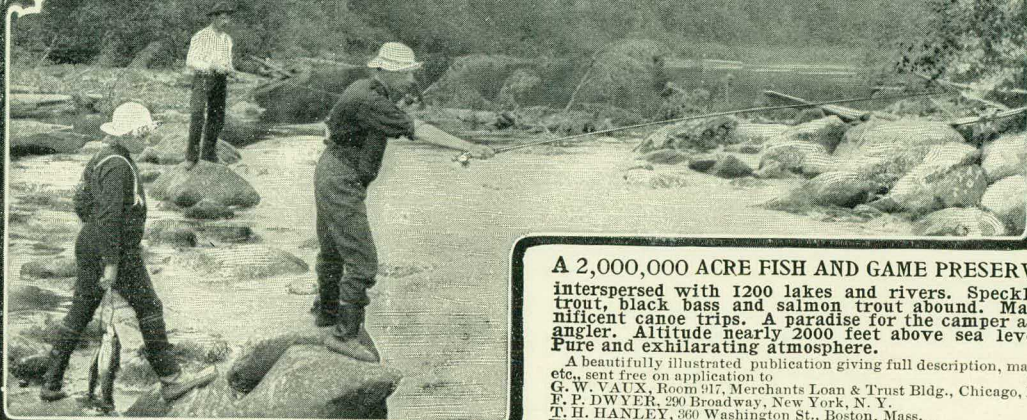
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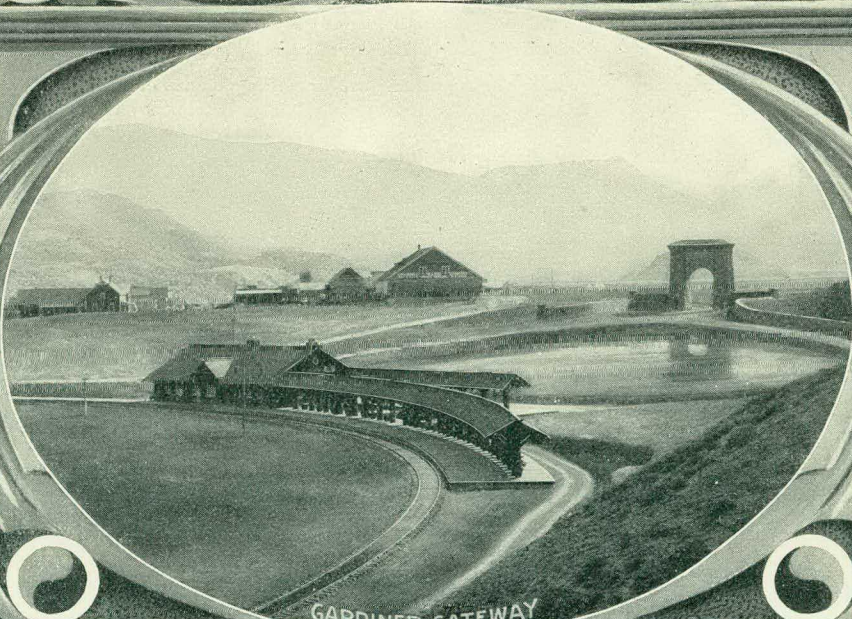
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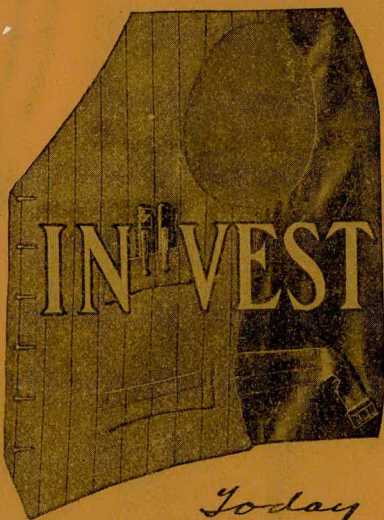
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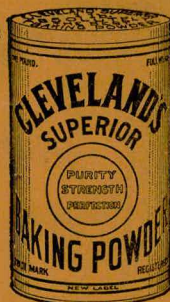
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THE
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THE HAGUE CONFERENCES AND THE FUTURE
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BY BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD

THE Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference, which has just closed its Twelfth Annual Meeting, has again brought prominently before the American public the whole subject of international arbitration. It is scarcely possible to estimate the enormous distance covered by the movement, on both its sentimental and its practical sides, since the first conference at Mohonk was held by Mr. Smiley in 1895. At that time barely threescore persons met at Mr. Smiley's invitation, and their discussions and conclusions were not only largely theoretical, but were marked conspicuously by caution and reserve. The members of the conference wished and meant to do something, they scarcely knew what.

The attitude of the Mohonk Conference at that time was a fair index to the general feeling on the subject, not only among the people at large, but also in the press and in religious, social, and educational circles. Few people then were at all aware what progress practical arbitration had made in a quiet way during the nineteenth century. Even in the State Department at Washington the considerable amount of material for a most interesting historical *résumé* of the important controversies settled by arbitration had not been put into any systematic form. There seems to have been no collection of instances made by the Department until during the secretaryship of John Sherman, though a compilation of the cases to which the United States had been a party had been made by John Bassett Moore,

Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Blaine, in a paper before the American Historical Association in 1891. Professor Moore was also engaged in the preparation of his great work on the history of International Arbitration, in six volumes, which was published by the government in 1898.

The Mohonk Conference has now grown to more than five times its original membership. It has proportionately developed in conviction and courage, has widely and deeply affected public sentiment throughout the nation, has brought to the support of the great principle which it advocates about a hundred of the leading chambers of commerce and other business organizations, and has effected much at Washington itself in securing the attachment of the national legislators and public officials to the wider and more regular application of the principle of pacific adjustment of international controversies.

In the meantime, the evolution of the movement has been most striking in Western Europe. At the Interparliamentary Union Conference at Brussels in 1895, the year of the organization of the Mohonk Conference, a well-digested plan for a permanent tribunal of arbitration, prepared by a committee appointed the previous year, was presented, and, after thorough discussion, was approved. This plan, which was widely distributed among the governments and public men, was considered to have had much to do with turning the attention of the Czar of Russia to the movement, and inducing him

to send an official observer to the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union the next year at Budapest.

The subject was also taken up about this time by the New York State Bar Association, whose committee on arbitration prepared and submitted to the President of the United States a plan for a permanent international tribunal, which proved to be most effective in arousing interest in the subject among leading jurists and statesmen of the country. This plan set forth some of the fundamental principles of an international judicial system which were incorporated in the Hague Convention of the 29th of July, 1899. At this period the American Bar Association threw the weight of its great influence in favor of a permanent tribunal of arbitration. The awakening at that time was so great that in the spring of 1896 the first National Conference on International Arbitration was held at Washington, presided over by ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, and attended by many prominent men from various parts of the country. A preliminary conference had been held previously at Philadelphia to promote the success of the Washington meeting, and special meetings of the friends of arbitration were held about the same time in Boston, New York, and other cities. The first practical effect of this great awakening, which was as marked in Great Britain and France as in this country, was the signing of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, which came within three or four votes of being ratified in the Senate in the spring of 1897. This treaty, whose discussion in the Senate awakened wide public interest, had immense influence both in this country and in Western Europe in advancing the cause to a point where practical results could no longer fail to be realized.

The history of the calling and work of the Hague Conference is too fresh in the memory of the enlightened public to need more than the briefest mention. The Czar's Rescript, issued on the 24th of

August, 1898, though creating almost universal surprise, and a great deal of pessimistic comment, was, with little delay, approved by all the governments to whose representatives at St. Petersburg a copy of this famous document had been handed. The result of the conference, which met at The Hague on the 18th of May, 1899, and sat until the 29th of July, with a hundred delegates representing twenty-six powers, was, so far as the purposes of this article are concerned, the drafting of the now famous "Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Controversies." This convention, which was the outcome of the comparative study of no less than six plans, presented to the conference by the delegations from Russia, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium, was ratified by one power after another, and in April, 1901, the Permanent International Court of Arbitration, as it is technically named, was declared organized and ready for business. The court as at present constituted consists of some seventy-two judges, appointed by twenty-two of the signatory powers (the others never having ratified the treaty), and is under the general care of an administrative council, consisting of the ministers accredited to the Netherlands government, with a permanent bureau, secretaries, etc., at The Hague. The Palace of Peace, for which Mr. Carnegie has contributed one million five hundred thousand dollars, and which is to furnish a permanent home for the court, will soon be erected. The site has been selected, and a competition has been opened by the Dutch government among architects of different countries, in order to secure proper plans for the structure. The court has already had referred to it four controversies: the Pious Fund case, the Venezuela Preferential Payment question, the Japanese House Tax case, and the Muscat controversy between Great Britain and France. These cases have been quickly and inexpensively disposed of, and the judgment of the court has been loyally accepted, with no

more criticism than might have been expected.

It is a matter of historic interest to remember that the successful inauguration of the court, which seems to have been more or less studiously ignored at first by the European powers which had coöperated in creating it, was brought about through the initiative of our State Department in suggesting to the government of Mexico the reference to the court of the long-pending Pious Fund controversy. It is hardly fair to assume, as has been done by persons prominent in the arbitration movement on both sides of the water, that the newly created organization would have died from inanition but for this action of the two leading American republics. In time, doubtless, the European governments would have awakened to the enormity of their folly in allowing such a child of their statesmanship and diplomacy to perish outright, and at last would have called the institution into operation. Nevertheless, the action of the United States and Mexico in promptly putting the tribunal to work was one of those all too rare exhibitions of public wisdom, foresight, and courage which redound to the honor of nations infinitely more than those forms of activity with which national honor is unfortunately so often associated.

Any one who has carefully followed the arbitration movement during the decade since 1895, including the work and results of the Hague Conference, to say nothing of the nearly two hundred cases of dispute settled by this means in the previous eighty years, knows that arbitration can no longer fairly be spoken of as an experiment. One still frequently hears the remark, made by otherwise intelligent persons who have given no serious attention to this subject, that a *beginning* has been made, and that in some future, more or less remote, we may reasonably expect arbitration to prevail largely in the settlement of disputes between nations.

The fact is that arbitration is not any

longer an experiment, nor even a series of experiments, as these belated wiseacres would have us believe. It is now the settled practice of the civilized nations when disputes arise between them, and is universally recognized in international law. A government which will not try arbitration before resorting to arms is, in these days, scarcely considered respectable. War, instead of being the general practice of nations, as it was a century ago, when serious disputes arose between them, is no longer resorted to except in rare instances, and in most of these instances the causes run far back into the past, and have created strong prejudices and deeply rooted feelings of distrust and animosity which do not readily yield to rational pacific treatment. During the decade of which we are speaking, there have been four wars: the China-Japan War, the Spanish-American-Philippine War, the Boer War, and the Russo-Japanese War; or nine, if we add to these the Boxer conflict in China, the German War in South-western Africa, still going on, the Venezuela Blockade, the Thibet Expedition, and the bloodless Panama Revolution. But during this same period there have been almost a hundred settlements by arbitration. All of these have been important, and some of them of the most difficult and delicate character; as, for example, the boundary dispute between Chile and the Argentine Republic, the British-Venezuelan boundary dispute, the Alaska boundary controversy, and the North Sea incident between Great Britain and Russia, which, though adjusted by a commission of inquiry, was really an arbitration of the first order. Arbitration is now always spoken of and urgently demanded by a vast constituency in connection with every serious international difficulty, as in the case of the Russo-Japanese conflict. The fact that this, with other pacific means, succeeds in the vast majority of instances in preventing hostilities, makes it far within reason to say that the principle has already won its case at the bar of general

public opinion, and that the adjustment, or attempted adjustment, of disputes between nations by the cruel and irrational method of war has become very difficult, and, for a number of the most civilized powers, henceforth practically impossible. The weight of this fact cannot be overcome by citing the vast and costly armaments of the great powers, which are bigger and more burdensome than at any previous period. These armaments are bad and ruinous enough, certainly; but they are not war, and the day is not far off when arbitration and the movement of which it is a potent part will begin to make effective inroads upon them, as it has already made upon actual warfare.

The development of the arbitration movement during the past two and a half years along the line of treaties of obligatory arbitration is most interesting and instructive. This phase of the movement was brought about by the feeling that the Hague Convention, though it went as far as was possible at the time, was defective in not providing for the obligatory reference of at least certain classes of cases to the Permanent Court. The first of these treaties of obligatory arbitration, that between France and Great Britain, signed on the 14th of October, 1903, was brought about, or at least its conclusion hastened, by the action of a number of business men in France and Great Britain, led by Dr. (now Sir) Thomas Barclay, and the leaders of the arbitration movement in both the French and the British Parliaments, as a sequel to the war scare produced by the Fashoda incident and the consequent threatened derangement on a colossal scale of the commercial relations between the two countries. This treaty, pledging the submission for five years to the Hague Court of all questions of a judicial order and those arising from the interpretation of treaties, was the first of its kind ever entered into by two first-class powers. The Argentine-Chile treaty had preceded it by a few months, but the two South American powers were of an inferior rank, and their convention did

not stipulate reference to the Hague Court, to the convention establishing which neither of them was a signatory. Since the signing of the Anglo-French treaty no less than forty-two similar treaties have been signed and ratified, or are in process of ratification, many of these having been concluded within the past twelve months. These treaties have created a peace bond between the group of powers which are parties to them, the importance and strength of which it is nearly impossible to overestimate. Great Britain is a party to ten of them, France to seven, Germany to one, Italy to six, Spain to five, Austria-Hungary to three, Russia to three, the Netherlands to four, Norway to eight, Sweden to eight, Switzerland to seven, Portugal to six, Denmark to seven, Belgium to seven, Roumania to one, Greece to one, Colombia to one, and Peru, Brazil, Chile, and the Argentine Republic to two each. This list does not include the eleven treaties signed by the late Secretary of State Hay, which, though supported by the insistent and nearly unanimous public opinion of the nation, failed to go into effect because of the disagreement between the President and the Senate. These treaties were with France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Japan, Spain, Mexico, and Austria-Hungary.

It is worthy of note that, among the treaties which have gone or are going into effect, that between Denmark and the Netherlands is without limitations. It pledges henceforth the reference of all disputes between the two governments to the Hague Court. The government of Denmark, since signing this first unlimited convention, has made a strong effort to have its other arbitration treaties drawn along the same lines, but has thus far succeeded with Italy only. These two conventions constitute the highwater mark of the arbitration movement, though possibly the recent treaty between Sweden and Norway, concluded since their separation, deserves to be linked with them.

This convention is to run for ten years, and, though it reserves questions affecting the independence, the vital interests, and the honor of the nations, it is unique in the fact that it provides that, if any question shall arise which either government may hold to be of this character, the question shall be referred for determination to the Hague Court. This action of the two Scandinavian countries, whose peaceful separation constitutes one of the most remarkable events in modern history, represents a distinct and significant advance toward the ultimate goal of the universal arbitration of all disputes. None of the great powers have yet seemed willing to pledge themselves to refer questions affecting their vital interests or their honor to arbitration, though it is difficult to see on what ground they have made these exceptions. Any serious difference whatever between two governments is certainly intimately related with their vital interests and honor, and it is not possible to conceive of any disputes more nearly affecting nations in this respect than many of the important controversies which have been settled by pacific methods during the past half-century. If this be true, the action of Sweden and Norway will in time be followed by all the governments, of the first as well as of the second rank, and the Permanent International Court will be held to be, if not the only, at least the supreme and final means for determining where international right, justice, and honor lie in every sort of controversy.

Any guess as to the immediate future of international arbitration might justly be considered a random shot into the air, were it not for this remarkable array of its successes and triumphs in the recent past. If it be true, as is generally believed, that reforms never go backward, it is altogether reasonable to assume, in these days of marvelous swiftness in all social movements, that the next twenty years will witness the practical completion of the arbitration movement. The movement has already passed through two stages of its progress, that of theoretical justification

and that of practical *ad hoc* application of the principle to the adjustment of controversies as they arise. It is now in its third and final stage,—that of organization into a permanent and complete system which shall bring within its scope the whole range of international differences and conflicts. The perfecting of this system, whether it comes sooner or later, will inevitably see the end of war as a general institution recognized under international law, just as the perfecting of municipal law in the national courts of justice has brought about, except in the rarest cases, the end of dueling and private fighting.

What is proposed in the way of further development of the arbitration system at the approaching Hague Conference is the logical sequence of what has already been accomplished, and not merely the demand of a sentimental and philanthropic interest in the progress of the cause of universal peace. This philanthropic interest is in the highest degree praiseworthy, and should never be ridiculed or depreciated. But at the present time the movement of which we are speaking has its feet planted squarely, not on sentiment and theory only, but on the solid ground of diplomatic accomplishments and the improved reasonableness and practicability of referring international controversies to the forum of reason and common sense instead of allowing them to take their chances in the arena of blind and senseless brute force. The coming conference will not undo the work done at The Hague in 1899. Possibly it will not greatly modify it, except as the foundation is modified by the superstructure built upon it. So far as its arbitration work is concerned, it is expected that the main result of the conference will be the extension, in some manner, of the convention under which the Permanent Court was set up, to all the independent nations of the world. All the Central and South American states have already expressed their intention of sending representatives to the second Hague Conference. The twenty-six powers which

took part in the first conference will, therefore, be increased to not less than forty-five or forty-six at the coming meeting. If nothing more shall be accomplished than the admission of all the Latin-American republics as parties to the Hague Court, the conference will be worth many times all that it may cost in time and money.

But the friends of arbitration, in both their private and their organized capacity, in the peace congresses, the arbitration conferences, the interparliamentary meetings, etc., are urging the conclusion by the new conference of a general treaty of obligatory arbitration to be signed by the governments, not two and two, but in their collective capacity, as was the case with the great pacific convention of 1899. This new convention, in order to avoid such constitutional difficulties as that raised at Washington in connection with the treaties signed by Mr. Hay, will probably carefully specify a considerable number of classes of controversies which all of the nations represented will be ready to agree in advance to have go automatically to the Hague Court. The American republics have already set the example for this type of agreement in the convention drawn at Mexico City in 1901-02, stipulating that all questions of claims between them shall be referred to the Hague Court. The eminent men who will be sent to The Hague will, without doubt, be able to select from among the classes of questions constantly arising between the nations, in their present complex relations, a considerable number that none of the governments will find any excuse for not accepting as always suitable subjects for arbitration. There is no doubt that a strong plea will be made before the conference by such governments as those of Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, the Scandinavian states, Switzerland, and Italy, for a treaty that will include every sort of difference between the civilized states. It would be difficult to give any valid reason why such a proposal, if made, should be rejected. No sort of contro-

versy is now possible between the civilized nations which cannot easily be settled by pacific methods, provided the governments are ready honestly to recognize one another's independence and right of self-direction. The rejection, therefore, by any of them of a scheme for the universal arbitration of disputes of every sort will be equivalent to convicting them of holding in reserve certain aggressive purposes toward territories of other states. Of course, if any of the powers which may be represented at the conference have such ulterior purposes, they will not join in a convention of universal obligatory arbitration. But no other conceivable reason can be given why any of them should hold aloof, at this advanced stage of civilization, from such a convention, if drawn and signed by all the important powers of the world acting together.

Much of the other work which is laid out for the coming Hague Conference is intimately related to the subject of arbitration, and, if successfully accomplished, will contribute materially to its further advancement. The extension of the rights of neutrals, the making of private property at sea free from capture in time of war, the restriction of the bombardment of ports and coast cities, and other measures which will probably be adopted, will all tend to the restriction and prevention of war, and will thus strengthen the practice of arbitration. But the greatest service which the governments can do along this line will be the preparation of a treaty providing for a permanent periodic congress of the nations. The demand for the inauguration of a world organization of some sort has within a few years become very strong. The subject has been taken up by the Interparliamentary Union, as well as by all the other leading peace agencies, and the conference will, in all probability, be compelled by the force of public opinion to make it the leading topic of its action, as the conference of 1899 was obliged in the same way to give its foremost attention to that of a permanent international tribunal. A periodic con-

gress of the nations, even if at first it had no legislative functions, but only the power of recommendation, would be of the very greatest value to civilization, not only directly, in its discussion of questions of common interest to the nations, but also in facilitating the work of the Permanent Court by the development and better statement of international law which would inevitably result from its periodic deliberations and conclusions. The Hague Court would have in such a body its normal counterpart and complement, and the new conference, the initial steps in the calling of which were taken by President Roosevelt, who included this topic among the subjects to be placed upon the programme, will hardly fully justify its existence, unless it provides for its own periodic meeting hereafter, or for a regular world congress in some other form.

It is of all things to be hoped that the

new conference at The Hague, of which the entire civilized world is expecting so much, will not be allowed to degenerate in any manner into a sort of war congress for the mere regulation of campaigns and battles, of the kinds of bullets and explosives which armies and navies may use in the killing of men, and other similar details of the barbarous art of fighting. The war between Russia and Japan has created some real danger in this direction, as appears from the emphasis which has just been laid by the Russian government upon certain phases of the laws of war outlined in the programme of topics suggested for consideration by the conference. No greater misfortune could possibly happen in the sphere of international relations than such a perversion of the Inter-Governmental Peace Conference from the high purposes and aims for the promotion of which it came into existence.

HOW OUGHT WEALTH TO BE DISTRIBUTED

BY T. N. CARVER

WHY there should be hard-working poor men and idle rich men in the same community is a question which no one has answered, and no one can answer, satisfactorily. That is why the opinion is so prevalent that the world, economically considered, is so very much out of joint. But, although there is so much unanimity in the opinion that wealth ought not to be distributed as it now is, there is still a wide diversity of opinion, where there is any definite opinion at all, as to how it really ought to be distributed.

These opinions may, however, be reduced to three fundamentally distinct theories, which I shall call the aristocratic, the socialistic, and the democratic, or liberalistic, theories. The aristocratic theory is that the good things of the world be-

long more particularly to certain groups or classes than to others, by virtue of some circumstance connected with their birth or heredity, and independently of their individual achievements. The socialistic theory is that wealth ought to be distributed according to needs, or according to some similar plan arranged beforehand, and independently of the individual's ability to acquire wealth in the rough-and-ready struggle of life. The democratic, or liberalistic, theory is that wealth ought to be distributed according to productivity, usefulness, or worth.

I

Though no one definitely affirms the aristocratic theory, there are many who

tacitly assume it, and show by their general attitude that they accept it, in one form or another. Moreover, this theory has always been embodied in the polity of nations, either singly or in combination with one of the others. Its variations range all the way from the caste systems of the Old World, with their hereditary titles and laws of primogeniture, up to the idea, somewhat prevalent even in America, that the world belongs to the white man. The land laws of Moses, under which the land returned at every jubilee to the heirs of the original owners, were aristocratic rather than democratic, because they assumed that these had a right superior to all others. In this country, for example, such a system would have created a landed aristocracy of the most exclusive kind, because no immigrant, nor the heir of any immigrant, could ever have become a real landowner. The Spartan Commonwealth, sometimes regarded as a socialistic community, was in reality extremely aristocratic. It was a kind of military camp, maintained by a small group of conquerors ruling over a large subject population. Even in the most democratic countries of the present, a remnant of the aristocratic theory is found in the form of hereditary rights to property. This is aristocratic rather than democratic, in that it assumes that one person, by accident of birth rather than individual achievement, has a better right than another to the accumulations of the past.

As with all political and social theories, the justification or condemnation of the aristocratic theory of distribution must depend upon its results, viewed in the light of the circumstances of time and place. There are reasons for believing that this theory, as practiced in the early stages of civilization, was a powerful factor in promoting the first steps of social progress. Even the crudest case imaginable, that of the primitive despot, — the strong man who dominated his neighbors by the weight of his fist, and robbed them of their substance in the form of tribute,

— even he may have been an unintentional and unmeritorious agent of progress. All the higher forms of aristocracy are fundamentally like this primitive despotism, though sometimes religious fear, or a superstitious belief in some form of divine right, is combined with bodily fear as a means of class subjugation. Odious as all such things seem in the light of our present civilization, they seem to have been factors in the development of certain types of civilization, which are, doubtless, better than no civilization at all. One or two familiar principles will help to make this clear.

It is a well-known fact, for example, that grass tends to grow as thick as the conditions of soil, heat, moisture, and the presence of enemies will permit. Nature seems everywhere intent on preserving some such balance or equilibrium as this, for the same rule applies to all forms of life, including the human species. "Nature," wrote Malthus, "has scattered the seeds of life abroad with the most lavish hand. She has been comparatively sparing of the means of subsistence." With the human species, at least in its lower stages of development, as well as with other forms of life, nature aims to preserve an equilibrium between population and subsistence, — between the demand for nutriment and the supply of it. This equilibrium may be stated in terms as follows: In the absence of disturbing causes, the population tends to become so dense as to require all its energy to procure subsistence enough to sustain that energy. When any community happens to possess energy enough to procure more subsistence than is necessary to sustain that energy, it may not inaccurately be said to possess surplus energy. But nature tends to dissipate any such surplus, partly by indolence and lavish consumption, and finally by rapid multiplication of numbers. Whenever any branch of the human race has achieved something more than its own maintenance, that achievement may be called a storing of surplus energy, for no such achievement is possible ex-

cept where nature's process of dissipation is arrested, — that is, where human energy can be turned to other purposes than its own sustenance.

In a perfectly natural state, and in the absence of some means of arresting the dissipation of surplus energy, the life-history of human beings, like that of other forms of life, would be summed up in the words: They were born to breed and die, generation after generation, in endless and unprofitable repetition. For the vast majority of the human beings who have peopled this planet, that is all that can be said for or about them. But in a few scattered instances, sections of the race have achieved something more, — have left something as a mark of their having lived. It may have been nothing more than a few monumental tombs, or a few rude altars to their unknown gods; they may have been magnificent temples and royal palaces; or, higher still, systems of religious philosophy, national literatures, or even bodies of scientific knowledge. The explanation of these results can never be complete until it accounts for the fact that the universal dissipation of energy was by some means arrested, that something was saved from the vital processes in order that human energy might be stored in these products of civilization.

One of the most effective, and probably the earliest, of the many agencies for the accomplishment of this result was the despot. When that primitive bully subjugated his neighbors, and demanded a share of their produce as tribute, he simply reduced the amount of subsistence left for them. If they could not live on what was left, nature had a way of restoring the equilibrium by thinning them out. But the despot himself would have a surplus. The chances were that he would waste this surplus in riotous living, thus himself becoming an agent of dissipation. But in a few cases the whim seized him to build for himself a tomb, a temple, or a palace, to maintain priests to save his soul, musicians to sing his praises, or artists to represent him in heroic attitudes. In such

cases, through the agency of the despot, the race had done something more than provide for the primary appetites of hunger, thirst, and sex. This is, in essence, the beginning of every ancient civilization. Sometimes it was a priestly class preying upon the fears of the people, sometimes a race of despots ruling over a race of slaves, sometimes all these combined. Without these agencies of exploitation it is highly probable that the mass of the people would have continued living as they had always lived, like the insects of an hour, only to breed and die.

Odious as despotism is, it was probably justified by some of these early results. The grandeur of ancient Egypt was the result of the exploitation of the masses, whose energy would otherwise, in all human probability, have been dissipated in the manner common to all life. The religious philosophy of the Hebrews could hardly have been developed in the absence of a priestly class supported by tithes. The brilliant civilization of Greece was based on slavery, and the magnificence of Rome upon the exploitation of conquered peoples. Possibly none of these were worth what they cost. The cost was despotism, but the results, whatever their cost, *were* achieved. As between these results and that primitive communism, under which wealth is dissipated, and life kept down at a low level, because it is all at the mercy of the most gluttonous consumers and the most rapid breeders, we should probably all prefer the former. Unattractive as is despotism, it is not so unattractive as a community living a profitless round of animal existence for the sole apparent purpose of reproducing their kind. It was doubtless this aspect of human life which led Thomas Carlyle to his conclusion that the real benefactor of the race is not necessarily the man who frees his fellows from oppression, but the man who masters them (by the power of his own personality, to be sure, and not by hereditary titles and sham prestige), and makes them do what they ought to do.

Vastly more important, however, than the building of magnificent tombs, temples, and palaces, or the development of esoteric philosophies and literatures, is the development of a high standard of living among all the people. This, from the nature of the case, no form of oppression or class domination can possibly do. When civilization is based upon oppression, it is necessarily a civilization in which the few are lifted on the backs of the many into a high plane of living. This is doubtless better than no civilization at all, but it is far from ideal. The social problem of the future is to work out a system under which all the people may live on a high level, without constraint or oppression, each one remaining the master of himself. It is needless to point out that such a result has never yet been achieved, or even remotely approximated, and that it furnishes a prospect so pleasing that even socialism looks like a pitiful makeshift in comparison.

The effort to maintain a standard above the minimum of subsistence has led to a number of interesting expedients, some of them purporting to be democratic, but all of them departing from the democratic principle. Especially significant is a custom which is said to have prevailed among the Teutonic villages, namely, the enforced migration of chosen bodies of youth. These youth, selected by lot and sent out into the world to make a place for themselves, or perish in the attempt, were thus sacrificed in order that the remaining population might maintain a standard of living. It was an expedient a little more humane than the still more primitive one of infanticide, and it accomplished the same purpose. Primogeniture is still more humane, but no more just or democratic. Under this system the younger sons, and all the daughters, are placed in the position of the chosen youth of the Teutonic village; they must make their own way in the world in order that the eldest son may maintain the standard of the family. In the absence of expedients of this kind,

all of which are essentially inequitable, the so-called French custom of limiting offspring seems to be the only practicable one for maintaining a standard of living, and it is probably the most civilized of them all.

In the same class with the enforced swarming of the Teutonic village, and the system of primogeniture, belongs the trade union expedient of the closed shop. It is neither more fair nor just than any of the others, but it aims to accomplish the same result. Limiting employment to union men, and resorting to the primitive law of the bludgeon to enforce their demands, they may succeed in maintaining a standard in certain chosen occupations. But it is at the expense of the non-union man, who is, like the migrating Teutonic youth, and the younger sons of the English nobility, sacrificed in the interest of a standard which others enjoy.

In this connection appears the only rational basis for the doctrine of the minimum wage. It sounds well to say that no laborer ought to receive less than six hundred dollars a year. Certainly that sum is none too large. But this does not explain what is to be done with those whose services are not worth six hundred dollars a year. Enforced colonization, the multiplication of almshouses, or the liberal administration of chloroform, might be necessary in order to dispose of a considerable fraction of our population, in order that the remainder might earn the minimum wage. Though it is evident that modern society will adopt none of these heroic measures, yet it is interesting to speculate, academically, upon the results of the principle of the minimum wage if it were strictly enforced. In the first place, it is apparent that such a policy would tend to weed out the least competent members of the community, so that, in the course of time, there would be none left who could not earn at least the minimum wage. In the second place, after this was accomplished, the community would be superior to the present one, because it would be peopled by a

superior class of individuals, and the general quality of the population would not be deteriorated by the human dregs which now form the so-called submerged element. Nevertheless, it would be inherently inequitable, because it would sacrifice one part of the community in the interest of another, though it might not be more inequitable than nature herself, who ruthlessly sacrifices the weak in favor of the strong.

II

"From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs," is a formula which fairly well summarizes the socialistic theory of distribution. As an ideal this has at least two distinct merits. First, if we could get every one to produce according to his ability, there would be the maximum of wealth produced. Second, any given amount of wealth would yield the maximum amount of satisfaction to the community if it could be distributed in proportion to needs. If, for example, A has so many apples that any one of them is a matter of trifling concern to him, while B is hungry for apples, the existing supply of apples in the hands of this community of two would yield the maximum amount of satisfaction if A would divide with B in such proportion that their wants might be equally well satisfied. The socialistic formula is, therefore, a perfectly sound one, in so far as it relates to individual obligation. Each individual ought to produce according to his ability, for production is service, and we are all under obligation to serve the community to the extent of our ability. Again, he ought to consume only according to his needs, for, if he consumes more, he fails to promote, in the highest degree within his power, the welfare of his community. If A, in the foregoing illustration, should gluttonously devour all his apples, he would prevent the attainment of the highest well-being of that community of two.

But it is one thing to say that the individual ought to do thus and so, and

quite another thing to say that the state ought to make him do it. There are many things which the individual ought or ought not to do, which it would be futile for the state to try to regulate. Therefore, the duty of the state cannot be determined by simply finding out the duty of the individual. This does not mean that there are two kinds of ethics, or two grounds of obligation, one for the individual and the other for the state. There is only one ground of obligation, and that applies to the state as well as to the individual. If it is the duty of the individual to promote the general interest, it is equally the duty of the state; but in many cases the state would defeat this very purpose if it should undertake to force the individual to live up to this standard. What can the state do to promote the general interest? The answer to this question is the answer to the question: What ought the state to do?

Now the problem of distribution is essentially a problem of public regulation and control, and not a question of voluntary individual conduct. The question is not how much the individual ought to consume, but how much the state ought to allow him to have. These two questions are so distinct that it is amazing how persistently they are confused by the so-called Christian socialists. The socialistic theory of distribution according to needs is not a mere preachment, an appeal to the individual to regard himself as a steward entrusted with the care of a part of the world's wealth; it is an appeal rather to the force of law; it proposes that men shall consume wealth according to their needs, not because they want to, but because the law allows it to them in that proportion.

Human wants are so largely the product of historical conditions that it would be next to impossible to compare real needs. We are, for example, accustomed to assuming that the needs of the business and professional classes are larger than those of the laboring classes; but nothing could be more untrustworthy

than this assumption. The mere fact that the former have been accustomed to having more than the latter makes it seem necessary that they should continue to have more, but this seeming necessity would absolutely disappear in a single generation of equal distribution. Another assumption of the same kind is that education and culture increase one's needs. The simple fact is that education and culture introduce one into a social class where consumption is more lavish because incomes are larger. If we could divest the question of such complications, we should probably find that the real needs of the cultured man are less than those of the uncultured. What does culture amount to, if it does not give one greater resources within himself, and make him less dependent upon artificial, and therefore expensive, means of gratification?

Taken altogether, the proposal to distribute wealth according to needs would necessarily resolve itself into equality of distribution, on the assumption that needs are equal. This assumption, though obviously untrue, is much nearer the truth than any other workable assumption, — much nearer than to say, for example, that the needs of any one class are, *in any definite proportion*, greater than those of any other class, for the chances are exactly even that the proportion would have to be reversed. It would be quite as difficult to determine the relative needs of different individuals as it is to determine their relative length of life. Though it is extremely unlikely that two men, A and B, of the same age, class, and general health, will live the same number of years, it is much nearer the truth to assume that, than to assume that A will live longer than B, or B longer than A, by any definite period.

The only distinctions which could possibly be made would be certain obvious ones based on age, sex, and the like, and even these would be arbitrary and of uncertain value. Can we safely say that a child's needs are less than an adult's, or

that a woman's are less than a man's? The weight of the evidence is to the contrary, though under present conditions adults usually spend more on themselves than on their children, and men more than women, simply because they have the power. At any rate, the man who is cocksure on these points is not the man to whose fairness and sound judgment any of us would care to intrust a matter of such vital concern as the distribution of wealth.

Even more difficult than the determination of the relative needs of different individuals is the determination of their relative abilities. We seem forced to depend upon the individual himself to demonstrate his own ability, and there seems to be no better way of doing this than to give him an open field for the exercise of his talents, making the normal consequences of efficiency as agreeable, and of inefficiency as disagreeable, as possible to himself. He who will not do his best under these conditions could scarcely be made to do any better, except under the whip of a taskmaster.

In view of the utter futility of trying to determine by legal process either the relative needs or the relative abilities of different individuals, the formula, "From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs," must be turned over to the preacher of righteousness, whose appeal is to the individual conscience, rather than to the legislator, whose appeal must be to legal sanctions. In strictness this formula ought to be modified to, "Let every one produce according to his ability and consume according to his needs." The individual whose moral development will lead him to respond to such an appeal can be reached as effectually under the present social system as under any other, while he who will not respond voluntarily could not be reached under any system. Those who, as a matter of individual conscience, respond to this appeal, furnish no problem in distributive justice for the legislator. But there is a class, large or small as

the case may be, who need the stimulus of a prospective advantage to themselves to call forth their best efforts, who will do their best only when their rewards depend upon the value of their services. How to deal with this class is the problem in distributive justice for the legislator.

The belief that this class includes the vast majority of men at the present time by no means overlooks the fact that there is a great deal of altruism and public spirit in the world. These altruistic feelings can be depended upon only in relatively narrow circles, such as the family, the neighborhood, or the church, and, in times of exceptional national peril, in the larger circle of the nation. In ordinary times, and outside these narrow circles within which affection develops, the average man's efforts are normally directed by the hope of some pretty definite advantage to himself.

Speaking of the family, it is sometimes regarded as a communistic group. In one sense that is the truth, and in another it is the opposite of the truth. Normally the family property and the family income are administered in the interest of all the members, without regard to their individual contributions. That looks like communism; but it is a voluntary communism, such as might exist in society at large, without any change of law, if every one would regard other members of society with that degree of affection with which he now regards the members of his own family, or if each one would regard himself as a steward entrusted with the management of a portion of the wealth of the world. The family is the opposite of communistic, in the sense that the family property is usually *owned* by one member. In reality, therefore, the family is not more truly communistic than the United States would be if all its wealth were *owned* by one man, a hereditary despot, or a plutocrat of unheard-of proportions. Were he possessed of a strong affection for all his people, the wealth would be administered in the interest of all, otherwise in his own interest.

This raises the exceedingly pertinent question, what difference does it make who owns the wealth, provided it is administered wisely and with broad public spirit? There are other examples than the family, of an absolutely autocratic control of wealth, the very acme of concentration, which are yet so much like communism as to be easily mistaken for it. There could not possibly be a more acute case of congestion of wealth than Zion City, near Chicago, where all the productive wealth was until recently the property of one man, the notorious Dowie. Yet, according to all accounts, it was administered as though it were common property. The only answer to the above question, therefore, is that it makes no difference; but the proviso is too large to be safe. Under the extremest form of concentration, and under the widest diffusion of ownership, the average citizen would be equally well off, provided the wealth were equally well administered. It is quite the same with political authority; monarchy and democracy are equally good, provided they are equally well administered. But the world has learned that monarchy is not likely to be wisely administered, simply and solely because monarchs are seldom either wise or benevolent; and it is learning that plutocracy is unsafe for precisely the same reason. Though a wise and benevolent economic autocrat *might* administer the wealth of the nation as well as the people themselves could, the chances are very much against his doing anything of the kind. The chances are rather that he will spend it on himself and his family, which not only wastes the wealth, but, worse still, destroys the usefulness of his family. It is, therefore, quite as important that there should be a wide diffusion of wealth as that there should be a wide diffusion of political power.

Now there are two widely different notions as to what constitutes a wide diffusion of wealth. One is that the ownership of the productive wealth should be concentrated in the hands of the state, and

administered by public officials, only the consumable goods being diffused. This is the socialistic ideal. The other is that the ownership of the productive wealth itself should be widely diffused. If this were the case, the consumable wealth also would of necessity be widely diffused. This is the democratic, or liberalistic, ideal. It is the belief of the liberal school that this system gives greater plasticity and adaptability to the industrial system than any other. Certain socialistic writers have, however, assumed that this ideal is unattainable, and that we are really between the devil of plutocracy and the deep sea of socialism. Let us not thus despair of the republic. Once upon a time a man placed a heavy load upon the back of his camel, and then asked the beast whether he preferred going up hill or down, to which the camel replied, "Is the level road across the plain closed?"

III

The democratic, or liberalistic, theory puts every one upon his merits. The worthless and the inefficient are mercilessly sacrificed, the efficient are proportionately rewarded. It frankly renounces, for the present, all hope of attaining equality of conditions, and confines itself to the problem of securing, as speedily as possible, equality of opportunity. In fact, under the rigid application of this theory there would be room for the greatest inequality of conditions, because some would be forced into poverty by their own incapacity, and others would achieve great wealth through their superior ability to produce wealth or to perform valuable services.

This phrase, "equality of opportunity," has been so persistently travestied that one hesitates to use it; but it is a good phrase. It simply means the free and equal chance for each and every one to employ whatever talents he may possess in serving the community and in seeking the reward of that service, and a correspondingly free and equal chance for

every one else to accept or reject his service, according as they are satisfied or dissatisfied with its quality and its price. Though the lame, the halt, and the plethoric would have little chance of winning in a race where the prize was to the swift, yet there would be equality of opportunity if the race were open to all and without handicap. Similarly, the dull, the stupid, and the inefficient would have little chance of winning in economic competition, where the prizes are to the keen, the alert, and the efficient; yet there would be equality of opportunity, provided the field were open to all without organized discrimination or political favoritism. In other words, equality of opportunity does not mean that men are to be relieved of the results of inequality of ability. Nor does it mean, on the other hand, that men are to be left absolutely free and unrestrained in their pursuit of self-interest. If this were true, it would require that the burglar, the swindler, and the skinflint should be left free to ply their respective callings without legal interference. This principle only requires that such avenues to wealth as are deemed harmful should be closed to all alike.

Equality of opportunity means liberty, to be sure, but it means liberty in performing and seeking the rewards of *service*. The ideal of liberty is fully realized when every individual is absolutely free to pursue his own interest by any method which is in itself serviceable to society, and when he is absolutely debarred from pursuing it by any method which is in itself harmful to society. Therefore, to say that a certain man's fortune is the result of his superior skill, shrewdness, or industry, is no justification at all, unless it be further shown that these faculties were usefully directed, that by their exercise the community has been made richer, and not poorer. If this condition is omitted, the highwayman, the counterfeiter, and the confidence man are all justified, for it takes skill, shrewdness, and industry to succeed in their callings. In short, *service*, and not industry nor intelligence, is

the touchstone by which to determine what opportunities should be open and what closed under the principle of liberty. The principle of liberty, thus interpreted, is a part of the democratic or liberalistic theory of distributive justice.

Liberty to pursue one's own interest in one's own way, so long as the way is a useful one, gives rise to what is known as competition, which can only be defined as rivalry in the performance of service. Production is service. Wherever two or more men are seeking their own interests in the performance of the same kind of service, or, more accurately, are seeking the reward for the same kind of service, there will normally be rivalry among them. This rivalry sometimes leads the less scrupulous to seek their interests in other ways than through service. In a few glaring cases these predatory methods become the characteristic ones, and attract more attention than the great mass of activities in which men compete in real service. In reality, however, it is only in the limited field of "high finance" that mere shrewdness rivals serviceableness as a means of livelihood. But these predatory methods are not essential to the competitive system, and the principle of liberty as already defined requires that they be put in the same class with ordinary stealing and swindling.

In spite of the glaring weaknesses of the competitive system, and its undoubted waste of effort, it is the belief of the liberal school that it is the most effective system yet devised for the building up of a strong community. This belief rests upon a few well-known propositions which only need to be stated. (1) Every individual of mature age and sound mind knows his own interest better than any set of public officials can. (2) He will, if left to himself, pursue his own interest more systematically and successfully than he could if compelled to pursue it under the direction and supervision of any set of public officials. (3) He will pursue his interest by performing service for others, provided all harmful or non-serviceable

methods are effectually closed by law.

(4) Where each is free to pursue his own interest in serviceable ways, and where his well-being depends upon the amount of his service, all will be spurred on to perform as much service as possible, and the community will thus be served in the best possible manner, because all its members will be striving with might and main to serve one another.

It is worth noting that this argument is neither a glorification of self-interest nor an approval of *laissez faire*. It requires governmental interference with every non-serviceable pursuit of self-interest which it is possible for the law to reach. At the basis of the doctrine of *laissez faire* has always lain the assumption, expressed or implied, that human interests are harmonious. If this assumption were true, the argument for *laissez faire* would be irresistible, being somewhat as follows:

(1) Each individual of mature years and sound mind will pursue his *own* interest more energetically and intelligently when left to himself than when directed by any body of public officials.

(2) The interests of each individual harmonize with those of society at large.

(3) Therefore, if each is left to himself, he will work in harmony with the interests of society, and he will work more energetically and intelligently than he could if directed by public officials.

This conclusion is contained in the premises, and cannot be questioned by any one who accepts them. Though the individual is liable to error as to his own interests, he is much less so than any body of officials would be. If we could postulate something like omniscience in public officials, the first proposition of the above argument might be rejected. And here lies the danger. The natural egotism of all men, and especially of those who thrust themselves forward as candidates for public office, and those who inherit office, leads them to believe in their ability to regulate things in general. They are thus under constant temptation to exercise their superior intelligence in

the regulation of other people's affairs. Against this tendency the public needs to be continually on its guard, and government ought not to be allowed to interfere with the affairs of a mature individual of sound mind, for *his own good*.

With the second proposition the case is different. It was on this assumption that Adam Smith based his famous dictum regarding the "invisible hand," which, in the absence of interference, led the individual to promote the public interest while trying to promote his own. But all such dreams of a beneficent order of nature belong to an older system of philosophy. One of the services of the evolutionary philosophy has been our disillusionment on this subject. It has opened our eyes to the stern fact that, in spite of many harmonies, there is still a very real and fundamental conflict of interests. The term "struggle for existence" has no meaning unless it implies such a conflict. In the light of this philosophy the primary function of government is to neutralize as far as possible this conflict and mitigate the severities of the struggle. The most enlightened governments of the present perform this function mainly by prohibiting those methods of struggling which are in themselves harmful. We must conclude, therefore, that, while there is no good reason why the state should interfere with a capable individual for his own good, there are abundant reasons why it should interfere with him *for the good of others*. The old liberalism erred in assuming too much in the way of harmony of interests. The new liberalism must correct this by insisting upon: (1) the absolute necessity of suppressing harmful methods of pursuing self-interest; (2) the absolute freedom to pursue self-interest in all serviceable ways; (3) the absolute responsibility, under the foregoing conditions, of the individual for his own well-being, allowing those to prosper who, on their own initiative, find ways of serving the community, and allowing those who do not to endure poverty.

The principle of adaptation, which, according to the evolutionary philosophy, lies at the basis of all progress, must determine our theory of distributive justice. As already pointed out, a theory of distributive justice is a rule for the guidance of the lawgiver rather than the individual consumer. Now the lawgiver is one who must adapt means to ends as truly as the mechanic, — that is, he must facilitate the process of human adaptation. The question becomes, What principle of distribution will most effectually promote human adaptation or social progress?

It goes without saying that industry is the primary *active* factor in human adaptation. It is the agency whereby the material environment is adapted to the needs of men. Other things equal, that rule of distribution which most effectively stimulates industry and inventiveness must be the most effective in hastening progress. It must generally be admitted that the competitive system stimulates industry more effectively than any other system yet devised. If we can leave every one free to pursue his self-interest in his own way, so long as his way is that of the industry which produces or serves, the active form of adaptation will take care of itself.

It is the belief of those who accept the evolutionary philosophy that selection, natural or artificial, is the chief factor in *passive* adaptation. It is the factor by which the species is itself improved or adapted to its conditions. Though artificial selection, as practiced by the scientific breeder, is vastly superior to natural selection, yet it does not seem possible that any democratic society will ever intrust the propagation of the species to any body of scientific experts. We seem to be limited, therefore, to some form of natural or automatic selection. But this does not commit us to the principle of natural selection in the *ultra*-Darwinian sense. In the absence of some form of social control, this principle would work in man as it does in the lower animals. Survival would depend upon the mere ability to

survive, and not upon fitness in any sense implying worth, merit, or usefulness. The adept murderer, thief, or confidence man would stand the same chance of survival as the efficient producer of wealth. But when society suppresses all harmful methods of pursuing self-interest, leaving open all useful ones, it deliberately sets up a standard of fitness for survival. If this standard is rigidly enforced, only those who are useful to the race, who are able to make conditions better for their fellows, are allowed to survive. This differs from artificial selection in that it leaves the individual free, *within certain prescribed limits*, to shift for himself and survive if he can. Within these limits it works automatically, like natural selection. It differs from natural selection in that, by virtue of these limits, a standard of fitness is set up.

A society which thus makes service the basis of individual reward, and at the same time the test of fitness for survival, will inevitably be a progressive society, because it will tend to weed out the useless individuals, — that is, those who are not capable of promoting the process of adaptation, — and to produce a race highly capable in this direction. In addition to this it will call out in the fullest degree the capabilities of the individuals by appealing to their self-interest, *plus* — and not *instead of* — whatever altruistic feelings they may possess.

This principle of distribution according to service has sometimes been travestied by attempting to define service in terms of effort. This would mean that if two men try equally hard they should receive equal shares in the distribution of wealth. This is distribution according to effort, and not according to service, because efforts are not all equally serviceable. Besides, this rule is hopelessly defective in two essential particulars. In the first place, the individual's value to society, or his effectiveness as an agent of progress, does not depend upon the amount of effort which he puts forth. The bungling mechanic or the soulless artist may

work as hard as the genius, but they do not contribute as much utility to society. Neither of them is so valuable as an agent of progress. In the second place, this rule would fail to exercise the same beneficial selective influence upon the race. The mediocre and the genius would fare equally well. The dull and the stupid would be put on the same footing with, and stand the same chance of survival as, the capable and the talented. Worse still, the man who would persist in going into an occupation already relatively overcrowded — where, in other words, the community did not need him — would fare as well as though he had entered an occupation relatively undercrowded, — where, in other words, he was needed. The well-being of society requires men to fill the gaps, to do the kind of work which is very much needed because the right kind of talent is scarce. The man who can do this kind of work is more useful than the man who can do only what every one else is able to do. The simple fact is that utility is what society needs, and utility, rather than effort, is the measure of service. Society should, therefore, shape its policy so as to secure the maximum utility.

It only remains to decide who shall determine the value of the individual's service in industry. Shall it be determined by public officials who have no direct interest in the matter, or shall it be left to the judgment of those who receive the service? As to which is the safer method, there can scarcely be a moment's doubt. Granting all that may be said about the depravity of popular tastes and the whimsicalities of fashion, of the maltreatment of the genius and the prosperity of the time-server, all this and more may be said about the insolence of office, and the arbitrariness and stupidity of public officials, elective as well as hereditary. Obviously no one is in so good a position to appraise the value of a service as the one who is to receive it. His judgment or his taste may be perverted, but the same is equally likely in the case of any functionary to whom it may be entrusted. If the

individual is to be left free to pursue his own interest in the way of performing service, it seems to follow necessarily that he must also be left free to pursue his own interest in the way of securing the services of others. In other words, freedom of consumption is as essential as freedom of production; freedom to accept or reject a service is as essential as freedom to serve or refrain from serving. There is only one way by which this result can be secured, and that is to allow the producer and consumer to come together on the basis of freedom of contract. So long as men are self-interested, this will frequently result in hard bargaining, and sometimes in injustice; but it is much less likely to result in injustice than any system of paternalism, or any other arrangement by which the value of a service is determined by some one else than the person who receives it. Assuming that the parties are of mature age and sound mind, that neither party is allowed to use force or violence or any other form of compulsion, and assuming further (which may seem revolutionary) that all liars, or those who practice deception by offering shoddy and adulterated goods, shall be treated like the counterfeiter and the gold-brick man,

and that neither party is given a legal or political advantage over the other in the way of protective duties or other unfair discriminations, this system is safer than any other. Under this system, thus safeguarded, the tendency will be for every one to get about what he is worth.

Any analysis of the actual results of the competitive process will show that, where competition in the proper sense of the word exists, substantial justice according to the democratic, or liberalistic, theory is secured. It has been the purpose of this paper to show that the full realization of this theory of distributive justice would secure the highest possible well-being of society, so far as that is dependent upon legal control. It goes without saying that we are very far from a full realization of this ideal; but this at least reveals the real work of the social reformer. The reformer who works toward the fuller realization of the principle of distribution according to worth, usefulness, or service will be working in harmony with the laws of social progress, and his labors will, therefore, be effective. Otherwise, he will be attempting to turn society backward, or to shunt it off on a sidetrack.

A BIRD-GAZER AT THE GRAND CAÑON

BY BRADFORD TORREY

THE bird-gazer is peculiar. This is not said of bird-gazers in general, who may be very much like other people, for aught we know, but of a certain particular member of the fraternity, the adventures of whose mind in the face of one of the undoubted wonders of the world are here to be briefly recounted.

He is a lover of scenery. At least, he thinks he is. As he goes about among his fellows, he finds few who spend more time, or seem to experience more delight, in looking at the beauty that surrounds them. He would not rank himself, of course, with the great specialists in this line, — with Wordsworth or Thoreau, to cite two very dissimilar examples; but, as compared with the common run of more or less intelligent men, he seldom finds occasion to feel ashamed of himself for anything like indifference to the prospects of earth and sky. He is as likely as almost any one he knows to consume a half-hour over a sunset, or to sit a long while under the charm of a Massachusetts meadow or a New Hampshire valley. Common beauty appeals to him. His spirit is refreshed by it. He *relishes* it, to use a word that he himself uses often. But with all this (and here we come to the peculiarity), the exceptional and the stupendous are apt to leave him cold. As he says sometimes, meaning, perhaps, to justify his eccentricity, he admires the grace of the human figure, but takes no very lively interest in giants or dwarfs. These excite curiosity, as a matter of course, but for his part he would not go far out of his way to stare at them.

The comparison is rather beside the point. He would own as much himself. Indeed, he had come a long distance out of his way to see the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But, after all, to hear some

of the things he began by saying about it (though you would not have heard them, for he had the discretion to say them to himself), you might have inferred that this stupendous rift in the earth's surface was to him a good deal like a man twenty feet tall or a woman who should weigh a ton, — in short, a something rather monstrous than beautiful.

He reached the Cañon on a bright Saturday morning in December. All day Thursday he had ridden over the prairies of Kansas, gazing out of the car window, and repeating with "relish" Stevenson's line, —

"Under the wide and starry sky."

There were no stars in sight, naturally enough, but that did not matter. It was the word "wide" that pleased his imagination. Whether he should die gladly when the time came, as Stevenson felt sure of doing, he was unprepared to say; but for the present hour, at any rate, he was living gladly, greatly enjoying the sense of vastness with which that wide Kansas sky inspired him. A wide sky it surely was, with hardly so much as an apple tree to narrow it. As often as not there was nothing against the horizon but a haystack or two an unknown number of miles away.

Some of his traveling companions seemed to find the prospect depressing, and the day of the longest, but the bird-gazer passed the hours in surprising content. He almost believed that he should like to live in Kansas, New England Highlander though he is. Unbroken horizons appeared to agree with him.

At midnight, or thereabout, he woke to hear the engines puffing as if out of breath. The grade must be steep. Unless he was deceived, he could even feel the inclination of the car as he lay in bed. Then up

went the curtain. Hills loomed all about, with here and there a solitary pine tree standing in the moonlight like a sentry. "You are in Colorado," one of them said, and the gazer knew it. No more prairie. The earth was all heaved up into hills. And just then the train ran into the darkness of a tunnel, and when it emerged, the traveler was in New Mexico.

All that day he journeyed among hills, now near, now far, now high, now low, now wooded, now bare as so many gravel heaps ("not mountains, just buttes," a train-hand told him), now in ranges, now solitary. Indian villages, a long run along the Rio Grande, a stop at Albuquerque, brightly colored cliffs and crags, a gorgeous sunset, — indeed, it was a memorable day. And in the morning, after miles of level pine forest, — the Coconino Plateau, — he was at the Grand Cañon, where he had desired to be.

He was not disappointed. Wise men seldom are. He had known very well that he should not see the wonder and glory of the place at the first look. His mind is slow, and he has lived with it long enough to know a little of its weakness. The Cañon was astounding, unspeakable. The words were never made that could express it. And the shapes and the colors! "Well, well," he said, "it is too much like the pictures. I must wait till they have been forgotten, and I can see the Cañon for itself."

So he wandered off into the woods, an endless forest of pines and cedars. Perhaps he should find a bird or two. And sure enough, he had gone but a little way before he came upon a flock of snowbirds. But they were not the snowbirds he had known in New England. Some among them had black heads and breasts, with rather dull brown backs, and a suffusion of the same color along the sides of the body. Lovely creatures they were; perfectly natural, — true snowbirds to anybody's eye, — yet recognizable instantly as something quite new and strange. And some were all of an exquisite soft gray, as well above as below, ex-

cept that they showed very bright chestnut-brown backs, a wash of the same color along the sides, and black lores, — that is to say, a black spot on each side of the head between the eye and the bill. These were neater even than the others, if that were possible, and even more striking a novelty. Our pilgrim was at once in highspirits. What bird-gazer but would have been? On getting back to the hotel and the Handbook, he would know what to call his new acquaintances. So he promised himself; but as things turned out, the question was not quite so simple as he had assumed. He was obliged to see the black-headed one (Thurber's junco) again to make sure of a detail he had omitted to note; while as for the gray one, it was not till he had studied the birds and the book for two days that he felt sure how to name it. The race of juncos is highly variable in this Western country (eleven species and subspecies), and there were several nice points demanding attention. Luckily the birds could always be found by a little searching; and the oftener they were seen, the prettier they looked, especially the lighter colored one, the gray-headed junco, as ornithologists name it. After all, thought the bird-gazer, the Quaker taste in colors is not half so bad as it might be. But it was wonderful how much that little patch of black (a true beauty-spot, such as he seemed to remember having seen ladies wear) heightened and set off the bird's general appearance. He greatly enjoyed the sight of both species, as they fed in the road or under the sage-brush bushes, snapping their tails open nervously at short intervals (as fine ladies do their fans), just like their Eastern relatives.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a sense of relief; "I do not need a week or two in which to appreciate the beauty of a snowbird. This is something within my capacity."

It is a great part of the comfort and success of life to recognize one's limitations and be reconciled to them.

This first ramble, which did not ex-

tend far, showed surprisingly little of animal life. At an elevation of seven thousand feet winter is winter, even in Arizona. The flock of snowbirds just mentioned, a jack rabbit, that bounded off into the woods with flying leaps, and a bevy of chickadees that got away from the rambler before their identity could be determined, these were all.

Then, as he returned in the direction of the hotel, his attention was taken by a two-story house which some one — a photographer, by the sign over the door — had built on a narrow shelf, just wide enough to hold it, a little below the top of the Cañon wall, and he went down the footpath, the beginning of Bright Angel Trail, as it turned out, to look at it. A knock brought a young man up from below, with an invitation to enter. An eerie spot it was, and no mistake. From the second-story back door, which had neither steps nor balcony, but opened upon space, one had only to leap over a narrow wooden platform, one story below, to land upon the rocks, a thousand feet, perhaps, down the Cañon. The photographer was explaining the great convenience of the site for artistic purposes, when a jay dropped into a pine tree just out of reach; a crestless, long-tailed jay, wearing a beautiful fan-shaped decoration on its front, seen at a glance to be a congener of the Florida jay, whose exceeding tameness and other odd ways make so lively an impression upon visitors along the east coast of that peninsula. On being asked if it was often seen, the man replied, "Oh, yes, it is common here. But it is n't a jay, is it?" he added; and, being assured that such was the case, he said, "Well, we have another jay much bigger than this." At the moment it did not occur to the visitor to ask for particulars; but it transpired later, as he had suspected it would, knowing from the Handbook what kinds of jays might on general grounds be looked for in this neighborhood, that the "much bigger" bird was the long-crested jay, which at the most measures about a quarter of an inch more

than the one, the Woodhouse jay by name, at which he and the photographer had been looking. A capital example, it seemed, of how much a certain style and carriage (with a lordly crest) can do in the way of swelling a bird's, as well as a man's, apparent size and importance. Have we not read somewhere that Napoleon could on occasion look much taller than he really was?

Meanwhile, as soon as luncheon was disposed of, the bird-gazer, still with jays on his mind, started along the rim of the Cañon, picking his way among stones, dodging the deeper snows and the softer mud-spots, toward O'Neill's Point, which could be seen, a mile or so eastward, jutting out over the abyss, as if on purpose for a spectator's convenience. So he walked, stopping every few steps to look and listen, the stupendous chasm on one side and the pine and cedar forest on the other. Mostly, as in duty bound, he looked at the Cañon; but if a bird so much as lisped, his eyes were after it.

It was during this jaunt, indeed, that he made the acquaintance of the mountain chickadee and the gray titmouse, two Westerners well worth knowing. The mountain chickadee, with whose striking portrait he had long been familiar, is a pretty close duplicate of the common black-capped chickadee of the Northeastern states, except that the black side of its head is broken by a conspicuous white stripe above the eye. If all birds were thus plainly tagged, the lister's work would, perhaps, be almost too easy. At least, it would be much less exciting. This mountain chickadee has the familiar *dee-dee* of the Eastern bird, — though in a recognizably different tone and with a different prefatory note, — a sweet, thin-voiced, two-syllabled whistle, or song, and the characteristic hurried volley of fine notes, which, as we may conclude, led the Indians of Maine — so Thoreau tells us — to call the chickadee *Keecunnilessu*. The gray titmouse is gray throughout, eschewing all ornament except a smart little backward-pointing crest of

gray feathers. In general shape, and especially in something about the setting of the eye, it suggests that monotonous and persistent whistler, the tufted tit of the Southeastern states. Both these novelties, as well as the slender-billed nuthatch (the common white-breasted nuthatch, with variations, especially of a vocal sort), which seemed to be traveling with them, were to prove regular, every-day birds in the forest hereabout.

All in all, whatever he might yet think of the Cañon, our rambler's first day on its rim could be accepted as fairly successful, with five new species added to his slender stock of ornithological knowledge.

The next morning, bright and early (or rather dark and early, for he had breakfasted and was in the woods long before sunrise), he took the road in the opposite direction. He would go to Rowe's Point, — another natural observatory, to which all guests of the hotel are presumed to drive, — partly to see the Cañon, and partly to see the woods and their inhabitants. The woods, as has been said, are mostly — almost entirely — of pines and cedars. The pines along the Cañon's edge (there are two taller species, "yellow" and "black," in the slightly lower valleys of the plateau) are small, with extremely short leaves, — so short that very young trees look amazingly like firs, — two to the sheath, and prickly cones hardly bigger than a pea. Piñons, the stranger was afterward bidden to call them, which he proceeded to do, with much satisfaction. He is always glad to find a name out of a book beginning to mean something. The cedars, many of them ancient-looking (a thousand years old, some of them might well enough be), and loaded with mistletoe, bear a general resemblance to the red cedar of the East (though their berries are much larger), and are noticeable for branching literally at the ground, making one feel as if the earth must have been filled in about them after they were grown.

Here and there was an abundance of a

shrub, or small tree, which, the photographer had informed the newcomer, was known locally as the Mexican quinine bush, still showing its last season's straw-colored flowers, — many stamens and six prodigiously long, feathered styles in a spreading, bell-shaped, five-lobed corolla. The foliage was much like a cedar's in appearance, and when crushed yielded a resinous, colorless substance and an extraordinarily pungent and persistent, pleasantly medicinal odor.

The bird-gazer was noting these details (the last-mentioned bush, especially, being a most interesting one, which he hoped some time or other to learn more about), and now and then pushing out to the brink of the Cañon, every point affording a change of prospect, when, to his surprise, he found himself at the end of his jaunt.

Here, surely, was a grand outlook. He was glad he had come. The Cañon was beginning to get hold of him. Far down (a good part of a mile down) could be seen a stretch of the Colorado River, and now for the first time he heard its voice, the only sound that had yet reached him out of the abyss. "The silent Cañon," he had caught himself murmuring the day before. Indeed, its silence had impressed him almost as much as its extent, its barbaric wealth of color, and its strange architectural forms, which last, one may almost say, are what chiefly give to the Cañon its peculiar character. One gazes upon the huge, symmetrical, artificial-looking constructions, and thinks of Coleridge's verses, — at least our bird-gazer thought of them: —

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Scores of times he had repeated the verses to himself during the last day or two (they are worth repeating for their music), and now, when he saw the sacred river, its muddiness visible a mile away, the sight gave him an unpleasant shock. The river

that the poet saw could never have been of that complexion.

Some such romantic feeling as this was upon him, perhaps, when, happening to turn his head, he beheld close behind him, at the tip of a low, dead tree, the form of a strange bird. "Now, pray, what can you be?" he exclaimed under his breath; and in one moment the Cañon was a thousand miles off. Some distance back he had heard a musical chorus, suggestive to his ear of a chorus of pine grosbeaks, and then had seen the flock for an instant, as it flew across a clear space among the trees, moving toward the rim of the Cañon. And now here was a bird right before him, a finch of some kind, a female, in all probability (if it had only been a male in bright diagnostic plumage!), streaked with dark underneath, sporting a long tail (for a finch), and for its best mark having a broad whitish or grayish band over the eye. So much he saw, and then it was gone, uttering as it flew the same notes that he had heard from the flock shortly before. Probably it was one of the various purple finches, — Cassin's, as likely as any, a species due in this general region, and having a longish tail. "Probably!" — that is an uncomfortable word for a bird-gazer, but in the present case there seemed no possibility of a better one; and, when all is said, probability is a kind of half-loaf, at the worst a little better than nothing.

Anyhow, the bird was gone, and gone for good, and with it had gone for the time being all the gazer's interest in the sacred river, and in the gay colors and bizarre shapes of the great chasm. A path invited him into the woods, and, with birds in his eye, he took it. It was well he did, for he had hardly more than started before he stopped short. Hark! Was not that a robin's note? Yes, somewhere before him, out among the low piñons, the bird was cackling at short intervals, — the very same cackle that a Massachusetts robin utters when it finds itself astray from the flock. Half a dozen times or more the anxious sounds were repeated,

while the listener edged this way and that, more anxious than the bird, twice over, scanning the tops of the trees for a sight of the ruddy breast. He saw nothing, and anon all was silent. The bird had eluded him. A Western robin, he supposed it must have been, and as such he would have given something for a look at it. Well, if he lived a week or two longer, he should be in California, and there, with any kind of luck, he should find out for himself, what no book had ever been good enough to tell him, whether the calls of *propinqua* are so exactly the same as those of plain *migratoria*. Meantime he had added another name to his Grand Cañon list (which certainly needed additions), and was back at the Point for another look at the Eighth Wonder.

And then, as frequently before and after, he laughed quietly at his foolish self, so taken with the sight of a bird, and so inadequately moved by all this transcendent spectacle of form and color. Verily, as common wisdom has it, it takes all kinds to make a world; and among the all kinds there must needs be a few odd ones.

But for all his laughing, he was really not quite so insensible as he was perversely inclined to make out. The Wonder was growing upon him. He looked at it oftener and longer, and with something more of pleasurable emotion, though it was still too monstrous, too strange, too little related to any natural feeling. He should need to live on its rim for months or years before it would affect him according to its deserts. Nay, he should have to spend long whiles down in its depths; for though the present slipperiness of the steep, snow-covered trail made the descent seem an imprudent venture for so chronic a graybeard, yet he did more than once go down the first few zigzags, — far enough to feel the awful stillness and loneliness of the place, and to realize something of the power of those frowning walls over the human spirit. At such times it was, especially, that he felt a desire to come here again, in a more

propitious season, and spend some days, at least, on one of those lower plateaus, or on the bank of some far-down stream. Birds and flowers would fill the place, the cañon wren would sing to him, and the short, shut-in days would pass over his head like a dream. Even as it was, there is no telling how far down he might finally have ventured, the desire growing upon him, but for a wild, all-day snow-storm, which, for the remainder of his stay, put all such projects completely out of the question.

An hour after hearing the robin, while on his return to the hotel, he came upon another bird of about the same degree of novelty, — a brown creeper, looking almost as New-Englandish as the robin's voice had sounded; the same pepper-and-salt coat, the same faint *zeep*, and the same trick of beginning always at the bottom of the tree and hitching its way upward. Yet it was not exactly the bird of New England, after all; for when the observer saw it again, as he did on sundry occasions (always a single bird, — another characteristic trait), he perceived that its coat was of a lighter shade than he had been accustomed to see. The Rocky Mountain creeper, the book told him to call it, and the name sounded sweet to him. At almost the same minute, too, he had his first clear sight of another Rocky Mountain bird, — the Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker. This was to prove one of the very common inhabitants of the neighborhood. Its emphatic, perfectly natural-sounding calls were heard many times daily, and would have passed without remark anywhere at the East. In personal appearance, however, the bird is clearly enough distinguished, even at first sight, by the all but solid blackness of its wings.

After luncheon the bird-gazer again took the field (the altitude was congenial to him, and there was no staying indoors), and was soon in a fever of excitement over two jays that were chasing each other about in the tops of some tall yellow pines. He perceived almost at once that they

were very dark in color and had most extraordinarily conspicuous topknots. "The long-crested," he said to himself, one of the birds he most earnestly desired to see. Now is my chance, he thought; and it should not be his fault if he missed it. From tree to tree the birds went, now together, now separately, uttering a kind of grunting note, strangely suggestive of the gray squirrel, ridiculous as the comparison may sound; and still he could never get either of them with a good light on its face, which, he knew, should be marked (if his opinion as to their identity was correct) by narrow up-and-down white lines on the forehead, and a little patch of the same color over each eye. At last one dropped to the ground, a happy chance, and began feeding on something found there; and now, after patient stalking, our man had his field-glass on the bird under the best of conditions. All the marks were present. And what a beauty! (and what a crest!) — one of the most striking of all North American birds (so he felt at the moment, at any rate), of itself a sufficient reward for his winter visit to the Grand Cañon. If he were to tell the truth, he would, perhaps, confess that the sight of it afforded him almost as keen an excitement as that of the Cañon itself. Yes; and he might have said as much of a flock of eight or ten pygmy nuthatches, engaging creatures, seen on three occasions, with notes all of a finch-like quality, and one — a note of alarm, it seemed — almost or quite indistinguishable from the sharp *kip, kip* of the red crossbill. The hobbyist, — and why should any of us be ashamed of the name, since we are all hobbyists of one kind or another, — the hobbyist, lucky man, has joys with which no stranger intermeddleth.

Every one to whom our particular hobbyist ventured to speak upon the subject assured him that there were no birds here at this season; and indeed, for long spells together, this seemed, even to him, to be something like true. The Coconino forest is so almost boundless that the winter

residents of it, mostly moving about in little companies, are by no means "enough to go round," as one of the hobbyist's outdoor cronies is accustomed to say. So it was that our bird-gazer often sauntered for an hour without being rewarded by so much as a lisp; yet he felt sure all the while, and the result always bore out his faith, that even here, and in winter, and on this very day, time and patience could not be spent altogether in vain. If he saw nothing, as sometimes was true, on the two or three miles to Rowe's Point, for example, why, there was still the chance of something on the return. The very spot that had been vacant at eight o'clock might be alive with wings an hour or two later; for, as we say, winter birds, with no family duties to tie them, are continually on the go.

Thus it happened that the bird-gazer, retracing his steps after a long jaunt that had shown him nothing (nothing in his special line, that is to say; there is always *something* for a pair of eyes to look at), was brought to the suddenest kind of standstill by the sight of two or three birds on the ground a few rods in advance. "Bluebirds! bluebirds!" he said. And so they were, here in the very midst of the wood, strange as the encounter seemed to a man accustomed only to the bluebird of the East, which might almost as soon be looked for upon a millpond as in a forest. His glass covered one of them. All its visible under-parts were blue! It moved out of sight, and the glass was leveled upon another, and then upon another, as opportunity offered. And all but the first one had the regular red-earth breast, with blue throats and bellies, and reddish or chestnut-colored backs. Then, to the observer's sorrow, they suddenly took wing with a volley of sweet, perfectly familiar calls, and in a moment were gone. The all-blue one (the mountain, or arctic, bluebird, as it is called) was quite new to him. The others, of the kind known as the chestnut-backed bluebird, he had seen once or twice on a previous visit to this Southwestern country. Whether on

the deserts of southern Arizona, or here in the mountain forests of northern Arizona, they were good to meet. If only they would have stayed a bit to be looked at, or if they could have been pursued, as in New England one pursues the first spring bluebird from apple orchard to apple orchard for pure joy of seeing and hearing it! But they were gone whither there was no such thing as chasing them, — into the Cañon, to judge by the course taken, — and neither they, nor any like them, were seen or heard afterward.

They had not been alone, however, and the bird-gazer was still for a few minutes abundantly busy. Mountain chickadees were lipping and *dee*-ing, and one of them gave out once, as if on purpose for his Yankee listener's benefit, his brief, musical whistle. "Thank you," said the Yankee; "do it again." But the singer, as singers will, refused the encore. One or two nuthatches and a hairy woodpecker were with the group, almost as a matter of course, and at the last minute the tiniest bunch of feathers was seen fluttering about the twigs of a pine. None but a kinglet could dance on the wing in just that tricky fashion; and, true enough, a kinglet it was, a goldcrest, seen for a glance or two only, but, even so, revealing a strangely conspicuous white or whitish band on the side of the crown. Another Rocky Mountain stranger, if you please, the Rocky Mountain goldcrest. Two new birds within five minutes. Perhaps the bird-gazer did not go on his way rejoicing! The road was rough, — frozen every night, and muddy to desperation every afternoon, — but a hobby could still be ridden over it with great comfort.

And here seems a good place to mention one of the Yankee visitor's meteorological surprises. Somebody had told him of cold weather lately at the Cañon, — zero or under, — and he spoke of the report to his friend, the photographer. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "probably the mercury has not been far from zero for the last two mornings.

The visitor intimated incredulity (he

had been strolling in the woods before sunrise on both the mornings in question, standing still a considerable part of the time to make notes or listen. and never once thinking of ears or fingers). Upon which the photographer smiled and advised him to consult the railroad station master, who, it appeared, had a government thermometer, and was the official keeper of the local weather record. Well, the station master was complaisant, although an official, and, on turning to his tally sheet, found that on the two previous mornings the glass had registered respectively zero and two above zero.

The man from Massachusetts was dumb. He had heard, as every one has, of the efficacy of a dry atmosphere in tempering the impression of cold, but he found at this minute that he had never really believed in it. If he had known the standing of the thermometer he certainly would not have worn his summer hat, and would probably have thought it his duty now and then to try his ears. Three or four mornings afterward, though the mercury was only a few degrees lower (5° below zero), he confesses that he did not loiter. With a raw wind from the north and the air full of snow, a somewhat rapid gait was taken, as by instinct. In fact, the weather was so much like home that it almost made him homesick, — for California.

On the second of the two mornings first mentioned, he had sauntered to O'Neill's Point, and had remarked, as before, how the white frost covered everything (a sign of warm, pleasant weather in New England), giving an extra touch of pallor even to the pallid sagebrush. He had remarked, also, how warmly an old Indian squaw was wrapped as she came riding through the woods on horseback. "Good-morning," said the bird-gazer, as they met. "Umph," said the squaw. Ah, she does n't understand English, thought the bird-gazer, and he tried her with "Buenos dias." "Umph," she answered again; and the two parted as

strangers. He might have had better luck with a chickadee.

Only the commoner birds had been found, till, on the return, in a break in the forest, of which break the sagebrush — always straitened for room, like the Goths and the Huns — had taken possession, he suddenly descried a flock of very small birds of a sort entirely strange to him: slender gray birds, with long tails, — like gnatcatchers in that respect, — and some poorly seen darker patch on the side of the head. He looked at them, and looked again (their activity was incessant, and the looks were of the briefest), and then, with a chorus of little nothings, they all took wing. And the bird-gazer, of course, followed on. Twice he came up with them. "Bush tits," he said to himself; "they can be nothing else." And bush tits they were, as he feels confident (but he will be surer, he hopes, when he gets to California), of the species known as lead-colored. It was a shame they could not have stayed a little upon the order of their going. There was plenty of sagebrush, on the seeds of which they seemed to be feeding; but, like winter birds in general, they must take a bite here and a bite there, as if, by eating the same thing in a dozen places, they somehow secured variety. They were gone, at all events, and the bird-gazer was starting back, half jubilant, half disconsolate, toward the road, when, from almost under his feet, a jack rabbit sprang up, and, with a leap or two over the sagebrush bushes (a great leg with the hurdles is the jack rabbit), took his black tail out of sight.

Such, by the reader's leave, were some of the trifles with which a Yankee bird-gazer beguiled his long-anticipated week at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado!

Stevenson begins one of his early essays by remarking, "It is a difficult matter to make the most of any given place." Of course it is; and not only difficult, but impossible. There will always remain a corner unexplored, a point of view not taken, a phase of beauty imperfectly ap-

preciated. Thoreau himself, it is safe to say, did not make the most of Concord. And after that what hope is there for the rest of us? Of course, then, the bird-gazer did not make the most of the Grand Cañon. How could he, with the little time at his disposal, the unfavorable season, the exceptionally inclement weather of the latter half of his stay (it was 12° below zero on the last morning, and his farewell communings were nothing like so leisurely as he could have wished), and, worst of all, the peculiar limitations of his own nature? No doubt he might have used words about it, — there is many a fine adjective in the dictionary; but adjectives of themselves prove nothing, unless it be, sometimes, their user's imbecility. "Is n't it pretty?" he heard a lady ask; and, since he was not addressed, he did not reply, as he was moved to do, "No, my dear madam, it is *not* pretty." At another time a man pronounced it "a right nice view," and the bird-gazer could only nod a despairing assent. How the place *ought* to af-

fect beholders he does not profess to know; some in one way, perhaps, and some in another. For his own part, if now and then, when he might have been looking at the painted walls and the yawning abyss, he found his eyes resting of their own motion upon the snow-covered San Francisco Peaks on the southern horizon, who shall say that he was necessarily in the wrong? A mountain two miles high is a commoner sight than a ravine a mile deep; but since when has commonness or uncommonness been a test of beauty or grandeur? Let every man be pleased with that which pleases him; and as far as possible, — which probably is not very far, — unless he has the difficult grace of silence, let him tell the truth.

And to conclude, let it be repeated that the bird-gazer will never be satisfied until he has seen the Cañon again, and given it another and better opportunity to lay a spell upon him, a thing which, grand beyond expression as he felt it to be, it did not at this first visit quite accomplish.

THE ROTE

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

WE country doctors, in particular, are likely to have strange experiences, yet what is certainly the most singular episode of my practice might as easily have fallen to the lot of one in almost any walk of life. Many attempts have been made to explain the affair; I myself was nearly worn out at the time in the same vain endeavor, though now content to let it rest among the mysteries before which, chafe who will, sages and fools alike stand helpless as babes.

It was the second autumn after I had hung out my shingle in the remote northern seacoast village of Kentle's Harbor, and an unusually tempestuous season it

proved. There were early and heavy falls of snow, but a series of pelting easterly rainstorms ensued, and at Christmas time the tawny yellow of the landscape was only here and there accentuated by wasted patches of white, pierced with stiff brown reeds and grasses.

Throughout the place people shook their heads, and spoke ominously of the "Green Christmas," though, in face of nature's peculiarly drear and sad-colored aspect at the time, the term seemed much of a misnomer. Under a long continuance of strong easterly winds, the sea outside remained so rough as to hamper greatly the fishermen and lobster-catchers,

who chiefly made up the population of the little town; indeed, it seemed that for weeks my ears had been filled day and night with the unceasing jarring rumble of the rote.

The day before Christmas was especially disagreeable and depressing. Fierce rain-squalls alternated with flurries of wet snow, and the fast increasing boom of the close-bordering sea began to have a noticeable effect upon the nerves. Then, too, the tossing bell-buoy on the Hue and Cry ledges, seldom silent, on this dark afternoon sent its mournful tones vibrating inland upon the salty gusts with dismal iteration.

I lodged at the time in a small house on the principal street of the straggling village, my office being, in fact, nothing less than the hitherto inviolable best room of the widowed owner. On this day the home-like sounds of dish-washing after dinner still issued from the adjacent kitchen, when a mud-bedraggled open wagon stopped at the front gate. Though the rain had then ceased to a great extent, the driver was fully encased in oil-skins; and, as he advanced through the matted grass to the seldom-used front door, I recognized him as Shubael Spurling, a fishing skipper living in a distant section of the town, known as the Number Four District. This time my services were sought for a valuable cow, whose ailment baffled local talent completely; and with slight delay, we were wallowing through the mud and puddles of the lonely road leading to Number Four.

A dreary ride at best, it was especially so under the watery skies of this stormy afternoon. For some miles there were no trees, and, as I say, constant rains had given the wind-swept country a most cheerless and sodden appearance. Coming as I had from a quiet town in the interior, where wind was almost unheeded, where stately elms lined the broad streets, and a peaceful river flowed through long reaches of fertile intervals, this for some time seemed to me, indeed, a barren and desolate land.

Here, in rocky Kentle's Harbor, the great salt sea was always overwhelmingly in evidence. The talk of people was chiefly of wind and weather, of fishing craft and their crews, and hairbreadth escapes. The rude little wooden weather-vanes, so common throughout the village, were closely watched from dawn to dark, and the wind never varied in direction or force without much ensuing discussion of the change and its effect upon absent fishing boats.

But it was the ever-present sound of the sea which made the greatest impression upon my bucolic mind; day and night, summer and winter, always the ceaseless rote of the sea, like the breathing of some great monster it seemed to me; sometimes very low and faint in the village, but still always noticeable in some degree, and at times jarring every window in the town with its thunderous rumble.

At the top of a rocky ridge called Harbor Hill, directly behind the settlement, Skipper Shubael stopped his horse, and for some moments closely scanned the great extent of leaden sea, already thickly flecked with rushing whitecaps. Believing, as did many others, that the present long-continued "spell of weather" was about to culminate in a heavy gale, an aged uncle of his, he explained to me, had started early that morning in his small schooner for a distant fishing ground known as "Betty Moody's Garden," hoping to save from damage a number of trawls set there some days previous. Several sail of vessels were in sight from the hilltop, staggering under shortened canvas toward the harbor from various directions, but Shubael soon declared positively that his uncle's little pinky schooner, *Palm*, was not among them.

After this, the road plunged abruptly into a dense, heron-haunted swamp of alders and cat-tails, with, here and there, gloomy-looking hackmatacks raising their drooping forms against a pale gray sky blurred by hurrying masses of scud from the sea. Then followed a dreary extent of rain-soaked pasture, thickly strewn with

huge granite boulders, among which the narrow road wound its way, between moss-grown stone walls. Stray sheep bleated forlornly, as they fled at the wagon's approach, and the hoarse cawing of innumerable crows rose above the rote's distant booming.

For some distance here the road was especially bad, and, in bumping too roughly over a protruding ledge, one of the wagon springs gave way. This caused much delay, but with assistance from the nearest house we were at length enabled to proceed again slowly. Rain was then once more driving in slanting torrents before the ever-augmenting gale, and, with darkness already settling down, I foresaw anything but a pleasurable return over the rough route.

A short distance farther, emerging from a thick growth of birches, the leaves of which formed a sodden cushion under the dripping wheels, the road again dropped with appalling steepness into a deep gully, and crossed a turbulent brook by a rude bridge built of treenail-riddled oak plank from a wrecked vessel. As the stiff-kneed old mare cautiously braced herself for the steep descent, furious gusts of chilling wind blew up the ravine, laden with the heavy odor of kelp, apparently direct from the sea. My ear also caught the repeated tones of a bell, and, like a deep bass to the brook's noisy babble, came again with startling distinctness the sullen rumble of the rote. I at once asked Skipper Shubael how it was that we got these sounds again so plainly, at such a distance inland.

"Well, there, you, doctor," he said; "it doos appear as though we'd come close anigh the shore again, and no mistake. You'll 'most always get the rote good and plain here to this hollow, for all it's a plumb three mile back to the shore, the straightest course ever a man can lay. Someways or 'nother, this hollow fetches the sound up along, kind of tunnel-fashion like, I cal'late. If only it had n't turned to, and shut in so thick-a-fog and rain again, you could sight straight down

through the hollow from here, and see it breaking a clear torch on the Hue and Cry, I'll warrant! Seems's though I seldom ever knowed the sea to make faster than what it has since morning; and Lord knows, it was rough as a grater before, so there's quite a few of us ain't made a set for a week's time. This wind breezens on at every hand's turn now, and I wisht I could know for certain whether Uncle Pelly made out to pull them trawls of hisn, out there on the 'Garden' to-day. That's where he lives to; that little reddish-colored house up there, front of them fars, with the big ellum handy-by. The old sir picked him a real sightly place to build, did n't he, though?"

"Why, yes," I said; "but it has always seemed strange to me that so many of you fishermen should have located so far inland, away from your work."

"Oh, well," the skipper said, as we began to ascend the opposite bank of the gully, "it was the old-seed folks that turned to and built clean away in back here, to commence with. All the way ever I heard it accounted for is they growed so sick and tired of fog and salt water, that, come to get forehanded enough to build, they was possessed to strike in back here fur's ever they could. I think's likely they figured that, come to quit going altogether, they'd love to set and take their comfort to home, and have green stuff growing close aboard of 'em for all the rest-part of their stopping. Folks changes 'round, though. You take it this day o' the world, and a place in back here amongst the far trees ain't worth a red. The women-folks in particular don't like up this way; they'd lievser be down to the Harbor, where there's gossup-talk going on to make it kind of lively like. But take Uncle Pelly, he likes tiptop when he's home; the thing of it is he ain't home no great. He's going on eighty, and has swore off fishing no end already, but you let mack'el commence to mash off here, or let haddick strike anyways plenty in the fall o' the year same's they done a spell

ago, and the old sir is just as fishy as ever. I tell him he'd full better lay back now, and take some peace of his life, but wild hosses would n't hold him home soon's ever he takes a notion to go.

"He's got it worked down consid'ble fine, too, the old sir has. You take it out abreast of his place there on the aide of the hollow, and you'll get the rote double and thribble as plain as what we do here. As fur back as I can remember, it's always been his way to take a walk down acrosst his field there to the aide of the hollow every morning reg'lar, so's to stop and listen for the rote a spell. Nobody else knows exactly how he works it, but seems's though someways or 'nother he makes out to tell whether or no it's going to be a day outside. That sounds kind of queer like, but it's seldom ever he misses his cal'lation.

"There's always *some* rote in that hollow, you see, no matter if it's the dead of summer time and stark calm, and Uncle Pelly, he cal'lates to make a set to the east'ard or west'ard, according to whichever way he gets the rote the plainest. He cal'lates to keep well to wind'ard in room of to loo'ard, you see, allowing the rote tells him it's liable to breezen up and overblow, especially soon's ever the weather grows catchy in the fall o' the year. Folks can laugh all they want; there's something to it, just the same. I never knowed the old sir to stub his toe any great yet, without it was to blow a sail or two offn him, and he's been going out of here rising of sixty year now."

It was nearly dark when we came upon a cluster of houses, in few of which, however, were any signs of life visible. Shubael remarked that but a baker's dozen or so remained in all the once populous Number Four District, and that most of these would be glad to sell at any price. Directly after he pointed out the lights of his own dwelling, beyond question also "sightly," but standing fully exposed to every bleak wind, on the very top of the highest rocky hill in the township of Kentle's Harbor. Just opposite, dimly dis-

cernible in the gathering gloom, rose the bulky form of the meeting-house and its stunted belfry, like the neighboring school-house of Number Four, long closed for lack of population to support it; "a couple more of our old has-beens," was the skipper's brief comment as we turned in at his barnyard.

I soon ascertained without surprise that the unfortunate cow, rather than the difficulty from which she suffered, had already yielded to the unique treatment adopted. Meantime the storm steadily increased, until, returning nearly in its face being thought out of the question, I accepted the hospitalities of the house over night. But for me, at least, little sleep was possible in the distracting turmoil raging about the building until near day-break. In the furious blasts several blinds banged themselves from their fastenings with ear-splitting crashes; a loose sash of my window rattled abominably, and pelting floods of rain beat with constantly increasing violence against the small panes, till, forcing entrance, it dripped steadily from the narrow sill on the braided rugs of the floor. Later in the night, changing to sleet, it beat upon the glass like a sand-blast, until succeeded near dawn by the muffled swirl of plastering snow.

Next morning, under a thick coating of ice, the trees cracked sharply in the then waning gale, as we started to return in a borrowed wagon, with wheels clogged by muddy snow and leaves. When nearly abreast of the small house in which Shubael's uncle, Pelatiah Spurling, lived, two men were met bearing homeward pails of water drawn from a well in the adjoining field. They first spoke of the unequaled fury of the storm, and then, after condoling with Skipper Shubael over the loss of the cow, inquired whether he had seen or heard anything of his uncle before leaving the village the day before.

While one was yet speaking, the tall, angular figure of a white-bearded old man appeared from behind a clump of alders in the field close by. He wore a short jumper of faded blue frocking, with the

oilskin sou'-wester and high red boots of the local fishermen. In one hand was a wooden water bucket, and, with head sharply inclined against the still boisterous wind and drizzle, he slowly followed a well-worn path toward the spring.

"There he goes now, this minute!" Shubael exclaimed. "Hullo, there, Uncle Pelly, you!" he shouted. "Keep her off a point or two! Guess you must had an all-day job of it yesterday, and no yachting trip, neither, was it?"

Apparently not hearing these words, however, the old man plodded steadily on. At the well-curb he left his pail, and continued across the spongy field in the direction of the hollow.

"The old sir grows deaf right along, now'days," one of the men said.

"Yes, he doos so," the other assented. "My woman, she was speaking of it only the last time he was in home there. All the way you can make any talk along of him now'days is to get close aboard on the port side. I'm glad, though, he give his hooker sheet, and come back yesterday before this breeze o' wind took holt so spiteful. But he must got in consid'ble late, for I was home all the afternoon myself, and never see no sign of him coming up along before night-time."

"I guess likely they made a long day of it fast enough," said Shubael. "The old sir allowed he cal'lated to pull them trawls if it took a leg. By good rights they had no call to go out yesterday, anyways. You can't take and jump the old Palm into a head-beat sea same's you could forty year ago, and, to tell the truth, I'm plaguy glad the old man see when he'd got enough, and pointed her for the turf in some kind of season. Just you take and watch him a minute, doctor! He's dropped his bucket there to the well, so's to lug home a turn of water when he comes back along, same's usual. There you, now he's got hisself all placed in just the right berth to hearken to the rote. Godfrey mighty! Seems's though I'd seen him doing that very same act since I was the bigness of a trawl-kag!"

Leaning slightly forward, with one hand raised to his ear in an attitude of rapt attention, old Skipper Pelatiah Spurling stood listening under the gnarly limbs of a great oak, at the verge of the hollow, his long, white beard fluttering to one side in the strong sea wind.

"Unless he's very deaf, he ought to hear that rumble this morning," I said. "What do you suppose he expects to learn just now?"

"That's hard telling," one of the men laughed. "I've lived nigh neighbor to him the heft of my life, and ain't never fathomed this rote business yet. There's no rubbing it out, though, that somehow or 'nother, from the way she sounds up through the hollow there, the old sir will 'most generally give you the correct almanac for quite a little spell ahead!"

Shubael then spoke of waiting to learn from the old man his experience of the day before, but, as I was now growing somewhat anxious to reach my office again, he postponed the interview until a later occasion.

At the top of Harbor Hill we once more held up for a moment to view the wild scene that suddenly opened before us. Seaward a dense bank of fog still hung close over the madly heaving waters. From under this gray shroud of mist enormous cockling surges constantly rushed, and, charging upon the land in endless columns, tore themselves to pieces on the jagged, kelp-grown ledges in a broad fringe of seething foam and high-leaping spray. Half a mile off shore, where the black heads of the dreaded Hue and Cry ledges now and then appeared in a mass of tumbling breakers, the blood-red bell-buoy danced the maddest of hornpipes, now buried from sight completely, and now flung reeling headlong on the crest of some great, on-rushing sea, its frenzied clang at times pealing loud above the rumbling rote. Suddenly, somewhat further to the left, a mountainous, darkling billow seemed to gather others to its mighty self, and, rearing a ragged outline high above the

misty horizon, broke in a wildly careering smother of snow-white foam, fully an acre in extent. An instant later came a thunderous report that shook the very ledges beneath our feet.

"Set-fire!" cried Shubael. "Now you've heard him talk, doctor! That was Old Aaron that up and spoke just now, and you might stop here to this Harbor a long spell, and not hear the likes again! It's seldom ever hubbly enough for Old Aaron to break, but when he doos take the notion, then all hands best stand from under!"

Saying which, in his excitement Shubael leaned far over the dashboard, and surprised the mare into a temporary trot by several blows with the reins. Half way down the hill, an old man, bent nearly double, came hobbling from his door to hail us.

"Make out to sight 'em, Shu?" he called.

"Sight what?" the skipper asked, stopping short.

"Why, the sticks of the wrack. Ain't you heard tell? They say there's some little hooker lays sunk off there somewheres, betwixt Old Aaron and the main, with just her mastheads showing."

"There wa'n't ary spar showing out there two minutes' time since, that I'll make affidavy to!" Shubael declared. "I guess likely no wrack won't hang together long when Old Aaron breaks same's he done just now, anyways!"

"That's what I says to 'em myself," the old fellow piped. "I told 'em he broke once at low-water slack last night, too, but they all allowed I drempt it."

"Your hearing is full better than the most of us now, Skipper Tommy!" Shubael called, as we drove on toward the village.

Nearly abreast of the bellowing Hue and Cry breakers, the road skirted a strip of coarse shingle beach, lying between glistening, spray-swept ledges, which reflected the pale sky in countless shining pools. Here the towering, white-crested seas hurled themselves in far-reaching

floods of seething brine that swept the snow from long stretches of the road, leaving in its place great windrows of fragrant rockweed and kelp. Scattered groups of people conferred at the tops of their voices, and intently watched the churning waste of breakers off shore. Women in hooded shawls pulled children back from the steep, gullied beach; mongrel curs raced to and fro among the long, stranded kelps, barking frantically at each breaking sea; and overhead the gulls wheeled, shrilly screaming.

We saw at once that something unusual had happened. Shubael Spurling drove straight to the nearest squad of men, prominent among whom he recognized a young fellow frequently going on shares in old Skipper Pelatiah's little schooner. Although uncommonly heavily clad in thick coat and knit muffler, this young man struck me at once as looking pinched and cold.

"What about this wrack business we hear tell of? Where doos she lay to?" Shubael demanded immediately.

"She give up only just a short spell since," the young man said. "The mastheads was showing all the morning off here, nigh in range with the bell."

"What one d'ye call her?" asked Shubael earnestly.

"Why, the old Palm, of course," said the other. "She's all the one to get picked up this time, so fur as ever I know."

"Palm be jiggered!" Shubael exclaimed irritably. "Shut up your tomfoolery, and talk some kind of sense, will you! The Palm come in last evening, to my knowing."

"My God, skipper! Don't you really know yet?" the white-faced young fellow cried. "We was running her for home last night, and wearing nothing only a close-reefed foresail, with the sheet chock to the rigging at that! It blowed a livin' gale o' wind, and was shut in just as thick-a-snow outside as ever you see it in God's world. We made a grain too fur to the east'ard, and Old Aaron up and broke on us fit to pitchpole the ablest big

Georges-man that ever sailed out of Cape Ann! It piled aboard all of ten foot deep over the stern, and wiped the five of us off 'n her clip and clean" —

"Godfrey mighty, you!" broke in Shubael, his face flushing in downright anger; "I cal'late you'll do, young feller, by the jumping Judas I do, now! You'll make out to hold your end up, every time. Let me just tell you what; you'd full better hire right out for one of these play-actors, in room of heaving away your time going haddicking out of here no longer! Next thing, maybe you'll be telling us how all the rest-part but you was drowned, won't ye?"

For answer, the young man swallowed hard, and nodded his head.

"Oho, I thought likely," said Shubael, with a grim smile. "All goners but you, every mother's son of 'em, you claim! Kind of rubbing it in, to take and lose the whole kit of 'em that way, wa'n't it? Maybe, now you would n't mind just telling of me how comes it Uncle Pelly is home there to Number Four this same Christmas mornin'!"

"How comes what?" the other asked, in a puzzled way.

"I say, while you're at it, turn to and tell us how it was that the old sir never passed in his checks, too, in this 'ere scandalous bad scrape of yours!"

"Old Man Pel'tiah Spurling stood to the tiller hisself the time that sea hove us nigh end over end," the young fellow said solemnly, while Skipper Shubael stared him in the face, angry and incredulous. "After we was all washed off 'n her, him and me was all the ones to catch hand-holt again. Him and me gripped holt of the weather rail till she went out from under, and the very last words ever the old

sir spoke he says like this, 'I been going out of this Harbor risin' seventy year now, and this is the first time ever God A'mighty shut the door plumb in my face when it come night-time!' The next secont a master great comber fell atop of us, and I never knowed another living thing till they fetched me to in Cap'n Futtock's store over here."

"John Ed Grommet!" spoke Shubael Spurling sternly; "if ever I wanted to take and pick me the biggest reg'lar-built, out and out, A No. 1 liar that ever yet drawed the breath of life to this Harbor, I would n't have fur to seek, now, sure's ever the tide ebbs and flows! I cal'late you've got the nerve to stand right up in your boots with some fool-lie on your blame' tongue if 't was the Day of Judgment; but by the Lord, I want you should understand this time good and plain that I see Uncle Pel'tiah home there not two hours' time since! I see him, and passed the time o' day along of him, too, and what's more, the doctor here seen him, and Jason Kentle, and your own cousin, Thomas Grommet, they seen him the very same time, going down acrost his mowin' field to the hollow. Leave it right direct to you, doctor, if that ain't God's own truth I'm telling!"

But before I could speak, a great shout broke from the men behind us, and, turning quickly, we saw a tangled mass of wreckage borne in at racehorse speed upon the crest of an immense combing sea. A luminous, greenish light flashed for an instant through the great, toppling wave, and, as it fell with deafening roar upon the resonant shingle, the body of Skipper Pelatiah Spurling was pitched headlong in a wild rush of hissing foam, almost at the feet of his relative.

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

FOREVER young is that immortal throng
Whose golden rhymes to-day our lips recite:
Like stars they shine and sing across the night,
Unchanged and changeless through the ages long.
In Fancy's realm, upon foundations strong
They built their monuments of beauty bright,
Creating out of dreams for our delight
Arches and domes and pinnacles of Song.

They know not age; no, nor dost thou, in truth,
For thou with laurels green on locks of gold
Hast reached but now the poet's dewy prime.
A thousand years! O Song-enamored Youth,
Thy lyric castles never shall grow old,
Nor ruin mar their airy walls of rhyme!

THE WHITE DEATH OF THE SOUL

BY JOHN H. DENISON

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in his little book called *Compromise*, describes in rather lurid terms a disease of the soul which characterizes our civilization. The root of this disease lies, according to him, in "a revolution" that is "in its social consequence unspeakably ignoble." "Every age is in some sort an age of transition, but our own is characteristically and cardinally an epoch of transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct. The old hopes have grown pale, the old fears dim; strong sanctions have become weak, and once vivid faiths very numb. Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is at least for the present hardly any longer an organic power. It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life which it has been, and will be again. Conscience has lost its

strong and on-pressing energy, and the sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness of edge. The natural hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought. The souls of men have become void. Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity."

It is noteworthy that in this description Mr. Morley traces the degeneracy of our times to a decay of two great vital centres of our civilization. Those vital centres are our corporate moral nature and our religion. Now, as a matter of fact, our civilization has but one religion. Our religious people are either Jews, Catholics, or Protestants. All derive their spiritual and moral vitality from the same source, namely, the Hebrew revelation. The ignoble

revolution, therefore, which is attacking our corporate conscience, and destroying the organic force of religion, must of necessity be one which assails the authority of the Hebrew revelation, and the validity of the moral nature. And the noteworthy fact, as presented by Mr. Morley, is that it is not only the religion which is suffering, but that the whole ethical and social structure is suffering with it. This is a logical sequence, surely. Mr. Morley's diagnosis, however, is not quite so clear. He thinks that the national church of England has much to do with it. Politics, the newspaper press, and increase of riches, all have a hand in the business. Worst of all, "the entire intellectual climate outside the domain of physical science" is, he tells us, unhealthy. It appears to him somehow to undermine our moral protoplasm. It leaves us no positive principles, no fixed standards. The baleful effect of the intellectual climate he attributes to "an abuse of the historic method," which he describes as follows: "Character is considered less with reference to its absolute qualities than as an interesting scene strewn with scattered rudiments, survivals, inherited predispositions. Opinions are counted rather as phenomena to be explained than as matters of truth and falsehood. In the last century man asked of a belief or story, is it true? We now ask, how did men come to take it for true? The devotees of the current method are more concerned with the pedigree and genealogical connections of a custom or an idea than with its own proper goodness or badness."

A little analysis of this description shows what Mr. Morley means by the abuse of the historic method. It is simply this: the method cuts altogether too large a figure as a means of arriving at the truth. It appears to its votaries and to the general public as being the one great and decisive medium of knowledge, whereas in reality it is no such thing. To put it in plain English, the historic method consists in determining what *is* by what *has been*. It elucidates the present by the past. It in-

terprets the man by the monkey. It arrives at the law of man's moral nature by going back to the principles which governed the anthropoid ape from which he is supposed to have sprung. It determines whether the world is God's world by reverting to the fire mist in which it probably originated. It determines the moral authority of the Bible by going back to the ghost worship and fetich worship which are *supposed* to be its real genesis. In other words, the nature and value of each present fact is determined by its historic origin and development. So, too, with our treatment of facts. The way to deal with an inferior is decided by showing the way in which nature has dealt with inferiors during her ages of development. Now there is no question about the value of this method, but there are *other* methods for determining the truth, which possess an equal if not greater value. We may, for instance, reverse the process. We may interpret the monkey by the man. We may determine the nature and treatment of facts by studying their present organization and laws. We may get light on the value of the Hebrew revelation by its solution of our present problems. We may interpret the past evolution of the Cosmos by its present adaptations. We may look for the Maker's mark not only in the fire mist, but in the structure of the moral organism. There are decided advantages about this method. We are *in* the present. We can, therefore, observe its organisms and laws with greater accuracy. We can test our conclusions scientifically by results, and, as we are under the necessity of more or less immediate and critical action, it is often a matter of great advantage not to have to wait for the historic method to be perfected and corrected. When a man has an attack of appendicitis, the knowledge of his vermiform appendix as it now is yields a far more valuable contribution to the solution of his case than the entire history of that organ, from its earliest advent to the time of George Washington.

When the great cities of a country are

hanging on the verge of moral degeneracy, a clear knowledge of the human conscience, and of any spiritual system or law that can govern it to-day, illuminates the field far more than a ton of knowledge about prehistoric institutions. But Mr. Morley has stopped far short of the whole truth. It is not only the historic method that deludes us by cutting too great a figure in our imagination. There is no method which is not at times transformed into a delusion through a tendency of its followers to make it a monopoly.

A word about the field of human knowledge will make this clearer. There are, as a matter of fact, two great fields of knowledge, each requiring a somewhat different mode of investigation. First there is the material universe, which includes also the human body, brain, and nerves, and which requires for its exploitation the method of observation and induction, or, in other words, of sense perception and reason. Then there is the moral and intellectual life of man, a far greater field. Here we come face to face with our own inner life. We get an inside view of the universe; we see behind the physical phenomena; we behold the interior workings of that wondrous force which we call life, which organizes matter, erects it into a mansion for its own indwelling, and utilizes it for its own ultimate and invisible ends. Here, too, in this inner life we find that alone which is capable of giving to the material world either interpretation or value, either order or significance. This inner life of man cannot be reached by the sense perception, but it may be investigated after the inductive method, by reason, and by the use of our own inner consciousness; but, as this inner life is a moral personality, it is necessary to a full understanding of it that we should examine it by the light of the moral powers. Without the criteria which they supply, we can form no intelligent estimate of personality. The inner life of man, and the material phenomena of the universe: in any intelligent method of investigation these two fields, with their two methods,

should be coördinated, for they are mutually interpretative. No solitary fact of nature can be understood, save as we view it in the light of a knowledge culled from both fields and from both methods. But the whole tendency of late has been to magnify one field and its method at the expense of the other. Some time ago the writer of this article saw a Chinese map of the world, in which the Flowery Kingdom was represented as a vast continent taking up the bulk of the earth's surface, while Europe and America appeared as insignificant and undetermined corners of the world. Now this is an age of educated masses whose conception of the universe has been formed in somewhat similar fashion, by a delineation of human knowledge as a vast cosmos of material phenomena, in the exploration of which we are advancing with wonderful certitude and supremely valuable results, while the inner personal life appears as a vague and insignificant item, turned out by the forces of this cosmos, and floating upon its surface to an unknown goal.

It is the delusion caused by this abuse of method which gives the atmosphere of pessimism to that delightful little book of Dr. Osler's, called *Science and Immortality*. "Modern psychological science," says Dr. Osler, "dispenses altogether with the soul;" and again, "The new psychologists have ceased to speak nobly of the soul." One does not, of course, care to dispute about a word; but if by the soul is meant what most people mean by it, the inner personality, including the moral and intellectual nature, then this talk of dispensing with it is as absurd as for a mariner to talk of dispensing with his compass. It is from a study of the soul that we get our guarantee for the authenticity of the sense perception. It is in the personal life that we discover those rational laws by which we form our inductions in regard to all phenomena. Here alone, in the structure of the mind, are to be found those ideas of space, time, order, causality, and unity, without which our sense perception would not have

brought us to the discovery of a single species or a solitary law of nature. That the new psychologists should have ceased to speak nobly of the soul is due simply to the abuse of their own valuable method. The fact is, they have never made an effective landing on that continent, but, like some of the early explorers of America, have approached no nearer than their own soundings, and have formed their maps of this vast region from their observations of a part of its shore line. It is safe to say that no one will ever speak nobly of the human soul, who persists in applying to the inner life of man that line of scientific investigation which is adapted only to the examination of physical phenomena. To such an explorer his own personality must, naturally enough, seem to him a mere stream of tendency caused by the action of environment upon his brain and nervous system. The absurdity of this mental attitude, which persistently draws its map of the soul on the projection afforded by its own inadequate method, is evident at a glance, when we reflect on the fact that no man ever did a great or noble act who did not rise absolutely above this conception of himself. The thing that counts in the world is a moral realization which holds the soul, or inner personality, worth more than the whole physical cosmos put together, which interprets the cosmos by the soul, and gets its realization not from the new psychology, but from the power of seeing personality face to face. It is, in fact, through the soul that we really get reality. Science without soul can never bring us to it. We are obliged to go back, as did Herbert Spencer in his debate with Mr. Balfour, back to our consciousness of the ego and the non-ego, for an intellectual guarantee that the phenomena of science actually exist. Nothing, therefore, could be more evident than that these two great trunk lines are really one system, and that it is only through their consolidation that we can hope to reach an entire view of the truth. So, too, with the territories which they traverse. The

man who is not an experienced traveler in the realms of the soul is not fit to be an interpreter of nature. The man who is not more or less experienced in the realms of nature is not fitted to be an interpreter of the soul.

Now the point of all this is, that a single system of thought, starting with one set of criteria, is pushed and insisted upon by those who like it, till it cuts too large a figure in our interest and imagination. It becomes the one only solid and ultimate form of human knowledge; its criteria are the only criteria; its facts the only truths. Whatever this particular system can not inform us about, we can never, never know, or at least hardly ever. Far be it from the present writer to underrate the services of that worthy gentleman, Mr. Cook, who has done so much for the average seeker after geographical knowledge by personally conducting him on the highways of the great world's travel. But there is certainly a striking, though crude, resemblance between him and the maker and teacher of philosophy. Each big man, each great capitalist in the realm of thought, has his own system of thinking, his own set of coördinated facts, his own roadbed of intellectual transit, his own observation car, traversing the steel rails of his logic from the terminus of his own favorite criteria to the terminus of his own favorite conclusion. I say favorite, because, notwithstanding all that is urged to the contrary, there is always a personal element in this selection of the termini for one's intellectual route. Eliminate the personal element, and you eliminate the whole business. It would be idiotic to underestimate the value of philosophical modes of transit. No railroad of Mr. Hill or Mr. Rockefeller can begin to compare in value with one of these systems of philosophic exploration. But when the builder or manager or personal conductor of a railroad tells you that his is the great and only route by which to know America or to get acquainted with England, and that what is off to one side of that thoroughfare is not worth knowing, he is guilty

of an abuse of the knowing power, and of manufacturing in the minds of his personally conducted patrons a false America and a spurious England. There are certain old travelers who take a special interest in visiting these *terrae ignotae* not prescribed in guidebooks, and quite off the lines of the systematic tourists. Here they always expect to find that which is specially interesting, that kind of revelation not included in the railroad prospect, that disclosure of the soul of things which gives one the real England or America. These same old travelers have a way of looking with a spice of contempt upon the personally conducted (Cookies, they wickedly style them), as being the victims of a system, which, to use an irreverent anglicanism, "pulls their leg." Such deceit is, however, entirely foreign to the mind of Mr. Cook, nor is any such victimizing intention present for a moment in the mind of the scientist or philosopher. His mental structure, his bringing up, his education, incline him to a certain method. For him it moves along the line of least resistance. It brings the fewest wrinkles to his forehead. Quite unconsciously to himself, a sort of atrophy takes place. First the inclination, and then the capability, to use another method dies out of him. Other criteria fade upon his sight, other methods grow hazy to his mind, other termini lose their values either as starting-points or conclusions. Facts that conflict with his own system of observation cease to have any large significance. His mind is focalized. His universe is according to his own mental anthropomorphism. He can see no other cosmos. He has no organ with which to see it. He is quite right in styling it unknowable, and quite unconscious of the trick that his own atrophy plays upon the perceptions of his personally conducted tourists. Thus the theologian, the philosopher, the scientist, the jurist, in short, every man of intellectual methods, is forever unconsciously tempted to engage in this old trick of creating a more or less spurious universe, and outside of it his own partic-

ular *terra ignota*, a great American desert, a region where no facts can be clearly determined, and in which it does not pay to be interested.

The strangest part of this whole strange business is that, in an era of good feeling, men who ought to know better will, for the sake of mere unanimity, abandon other lines and join in the craze over the one and only route for arriving at truth. Is the question at issue the immortality of the soul, — then, as the scientific method is for the moment, in the public mind, the only realistic way of proving a fact, preachers and teachers great and small will join the craze, and stake the great practical hope of our moral and affectional nature on a method as little adapted to finding immortality as a Cunard steamer for discovering the source of the Mississippi.

But a still greater abuse of intellectual method consists in making it cut too large a figure relatively to perception. Neither by one method nor by all methods put together do we arrive at the truth. One might as well say that the astronomer sees the sun with his telescope. We arrive at the truth by the process of perception. Perception utilizes method. It may perhaps be said to include it, for it is a great deal broader thing. It is the ultimate form of knowledge. It coördinates all methods, and is greater than all. All intellectual methods rest upon perception. They begin and end with it. It is their foundation and their test. However good the method, it is valueless if the perception be poor.

Now the method, like the perception, is an exceedingly valuable instrument. Without it the perception would be sorely limited. And, as the great triumphs of perception have been gained through the instrumentality of finely adjusted methods, it is natural enough to exalt the value of the telescope, and to forget how much depends upon the seeing eye and the perceptive brain. This is the theme of that subtle humor that runs through the Sherlock Holmes detective

stories. Holmes is continually telling people that his magical success depends upon simple induction. Scotland Yard works itself black in the face in the endeavor to make similar simple inductions, while, all along, the fact stands out that it takes the broad, sympathetic, intuitive perception of Holmes to see the points from which an induction is to be made. Perception is a process that takes in the entire personality. It not only demands all the elements of personal consciousness, but it requires that they should be clarified and focalized, and that the personality should be at its best. It is better to have a poor method based on a true perception than the best methods based on a false perception.

A curious instance of a great method resting at a certain point on false perception is presented in the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. In the *Principles of Ethics* we find the following: "The literatures of ancient semi-civilized peoples yield evidence of stages during which truth was little esteemed, or rather during which lying was tacitly or openly applauded. We have proof in the Bible that, apart from the lying which constituted false witness, and was to the injury of a neighbor, there was among the Hebrews little reprobation of lying. Indeed, it would be remarkable were it otherwise, considering that Jahveh set the example, as when, to ruin Ahab, he commissioned a lying spirit (1 Kings xxii, 22) to deceive his prophets; or as when, according to Ezekiel xiv, 9, he threatened to use deception as a means of vengeance: 'If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from the midst of my people Israel.' Evidently from a race character which evolves such a conception of a deity's principles there naturally came no great regard for veracity. This we see in sundry cases, as when Isaac said Rebecca was not his wife, but his sister, and nevertheless received the same year

a bountiful harvest (Genesis xxvi, 12). Or as when Rebecca induced Jacob to tell a lie to his father and defraud Esau, a lie not condemned, but shortly followed by a divine promise of prosperity. Nor do we find the standard much changed in the days of Christ and after. For instance, the case of Paul who, apparently rather piquing himself on his craft and guile, elsewhere defends his acts by contending that the 'truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory.'"

Here we have a passage which, carrying the tremendous authority of the scientific method, appears to sweep away at a single blow both the Hebrew and Christian religions, for it not only destroys the credibility of the Hebrews and their God, but demolishes our faith in the moral intelligence of Jesus, who could believe in such a God or in such unvarnished annals as the Hebrew Scriptures. When we come to examine the facts, however, we discover that this conclusion is vitiated by a defective perception.

The determination of the moral significance of a fact connected with an ancient religion is not an easy task. It requires an eye for organic relations. It is like finding out the function of a primitive organ, or detecting the worth of a bit of evidence in a police case. The phenomena in the case are not all alike. There are dependent facts, and there are vital, determining facts which serve as clues. Mr. Spencer's conclusion quoted above is much like that of the Scotland Yard officials when they tried to imitate Sherlock Holmes. Facts were all alike to them. They had no eye for relations. Holmes never would have allowed a favorite theory or a few incriminating facts to shape the case for him. He would have looked on all sides. Having been occasionally to an English church, and having a good memory, he would have recollected parts of the Hebrew Psalter and Book of Proverbs, for it is in the sacred hymns and proverbial sayings of a people that one really discovers their ideals. A little

examination would have convinced him that, however much the Hebrews may, like Anglo-Saxons, have fallen astray from their ideal when it came to war or love or business, their actual creed about lying was extremely strenuous, and that "he that speaketh lies shall perish." It is quite possible that Mr. Spencer may have forgotten that the Psalter and Book of Proverbs were not English books, so entirely formative have they been of English literature and, until quite lately, of English ethics. But Sherlock Holmes would not have forgotten that fact. He would have seen, moreover, that the strenuousness of the Hebrew attitude toward lying, which expressed itself in such sayings as "all liars shall have their part in the lake of fire and brimstone," was due to the fact that "lying lips are an abomination to Jehovah," that no man who spoke lies could approach his presence or dwell in his house, and that this conception of Jehovah dated back to primitive times. The great prophets had early found by experience of Him that the strength of Israel would not lie (1 Samuel xv, 29).

So that, instead of the deceptive character of Jehovah having been evolved by the race character of the Hebrews, the deceptive character of the Hebrews had been held in check by the conception of Jehovah's regard for veracity. Being, moreover, a man with an eye to literary values, Sherlock Holmes would have seen that the real *motif* of the Abrahamic stories was Jehovah's parental care for and discipline of his people. He would have seen that the blessing of Jehovah was not upon their separate acts, whether good or evil, so much as on that childlike trust by which the general tenor of their life was animated; that their lies in every case brought trouble on their heads, together with an increasing sense of the overhanging judgment of Jehovah. Thus, in the story of Joseph's brethren, the moral climax in the history of their deceit is when they stand in terror before the unknown Joseph, under a false accusation, and

their dominant feeling is not that of injured innocence, but of men who are meeting at last the judgment of God for their own ill desert. True, they were not spies; but men of deceit they were, who had cruelly lied to their own father. "What is this that God has done to us?" is their cry. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

As to St. Paul's deceitfulness, having taken the pains to read his letters through before he formed a theory of his character, Holmes would have found that Paul's ideal method was "not walking in craftiness nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Also he would have found that one of the things which Paul believed would bring God's righteous judgment on men was the fact that "with their tongues they have used deceit." Thus Mr. Spencer would have been saved the mistake of interpreting a man's ideal in regard to veracity by two figures of speech, — a blunder equal to that of fancying Socrates a panderer to vice because, with gentle irony toward his own great and much misunderstood work, he called himself a procurer and a midwife.

It is doubtful, too, whether Sherlock Holmes would have been deceived into thinking that Jehovah was an untruthful God, because he sent false spirits to deceive the prophets of Israel. For Mr. Holmes's keen, all-around perception would have taken in the fact that to the Hebrew mind everything was a divine sending. The Hebrew did not draw as clear a line between God and nature as we do; neither did he confound God with nature. He could not tell where God's action ended and nature's action began. It was reserved for omniscient people like us to do that. But one thing was plain to him, — namely, that God never lost control of a single item in his universe; that, however an event originated, it could not escape being utilized, or, in other words, sent, by God for His own

purposes of moral discipline and mental training. This applied quite as much to wicked spirits as it did to wicked tornadoes or earthquakes. This was the Hebrew's vision of Providence, without which God could not have been God to him. But it did not confuse his ideas of moral causation. Neither the betrayal by Judas nor the torture of the cross originated from the character of God; both were absolutely abhorrent to his character. Yet to the mind of Jesus both of these facts were divine sendings.

As a natural result of this view, whatever Nature did, God did. Every event, however originating, was an act of God wrought for a moral purpose. Now, Nature herself sends strange and illusory voices to men, she plays strange tricks, she often leads even naturalists far afield. Yet Nature is not deceitful. Nothing can be truer or more unalterable than the laws of her procedure. Still, there is in her self-disclosures a law of retribution, which is also a law of discipline and education. What a man gets from Nature depends upon what he brings to her. If he brings simplicity, humility, what Lord Bacon called the spirit of a little child, if he lives with her, loves her, devotes himself loyally to her, then does Nature lead him kindly, show him her heart, disclose to him her secrets, and, best of all, she forms his perception in a larger, clearer mould. But if he comes with a rigid or egotistic personality, with a favorite method of investigation, a scientific monopoly to be advanced, a reputation to be made, or a philosophic school to be served, then to him does Nature send lying spirits, will-o-the-wisps, to him she whispers false messages. It is well that it is so. Such a retributive law serves for the advancement of knowledge; it shows the inherent falsity of an exclusive turn of mind; it exposes the fraud; it is what the Hebrew would call a divine sending. So when a man seeks to find the truth of God, either in the events of nature or in the mysterious realm of psychic forces, everything depends on what he brings to the quest.

The prophets of Ahab, and the prophets who resisted Ezekiel, were politicians, courtiers. They sought to please the king, to serve a Grand Old Party, to uphold the authority of a religion. Small considerations these, relatively to the business in hand! What they did not bring to the quest was the one great organ of final vision, namely, a moral consciousness shaped by unswerving devotion to that God on whose eternal law of righteousness hung all the trembling interests of party, king, and country. They were the prophets of the present, the interpreters of the next thing. They had no eye for God's finalities, no ear for His counsel. The great prophet was to them as a mad man; the great prophetic voice as a fool's voice. As the organ of vision had been formed in them, so they saw. It was a divine sending.

Moreover, we have here a word of guidance for us, before which we may well stand in awe, for the curse of every country is a set of shallow prophets, short-sighted interpreters of God or of destiny, like the men who led Russia to defeat, — men honest enough in their conviction, but not steadfast enough to the highest motives to read aright the signs of God or destiny; men good enough to win the confidence of their fellows, yet false as hell in the matter of guidance, because the focus of their moral vision is too short. Such men are the trump card of politicians, thorns in the side of every great leader. Yet great is their popularity; and so impervious are they, and their followers, to the voice of the Infinite that the only chance for a real prophet to get a hearing lies in a divine sending, that shall overwhelm their shallow prophetic gift with sheer disaster. The great Hebrew prophet did not think this out in philosophic terms; he saw God's sending in a psychic vision. It took on a form which is to our minds bold anthropomorphism, but the principle is clear enough, and has a universal application.

The piece of intellectual workmanship I have cited above is rather typical of our

own times. It is one among ten thousand which might be brought forward to show the illusory effect of any intellectual method when it is made to take the place of a perception adapted to the business in hand. It shows that a man with a keen eye to the mechanical relations of a cosmos may have a very poor eye for the organic structure of a great religion. The effect is particularly bad at present, because the age has such a childish trust in the scientific method, irrespective of the perception which lies behind it, that a report from a great scientist is considered the final reality. It settles our doubt whether or not to invest in an Arizona gold mine, believe in a future life, or accept the validity of conscience. As a natural result, the truth becomes a rather contracted affair, confined pretty much to the area covered by the big man's perception, and the route traversed by his method. Indeed, in the instance quoted above, Mr. Spencer not only emptied a great religion of its truth, but he has actually created out of it for our environment a derelict religion, a false God, and an inverted religious evolution, which wreck our faith in the religious idea. It is this same abuse of method which created a spurious cosmos destitute of a Heavenly Father, thus turning mankind into a brood of orphans. Furthermore, it is a cosmos which is not worth thirty cents, because it suffocates the moral nature. Why, Socrates could not stand up and breathe in such a cosmos! And where Socrates could not breathe is no place for the rest of us to try to live. We are all too susceptible to moral tuberculosis. The worst of it is, we are still at the old trick. As Dr. Osler expresses it, "The new psychology dispenses altogether with the soul." Quite likely it does. A coastwise survey conducted off Hatteras or Cape Cod dispenses for the time being with the society of Chicago and New York; it cannot exploit the interior and do coastwise service at the same time. But if it be true that "the new psychologists have ceased to speak nobly of the soul," then they are

as unworthy of attention as a Jack tar who insists on depreciating landmen, simply because he never gets farther inland than a sailors' boarding-house.

All this illustrates Mr. Morley's statement that "religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is at least for the present hardly any longer an organic power." This is not to be wondered at when we consider that the only great organic religion which we possessed has been persistently discredited by the abuse of the historic method. Nor is it a matter of surprise that "conscience has lost its strong and on-pressing energy," that "the sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness of edge," that "the natural hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought," that "the souls of men have become void," or that "into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity." We ought to be thankful to Mr. Morley for a sound diagnosis. Great comfort and support there is in tracing these symptoms to a definite cause. Great comfort to know that this White Death of the soul is confined mainly to those who are infected by the abuse of method.

Now, volumes might be written on the value of method in general, and other volumes on its abuse. But what we have to do with is the abuse of the intellectual method, and its fatal effect on the moral nature. Doubtless there have been greater abuses than those which confront us to-day. When one reflects on the fact that Christian theology had for its task simply to interpret the Hebrew Scriptures, that it has had eighteen centuries to do it in, and that to-day the word of Christ is interpreted to mean religious toleration in England and persecution in Russia; when we consider that little theological seminary in Paris, which, by the decree of the Pope and the aid of the secular arm, enforced its dogmas over Europe by terrors of the stake and the rack; when we contemplate the Puritan divines, who dragged and harrowed their little realm

of followers into the acceptance of their decrees by the terrors of eternal torment; when we think of the opposing ecclesiastical monopolies, some of them embracing an empire in extent, each holding an antagonistic theology, — we are amazed that any sense of reality concerning God, morality or religion could have been left in the human mind in the presence of such a *reductio ad absurdum*. Terrible was the plight caused by this abuse of the theological method; it created a spurious Bible and a spurious cosmos, governed by a spurious God of torture. But the great Hebrew revelation survived; the human soul survives; conscience, though debilitated, survives. It will survive the White Death of to-day, though

many individual consciences have perished.

The great intellectual methods, too, will survive. Freed from their abuses, they will prove, for the first time, their value. Theology will cease to be distrusted by the scientist, and science by the theologian. The genuine achievements of each, the steady improvement of method in each, will be gladly recognized. We shall accord to each its sphere, resent to the quick every abuse, as we resent civil tyranny or unjust civic monopoly, while we rescue all methods from exclusiveness or vagary by coördinating them all in the one great practical task of furthering life, — not physical life alone, but life, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SOLAR RESEARCH

BY T. J. J. SEE

I

IF we notice with the naked eye the appearance of the Sun in the heavens, we see that it presents the aspect of a round disk of nearly uniform brightness. When passing clouds or fog of the proper density give the disk a dull lustre, so that it may be directly and easily studied with the naked eye, we sometimes see sunspots, as dull, dark blotches upon the brilliant background. And if the intervening layer of clouds be of uniform density, so that we can examine the Sun more closely, we shall see that the disk is brightest at the centre, and fades away slightly toward the edges. The comparative faintness near the limb is due to absorption of part of the emitted light in the Sun's atmosphere. This effect is naturally greatest near the edges, where the escaping rays traverse the greatest depth of the overlying gases. The slight darkness near the limb is thus an indication of the globular

form of the Sun; and yet it was not noticed by the ancients, most of whom supposed the Sun to have the form of a flat disk, such as it presents to the naked eye, though a few of the Greek philosophers understood it to be an immense globe of fire.

When Galileo invented the telescope, in 1610, he discovered the spots on the Sun, and found that they move slowly in the same direction in which the Earth revolves in its orbit, the period of the Sun's rotation being about twenty-eight days. Subsequent researches of astronomers have shown many wonderful things about the Sun's constitution, but it is remarkable that the most refined modern measurements do not indicate any deviation from a perfectly globular figure. This perfect roundness of the Sun's figure is explained by the intensity of solar gravity (about twenty-eight times more powerful than that of the Earth), and by the slowness of the Sun's rotation, which makes

the solar centrifugal force relatively small and the resulting oblateness wholly insensible. As the Sun's globe is at an enormously high temperature, it cannot be either a solid or a liquid body, but must be a sphere of gas, compressed and held in equilibrium by the tremendous power of its own gravitation.

What, then, are the most recent results of scientific research as to the constitution of the Sun? What are the laws of its internal density, pressure, and temperature? How much heat is now stored up in the Sun's globe;—and how are these results obtained? These are some of the questions which the general reader will naturally ask, and which we shall endeavor to answer in this paper.

The recent advancement of our knowledge of the Sun, in respect to mathematical theory as well as photographic and experimental measurement, is one of the most notable results of our time. In addition to the fascination of the problem in its purely scientific aspects, a summary of the principal achievements of the past forty years seems likely to be of interest in illuminating the great philosophical question of man's ability to explore the innermost secrets of physical phenomena, and discover the permanent laws of nature.

This fundamental problem was much debated by the Greeks of the age of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and doubtless will abide with us always; but naturally it comes to the front with great prominence in this modern epoch which has passed in rapid succession from the molecular to the atomic theory, and from the theory of atoms to that of their smallest known components, now called corpuscles or electrons, of which some 800 are shown to compose the simplest atom of hydrogen.

Indeed, when we read in contemporaneous scientific literature of the atoms and electrons making up the various molecules, we are naturally carried back in thought to the age of Democritus and Lucretius, who founded the atomistic

theories among the Greeks; and are led to wonder whether modern science, like the philosophy of the Greeks, will eventually pass from these materialistic conceptions to a kind of spiritualism corresponding to that of the Neoplatonists. This recognized tendency in the history of Greek philosophy may be as significant of the trend of the human mind as the atomistic theories which we see revived and extended in our own age, and playing a conspicuous part in the theories of the Sun and stars. Though science is generally supposed to be materialistic, it is really less so than is often imagined, and it may some day lead us to a spiritualism much deeper and more abiding than that of Plato.

To judge correctly of the tendencies of modern progress, we may recall that the learned among the Greeks and Romans considered the Sun to be an immense globe of fire. As fire was one of the four fundamental constituents of the physical universe recognized by the ancients, namely, air, water, fire, and earth, the theory that self-luminous bodies are made up of fire was a very natural one, and it remained current until long after the Middle Ages.

Descartes, in his *Principia Philosophiae*, published in 1644, described the universe as made up of three kinds of matter. The first is composed of bright spherical particles like ordinary fire, and makes luminous bodies, as the Sun and stars; the second goes to make up the transparent substances, such as water, glass, crystals, diamond, and the skies; the third is the material of opaque bodies, as the Earth, non-luminous planets, and comets. Descartes supposes that the motion of matter is in the form of circular currents or vortices, and that the particles are necessarily ground by friction into a spherical form; the corners thus rubbed off, like sawdust or filings, producing the second or more subtle matter, seen in transparent bodies; the coarser parts, less fitted for motion, give the third kind of matter, as found in ordinary opaque

substances, like stones and metals, which make up the planets. These curious views of Descartes are interesting chiefly as forming a connecting link between the atomic speculations of the Greeks and the more highly developed theories of modern times.

After Priestley's discovery of oxygen in 1772, and Lavoisier's demonstration some fifteen years later that fire is not an element, but only a *process*, a combination of the elements of oxygen and carbon, thus liberating molecular and atomic energy, the light of the Sun and stars doubtless appeared in a new aspect. Instead of being made up of the element fire, the stars were now considered to be burning bodies.

Yet all the various attempts to explain the light and heat of the stars by chemical processes largely failed; and in 1854 Helmholtz showed that a great and steady supply of energy becomes available from the gravitational potential of the Sun's mass, converted into light and heat by slow shrinkage and subsidence of the particles toward the centre.

To make it quite clear how this takes place, we need only recall Joule's experiments on the mechanical equivalent of heat. About sixty years ago this eminent British physicist showed experimentally that if a mass with a weight of one pound be allowed to fall through a space of 772 feet, the heat given up by the falling body would be adequate to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. Larger bodies would produce more heat in proportion to their masses; and where the force of gravity is larger than on the Earth, as in the Sun, this would give still more heat in proportion to the intensity of gravity. Now at the surface of the Sun the force of gravity is about 28 times what it is upon the Earth; and moreover, the Sun's mass is about 332,750 times that of the Earth. If, therefore, the Sun's force of gravity is so much larger, and it has a so much larger quantity of matter to fall under the action of this force, it follows that the heat devel-

oped in the condensation of the Sun must be enormous. To calculate the exact amount of heat developed, we have to make use of the higher mathematics, and also know the law of density within the Sun's globe, which we shall discuss more fully hereafter.

On the supposition that the Sun is homogeneous, or of uniform density throughout, and the heat and light radiated away as fast as produced, a contraction in the radius of 110 feet per annum was found by Helmholtz to be adequate to furnish our enormous supply of light and heat.¹ We shall see in the course of this paper that this theory of Helmholtz is only the beginning of our present theories of the Sun; yet it has the great advantage over the old theories of assigning a true cause based on established physical laws, and therefore will remain of interest throughout all time.

The work of Helmholtz thus marks an epoch in our theories of the Sun, and has been the starting-point of nearly all subsequent researches on the subject. But it can hardly be said that the theory of Helmholtz was more fundamental than that of Lane, who treated of the Sun's constitution on the hypothesis that it is a sphere of gas kept in equilibrium under the temperature, pressure, and attraction of its parts. For Helmholtz had only considered the gravitational condensation of a homogeneous Sun of given size and mean density, without inquiring whether it was solid, liquid, or gaseous. He supposed it to have formed according to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, and therefore, no doubt, assumed that it was originally a gaseous nebula, of which the high temperature might have arisen from the falling together of cold matter, in accordance with Joule's experiments. Lane took up the consideration of the Sun as it is to-day, and worked out some of the most important laws for its internal constitution, showing that the mass must be

¹ According to the author's researches based on the Monatomic Theory, the actual shrinkage in the sun's radius is 216 feet per annum.

essentially gaseous throughout, although already of considerable density.

Jonathan Homer Lane was a native of western New York, for many years connected with the Patent Office and U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in Washington, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He was a man of retiring disposition, and, although he did no vast amount of scientific work, what he did was of high quality, and bears unmistakable marks of genius. His paper on the Sun is probably his most famous effort, and has since become classic and justly celebrated. Frequently cited by astronomers of other nations, it is perhaps the most important single contribution since that of Helmholtz in 1854. Lane's paper "On the Theoretical Temperature of the Sun, under the Hypothesis of a Gaseous Mass maintaining the volume by its internal Heat, and depending on the Laws of Gases as known to Terrestrial Experiment," was read to the National Academy of Sciences at the Washington meeting of April 13-16, 1869, and published in the *American Journal of Science* for July, 1870. This is the famous paper so much quoted by Lord Kelvin, Ball, Newcomb, Perry, and others, who have discussed the mathematical theory of the Sun's heat.

Lane describes the inception of his paper as follows:—

"Some years ago the question occurred to me, in connection with this theory of Helmholtz, whether the entire mass of the sun might not be a mixture of transparent gases, and whether Herschel's clouds might not arise from the precipitation of some of these gases, say carbon, near the surface, with their revaporization when fallen or carried into the hotter subjacent layers of atmosphere beneath; the circulation necessary for the play of this Espian theory being of course maintained by the constant disturbance of equilibrium due to the loss of heat by radiation from the precipitated clouds. Professor Espy's theory of storms I first became acquainted with more than twenty years ago from

lectures delivered by himself; and, original as I suppose it to be, and well supported as it is in the phenomena of terrestrial meteorology, I have long thought that Professor Espy's labors deserve a more general recognition than they have received abroad. It is not surprising, therefore, in a time when the constitution of the sun was exciting so much discussion, that the above suggestion should have occurred to myself before I became aware of the very similar, and in the main identical, views of Professor Faye, put forth in the *Comptes Rendus*. I sought to determine how far such a supposed constitution of the sun could be made to connect with the laws of gases as known to us in terrestrial experiments at common temperatures."

Although Lane's treatment of the Sun's internal constitution was considered highly satisfactory, his mathematical processes were so difficult that very few later investigators have ever worked out his results independently. The subject of the Sun's internal condition was next treated by the German physicist Ritter, of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1878, and a few years later by Lord Kelvin. In 1899 this problem was also treated by Professor John Perry of London, who followed the same general methods as Lane, Ritter, and Kelvin.

An outline of these researches, and of the considerable extension very recently made of them by the writer, is all that would be of interest to the general reader. Before taking up the details of this treatment, however, it is necessary to remark that, while in these calculations full account is taken of the energy of gravitation arising from the mutual approach of the particles under gravity, no attention is given to the energy arising from such substances as radium. At present it is not known whether radium exists in the stars, but, as it exists in the Earth, it has been held that it must also exist in the Sun, or will develop there some time in the future when our star cools down to a stage corresponding to that now occupied by the

Earth. We shall recur to this subject again toward the end of this paper.

Assuming that the only energy given out by a condensing body is that derived from the gravitational attraction of the particles, Helmholtz in 1854 showed that the total heat produced up to the present time in the condensation of the Sun would raise the temperature of an equal mass of water about $27,000,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade. As Pouillet found by experiment that the annual radiation of the Sun was adequate to cool an equal mass of water 1.25° Centigrade, it followed that the total duration of the Sun's activity at this uniform rate of radiation could not exceed some twenty million years, which very markedly curtailed the past duration of the Earth as inferred by geologists from the study of phenomena of the Earth's surface.

Helmholtz's theory was somewhat defective, in assuming the density of the Sun's globe to be uniform throughout; but as a first approximation to the laws of nature it met all requirements, and, indeed, marked an important epoch in the history of scientific thought during the nineteenth century.

In Lane's paper the conclusion was reached that the Sun is really quite heterogeneous, the central density being some 20 times the mean. This result was based upon the hypothesis that the solar gases are like oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and common air, in which the ratio of the specific heat of the matter under constant pressure to that under constant volume is $k=1.4$. The value of k always plays an important part in the theory of the Sun; for upon this physical constant depend the laws of internal density, and therefore, also, the total heat developed up to the present time, as well as the pressure and temperature throughout the Sun's globe.

II

The writer has recently carried out the most elaborate investigation of the mathematical theory of the Sun yet attempted,

and published the results in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, number 4053. On carefully examining the work of Lane, Kelvin, and Ritter, it was found that they could all be reconciled quite perfectly among themselves by correcting a misconception in the paper of Lane.

This was to the effect that the Sun's atmosphere extends above the photosphere by one twenty-second part of the radius. Though it is now known that this assumption is not justifiable, the misconception misled Lord Kelvin, and caused him and other eminent writers to conclude that the central density of the Sun, conceived as made up of biatomic gases, should be about 20 times the mean density, whereas it should be a little over 23 times the mean. By a different process Lord Kelvin concluded that the central density should be 22.5 times the mean density, while from certain equations of the celebrated French mathematician, Poisson, Ritter found 23 to be the proper number.

When it was found by the writer's recent researches that Lane's theory, correctly interpreted, made the central density about 23.4 times the mean, instead of 20 times, as given in the published paper of 1869, it was seen that all three determinations of the internal laws of the Sun's density were essentially in perfect agreement. The rigor of the gaseous theory of the Sun's constitution was thus confirmed by the accordant results reached by three independent processes, and there can be no doubt of the accuracy of the final value.

These investigations, however, in which the ratio of the specific heat of the gas under constant pressure to that under constant volume is $k=1.4$, as in biatomic gases like oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, air, do not correspond to the conditions in nature, where the temperature is enormously high, and we shall consider more particularly the case in which $k=1\frac{2}{3}$. This corresponds to a monatomic gas, or a gas in which the molecules are identical with the atoms, and may be

viewed as single spheres without mutual connections of any kind. Ordinary gases, such as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, have two atoms in a molecule, probably joined together like the two ends of a dumb-bell, while the more complex gases have molecules made up of many atoms grouped together in various ways.

Now when the molecules are very complex, made up of many atoms variously arranged, the group thus formed frequently becomes unstable. The parts are always in rapid motion, and a molecule may be likened to a political convention, which is made up of many individuals, and has correspondingly unsteady qualities.

It is found by experiment that all complex gases are decomposable at some temperature not enormously high. Vapor of water and ammonia are dissociated into their constituent atoms at temperatures less than 1000° Centigrade, and probably all the chemical bodies we know of would be dissociated at temperatures less than $10,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade, or $18,000^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit. At all higher temperatures chemical compounds probably cease to exist, and the molecules of the substances are reduced to the state of single atoms, and hence called monatomic.

Such we conceive to be the state of the matter in the Sun. For it is shown by observation and calculation that the fixed stars and the Sun have internal temperatures of many millions of degrees, while at their surface the temperatures will seldom fall short of $10,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade. We may, therefore, take the whole interior of the Sun and stars as monatomic gas; and suppose that even at their surfaces few compounds can form, so that, in general, the body of stars composing the visible universe are flaming globes of monatomic gas, in which all the elements are reduced to their simplest form of single atoms.

No doubt our Sun is a globe of this kind, but it has usually been treated as made up of compound gases, like air, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen. What, then,

is the arrangement of its internal density when the gases are monatomic?

Lane began to consider this question as far back as 1869, treating the Sun's globe as possibly made up throughout of monatomic gas; and the mathematical methods employed by him have recently been much extended and improved by the writer of this paper. These processes depend on the development of certain series based on methods of the higher mathematics, of which an account here would be out of place. Suffice it to say that the investigation as thus carried out involved the calculation of numbers running up into the hundreds of sextillions, that is, numbers expressed by twenty-four places of figures. These numbers are so stupendous as to be almost unmanageable, and the work had to be done by the old-fashioned direct processes, without the use of logarithms, which are no longer available. This vastly increased the labor of calculation, and also the liability to error, so that all the work had to be repeated three or four times to insure accuracy in the final result. At length the process was made sufficiently accurate, and led to some of the most beautiful results yet attained in any branch of physical science, because apparently applicable to the great body of the fixed stars.

One of these results of great interest is that *the central density in a star made up of layers of monatomic gas is exactly six times the mean density*. This appears to be a general law of nature. In the case of our Sun, for example, the mean density is 1.4 times that of water; and the density at the centre thus becomes 8.40; which exceeds the density of steel (7.816) and even brass (8.383), and proves to be practically midway between that and German silver (8.432).

An examination of the table on page 769 shows the following facts:—

1. The outer layers of the Sun are of the same order of density as our atmosphere, becoming only 153 times the density of air one tenth of the way to the centre, where the pressure is 21,636,565

atmospheres, or 7 times greater than it is at the centre of the earth.

2. The rise of pressure and temperature downward is very rapid. At the centre the pressure is over 11,215,000,000 atmospheres, equivalent to that exerted by

a vertical column of quicksilver about one tenth as long as from the earth to the sun if all parts of the column were under the uniform acceleration of terrestrial mean gravity.

3. The temperature at the centre of the

TABLE SHOWING THE INTERNAL DENSITY, PRESSURE, AND TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN CALCULATED BY THE MONATOMIC THEORY

Distance from the Centre in parts of the Radius.	Density of the Solar Matter, Air = 1.	Density of the Solar Matter, Water = 1.	Pressure in Atmospheres, 14.7 pounds to the square inch.	Temperature in Degrees Centigrade.
1.00	0.01	0.0000129	0.03385	9000.
0.99	4.23	0.005472	54635.	374597.
0.98	12.14	0.015700	316531.	755266.
0.97	22.65	0.029286	894699.	1146167.
0.96	35.41	0.045786	1884224.	1543438.
0.95	50.25	0.064977	3376805.	1949752.
0.94	67.07	0.086735	5464675.	2363757.
0.93	85.82	0.110978	8240856.	2785903.
0.92	106.47	0.137680	11804019.	3216542.
0.91	128.68	0.166792	16250623.	3655318.
0.90	153.36	0.198320	21636565.	4102536.
0.80		0.649096	156467430.	9043718.
0.70		1.359001	536137160.	14805379.
0.60		2.331913	1318551200.	21213675.
0.50		3.536397	2639437700.	28001530.
0.40		4.879548	4513802000.	34704161.
0.30		6.217009	6759055500.	40787910.
0.20		7.366897	8968448000.	45673487.
0.10		8.147617	10607851000.	48845888.
0.00		8.424480	11215403000.	49946270.

Sun is about 50,000,000 degrees Centigrade.

4. In the outer layers of the Sun the density rises steadily, the temperature somewhat more rapidly, and the pressure most rapidly of all. The result is that at a moderate depth the pressure becomes so great that circulation under this great strain on the atoms is impossible, on account of the friction of the fluid against itself. Currents observed near the surface of the Sun, therefore, do not extend to any considerable depth, and the matter in the Sun's interior is always kept highly rigid from pressure.

Heretofore astronomers have very generally supposed that the circulation extended throughout the Sun's body.

We shall first examine the effects of this arrangement of the density on the total amount of heat developed in the

condensation of the Sun. It will be seen from what is said above that when $k=1.4$, as imagined by Lane, Ritter, Lord Kelvin, and Perry, the central density is 23 times the average for the whole sphere, but when $k=1\frac{2}{3}$, as in gases reduced to the monatomic state by intense heat, the central density is only six times the mean density. Now, in the theory of the Sun's heat considered by Helmholtz, the density was taken to be uniform throughout. As a heterogeneous Sun can be imagined to result from a homogeneous one by the descent of many of the particles toward the centre, so as to increase the density in that region, we see that when the particles have fallen inward in a certain way the arrangement corresponds to the monatomic sphere, and when still more of them have fallen downward, and nearer the centre, the arrangement corresponds to

the gaseous sphere, with $k=1.4$, which has the central density 23 times the average. The monatomic Sun thus occupies a position intermediate between the homogeneous Sun considered by Helmholtz and that of Lane's gaseous sphere with $k=1.4$.

There is every reason to believe that the monatomic sphere is that which occurs in nature, and yet it has received heretofore scarcely any attention from investigators. One of the most important results deduced from the theory of the monatomic sphere is that it *gives up about forty-three per cent more heat in condensation than Helmholtz's homogeneous sphere, and the effect is to multiply Helmholtz's values by 1.43 as a factor*. Instead of raising an equivalent mass of water through about 27,000,000 degrees Centigrade, the total heat of condensation of such a sphere of monatomic gas would raise an equal mass of water through nearly 40,000,000 degrees Centigrade. This considerably increases the past duration of the Sun's activity; and as the calculation is very accurate, we are enabled to speculate with great confidence on the duration of the solar system, so far as it depends on the energy of gravitation.

Now, it is found by the finest modern measurements that the heat annually radiated by the Sun would raise an equal mass of water through perhaps 2° Centigrade. And it will be shown below that exactly one half of all the heat developed in the condensation of the Sun regarded as a sphere of monatomic gas is radiated away, and the other half stored up in the Sun's globe for elevating the temperature, and thus made available for radiation through future ages. Thus 20,000,000 years of uniform radiation is the part of the Sun's heat already expended, and at the rate of 2° per annum, it would last 10,000,000 years. If the loss of energy in the past was not uniform, but smaller than at present, the duration of the Sun's past activity would be correspondingly increased. Professor Perry of the Royal College of Science, London, has

expressed the opinion that over long periods the radiation may have been only one-tenth what it is at present. Thus the Sun may have existed from 10,000,000 to 100,000,000 years in the past, according to the rate employed in dispensing with its gravitational energy.

Astronomers are pretty generally agreed that the Sun will eventually cease to shrink, and then cool down, darken, and go out, but this stage will not arrive until the molecular forces exert sufficient repulsion to counteract the shrinkage now going on. If we imagine the Sun's globe contracted to one half of its present diameter, it is evident that the average density would thus be increased eight fold, and the average amount of space available for each molecule will be only one eighth what it is now. Molecular forces in some cases are supposed to vary inversely as the fifth power of the distance, and hence, when their mutual distance is reduced one half, the repulsion will be increased thirty-two fold. This rapid growth of molecular repulsion as the sun shrinks, will finally check the contraction; and it is generally supposed that the Sun's shrinkage will terminate when the diameter has diminished to about one half of its present dimensions.

From the considerations advanced in the next section, the writer has shown that one half of all the heat thus far developed in the condensation of the solar nebula is still stored up in the Sun's globe. The future contraction, giving a radius only one half of the present one, will double the heat already developed, since the total heat of condensation is inversely as the radius. As the future supply of heat, the Sun will give out all that may be produced by future contraction, as well as that now stored up in its body. *Thus, on the hypothesis that the Sun will shrink to one half of its present diameter before contraction ceases, we see that the gravitational energy in store for the Sun's future activity will be three times that of the past.*

If we imagine the rate of future radiation to be the same as in former ages, we

may say that the future duration of the Sun's activity will be three times that of the past; and therefore we have not yet approached the middle, but are only at the first quarter of the Sun's career. Thus the zenith of the Sun's glory lies in the future.

It has been stated by such authorities as Lord Kelvin, Newcomb, and Ball that the future of the Sun's activity will be comparatively short, — not more than 10,000,000 years, — and some have even suggested that the Sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future, and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.

If we cannot subscribe to Professor Sir G. H. Darwin's recent estimate of 1,000,000,000 years for the past life of the Solar System, this period being based on the assumed existence of radium throughout all nature, we may yet be sure that the future duration, depending on the energy of gravitation, will be three times that of the past, and that this period may perhaps be as great as 300,000,000 years, or one third of the period estimated by Darwin. On the basis of uniform radiation at the present rate, a future of 30,000,000 years seems absolutely assured. This result illustrates the folly of concluding that the end of discovery is yet in sight. Scientific progress appears to be still in its infancy, and the time will not soon arrive when we can adopt any final philosophy of the Universe. All the

attempts thus far made in this direction have been doomed to failure, and the pulling down of the idols of the past warns us to beware of expecting immortality in those now erected in their places.

Indeed, it may be said that scientific progress in the widest sense does not consist of the solution of a mathematical problem, but of a series of successive approximations to the laws of the world, each improvement extending beyond the former, and leading to results of greater and greater generality. The goal is not and never will be in sight! But the twinkling of the stars constantly beckons the astronomer on to renewed effort. Labor of mind and body is a part of the great process of cosmical evolution, and the explanation of the heavens is one of nature's ways of effecting the development of the powers of the mind in the race of beings who inhabit this planet.

III

We now come to one of the most interesting results of recent science. It is shown by the writer in *Astronomische Nachrichten*, number 4053, that there is a certain ratio between the amount of heat developed in a gaseous mass condensing under gravity, and that radiated away, the exact percentage in any given case depending on the value of k , which is determined by experiment. In very complex substances, such as the vapor of oil of turpentine, which has 26 atoms in a molecule, $k=1.03$; while in monatomic gas the value of k is 1.66. This last value of k has been confirmed experimentally for the following monatomic gases: vapor of mercury, argon, helium, neon, xenon, crypton. Now for gases made up of single atoms, it is a very remarkable fact that exactly so much of the heat of condensation is retained in the gas, for raising the temperature, as is radiated away into space. This means that bodies like the stars and our Sun, if they are really made up of gases composed of single atoms, have one half of all their

heat from eternity still stored up in their masses.

This theorem appears extremely remarkable, and yet the laborious calculations made by the writer seem to prove that this law is applicable to most of the fixed stars which stud our firmament. That there must be some law which causes the heat to accumulate within the bodies of the stars, so as to raise their temperatures, is evident from the naked-eye aspect of the celestial sphere. For without such a law the brilliant light of the stars would never develop, so as to give luminosity to the visible universe. On the contrary, the heat and light would be radiated away as fast as developed, so that the bodies of the stars would never rise in temperature. The result would be that, although heat might be developed and radiated away in the condensation of matter into large masses, yet none of the masses would become brilliantly self-luminous, as at present, but we should have a universe made up of dark bodies accumulating no sensible amount of heat. Such a universe of invisible bodies would seem very strange to us, accustomed as we are to the light of the stars at night. Yet how many of us ever thought a law existed, according to which one half of all the heat of condensation accumulated within the flaming globes of the stars, and thus caused their luminosity? It is evident on general principles that some very important law lies at the basis of the brilliant light of the stars, and thus gives rise to the luminosity of these bodies, all of which resemble our Sun in constitution.

Not only do the isolated stars shine brightly, but the prevailing principle of luminosity is exemplified by great masses of these objects of various ages, seen in clusters, and especially in the stupendous arch of the Milky Way, which spans the firmament with unspeakable grandeur on a clear night. Accordingly it appears that there is a law of heat accumulation applying in general to the life of every star, the heat steadily increasing while the body is gaseous, and then slowly

ly dying down by secular cooling, when consolidation sets in, and the light begins to wane. The lucid phenomena exhibited to our naked-eye contemplation are thus products of a law of unexampled grandeur operating throughout all space.

But how does this law change with respect to the time, when the stars pass from the youngest types to the oldest, in periods to be reckoned in the hundreds of millions of years? It is found that when the star is composed of common gases, such as hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, air, made up of two atoms in a molecule, the ratio of the specific heat under constant pressure to that under constant volume is $k=1.4$, and 81.3 per cent of the heat developed is retained in the star for raising the temperature; and when the temperature becomes high, say more than $10,000^{\circ}$ Centigrade, the gases are decomposed into single atoms, so that $k=1\frac{2}{3}$, and only 50 per cent of the heat developed is retained for raising the temperature of the mass. Thus, as a star develops from a cold nebula, it has at first more than half of its heat stored up, but later on exactly one half. For the whole period of the star's development, therefore, there is stored up $50+\gamma$ per cent of the heat of condensation, γ being a small percentage depending on the length of time and the rate of condensation when the mass is composed of compound gases, compared to that in which it is rendered monatomic by the development of great internal temperature.

Now all our knowledge tends to show that a star soon rises in temperature, so that the first stage of condensation would be short compared to the second; and the period during which the mass is made up of compound gases is short compared to that in which the gases are monatomic. The first period may be only a hundredth, or at most a tenth, of the second; and we may, therefore, be sure that it is only a short time, comparatively, during which the star is storing up 81.3 per cent; so that γ is generally small, of the order of two or three per cent, and probably never

much exceeding ten per cent, for stars of any considerable size. It would appear that γ is relatively larger for small stars, and smaller for large stars; because small stars are slow in acquiring high temperatures, while large ones acquire such temperatures very rapidly. If the mass were very small, like a satellite, the temperature would never become high, and thus γ would become large, about 31.2 per cent, because the body would never become sufficiently heated to disintegrate into monatomic gas. Such a body could hardly be considered a star in the usual sense of that word, because all the stars are of the same order of magnitude as our Sun. Among the stars, therefore, γ is a small percentage, and our law of heat accumulation applicable to the luminous bodies composing the sidereal universe takes the following form:—

A little over one half of all the heat developed in the condensation of the stars is stored up in their flaming globes, and this storage of heat is what gives luminosity to the visible Universe.

When we look out upon the vault of the sky at night, and admire the brightness of the starry heavens, we are paying an unconscious tribute to this law of heat accumulation, on which the beauty of the nocturnal heavens depends. It is remarkable that this law of heat accumulation should have been so recently discovered. In considering scientific progress, however, we have to remember that few investigators are looking for general laws of nature, because many persons suppose that all the great laws have already been discovered. Moreover, many scientific inquiries are very special, and a very limited trend of thought seldom leads to anything of general and universal interest.

There will naturally be differences of opinion as to the degree of rigor attaching to this law, in its application to the whole life history of a star, but the mathematical soundness of the demonstration is beyond dispute; and in its application to actual masses it will evidently hold true so long as the bodies obey the laws of

gaseous matter. Thus it will include in its scope the larger part of the history of the stellar universe; and even when the masses become so much condensed that the gaseous laws begin to fail, owing to increase of density and pressure within the globes of the stars, it will still hold true approximately.

The law of heat accumulation thus enables us to explain the slow decline in a star's temperature, after the maximum temperature has been attained, and assures us that the heavens must have an abundance of stars slowly advancing in decrepitude.

All in all, it is difficult to overrate the philosophical interest attaching to this law, yet the poetical interest excited by its application to the naked-eye aspect of the stars, as we behold them from night to night illuminating the vault of the firmament, is fully as keen and abiding. The researches of science have thus made known the law upon which the nocturnal beauty of the world depends, and thus we may view science itself as contributing to the poetry of the starry heavens.

IV

One other remarkable result of recent researches as to the Sun is that the theory long held by men of science regarding the internal circulation of the Sun is shown to be of doubtful validity. For nearly a century it has been held that convective currents are at work in the Sun's globe to bring hot matter from the interior up to the surface, and dispose of that cooled by radiation by the descent of corresponding cool currents. This theory has had the support of many eminent men, but they probably have not examined the important question of the pressure operative within the Sun, and their conclusions, therefore, seem wholly inadmissible. A system of opposing currents so directly antagonistic to one another as is here imagined evidently would not work. Some of the views of these gentlemen, however, are as follows.

Lane says: "The heat emitted each minute would therefore be fully half of all that a layer ten miles thick would give out in cooling down to zero, and a circulation that would dispose of volumes of cooled atmosphere at such a rate seems inconceivable."

Lord Kelvin expresses himself as follows: "Gigantic currents throughout the Sun's liquid mass are continually maintained by fluid, slightly cooled by radiation, falling down from the surface, and hot fluid rushing up to take its place."

Young says: "From the under surface of this cloud shell (the photosphere), if it really exists, there must necessarily be a continual precipitation into the gaseous nucleus below, with a corresponding ascent of vapors from beneath, — a vertical circulation of great activity and violence, one effect of which must be a constricting pressure upon the nucleus much like that of the liquid skin of a bubble upon the enclosed air. With this difference, however, that the photospheric cloud shell is not a continuous sheet, but 'porous,' so to speak, and permeated by vents through which the ascending vapors and gases can force their way into the regions above."

Newcomb describes the Sun's radiation thus: "It follows that the heat radiated from the surface must be continually supplied by the rising up of hot material from the interior, which again falls back as it cools off. It is difficult to suppose that even a liquid could rise and fall back rapidly enough to keep up the supply of heat constantly radiated. We therefore conclude that the photosphere is really a mass of gas, in which, however, solid particles of very refractory substances may be suspended."

In *Astronomische Nachrichten*, number 4053, the writer has exhaustively studied the internal constitution of the Sun, showing that the outer layers are of the same order of density as the Earth's atmosphere; and that the light and heat from beneath are not supplied by a system of antagonistic convection currents, one set ascending, and the other descending, but

by direct radiation, the energy going through the overlying layers of rare gases like sunlight through the Earth's atmosphere. This new conception will be extremely useful in the future studies of the spots, faculae, prominences, and other phenomena observed on the Sun's surface. But it is only after a long study of the photographs now being taken that we can expect to establish and verify the processes involved in the surface radiation. That they will be of the general character here described admits of no reasonable doubt, though there will naturally be great commotion in the surface layers, and the real movements very difficult to disentangle.

In his recent presidential address to the British Association, at the meeting in South Africa, Professor Sir G. H. Darwin dwelt on the general theme of the instability of matter. This line of thought has been uppermost in the minds of the Cambridge Physicists for several years; and Rayleigh, Strutt, Soddy, Thomson, Larmor, Rutherford, and others have established the slow transmutation of the elements for some particular cases. Thus the dreams of the alchemists of the Middle Ages are already partially realized; and the whole trend of recent thought has been toward the problem of the ultimate constitution of matter, and especially its slow transmutation.

Professor Sir George Darwin says: "The fascinating idea that matter of all kinds has a common substratum is of remote antiquity. In the Middle Ages the alchemists, inspired by this idea, conceived the possibility of transforming the baser metals into gold. The sole difficulty seemed to them the discovery of an appropriate series of chemical operations. We now know that they were always indefinitely far from the goal of their search, yet we must accord to them the honour of having been the pioneers of modern chemistry."

"The object of alchemy, as stated in modern language, was to break up or dissociate the atoms of one chemical element

into its component parts, and afterwards to reunite them into atoms of gold. Although even the dissociative stage of the alchemistic problem still lies far beyond the power of the chemist, yet modern researches seem to furnish a sufficiently clear idea of the structure of atoms to enable us to see what would have to be done to effect a transformation of elements. Indeed, in the complex changes which are found to occur spontaneously in uranium, radium, and the allied metals we are probably watching a spontaneous dissociation and transmutation of elements.

"Natural selection may seem, at first sight, as remote as the poles asunder from the ideas of the alchemist; yet dissociation and transmutation depend on the instability and regained stability of the atom, and the survival of the stable atom depends on the principle of natural selection.

"Until some ten years ago the essential diversity of the chemical elements was accepted by the chemist as an ultimate fact, and indeed, the very name of atom, or that which cannot be cut, was given to what was supposed to be the final indivisible portion of matter. The chemist thus proceeded in much the same way as the biologist, who, in discussing evolution, accepts the species as his working unit. Accordingly, until recently the chemist discussed working models of matter of atomic structure, and the vast edifice of modern chemistry has been built with atomic bricks.

"But within the last few years the electrical researches of Lenard, Roentgen, Becquerel, the Curies, of my colleagues Larmor and Thomson, and of a host of others, have shown that the atom is not indivisible, and a flood of light has been

thrown on the ultimate constitution of matter. Amongst all these fertile investigators it seems to me that Thomson stands preëminent, because it is principally through him that we are to-day in a better position for picturing the structure of an atom than was ever the case before."

Sir George Darwin then describes the type of mechanical atom conceived by Thomson, and the conditions and limits of its stability, and the physical causes of the slow transmutation through exchanges of electrons. The bearing of these researches on the type of atoms existing in the Sun is obvious, and we merely note the results of recent experiments. It appears from announcements made several years ago that Ramsay found radium slowly evolving helium. Rutherford has since reported it breaking up into helium and lead; and Strutt announces that uranium has been experimentally proved to be decomposing into radium. If uranium is passing into radium, and radium in turn passing into lead and helium, the heavier atomic weights would seem to be breaking up into lighter ones. Our so-called atoms are thus not generally ultimate and stable, but compounds of ephemeral type, which in time break up; and the Sun and stars may be viewed as made up internally of atoms of the lighter sort, so that the monatomic theory seems to be confirmed by the tendency of recent physical experiments.

While much will always remain to be discovered, and the theory of dissociation and transmutation is still in its infancy, yet the lines of thought already opened up to philosophical inquiry promise a rich harvest, and assure us that we are just beginning the exploration of the constitution of the Sun and stars.

PHILOSOPHY AND TRAMPS

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

It was a carroty-haired tramp who first interested me in reading Montaigne's *Essays*, and this he accomplished not so much by pure eloquence as by the law of contradiction. If he had not said — but that belongs to another part of my story!

First and last I have had much and nutritious converse with gentlemen of the road. In the old days, before vagrancy laws became practically operative, I fed, clothed, dosed, admonished, and exchanged confidences with many a wandering wight. The spirit of errancy constitutes in itself a sort of individualism, and I have often wished that the average masculine person knew how to be as interesting as some of the tramps I have met. Conventionalizing the human race tends sadly toward squeezing the juice out of its tricks and manners.

I have in my address book the street and number of an amiable hobo whose headquarters are in Quincy, Massachusetts, and who proposes to give me a home in case I ever come to need such a haven.

"May ye niver want the same," he exclaimed, in a gush of generous emotion, "but av ye chance to do so, 't is there, an' a hear-r-ty welcome wid it. Write the address down to wanst, lady, list ye for-r-git."

When I cast my eyes upon my shelf of plants I see there a thrifty geranium, the offshoot of a parent growth which was bestowed upon me by a grateful but erratic wanderer, a wanderer who wept over the crimson loveliness of a rose, and who, in later days, having been, as he phrased it, "convicted of sin," came to urge upon me the privilege of "meeting him in heaven."

There was the young but precocious Southern gentleman who was fleeing

from the consequences of a drunken quarrel; there was — but why enumerate, since he of the carroty hair is sufficiently typical to represent the long but engaging series of my vagrant friends.

The carroty one was not handsome, except as an exponent of the Socratic style of beauty. Snub-nosed he was, and freckle-faced, but he had a square brow, and a double row of sound and gleaming teeth. His clothes, though rusty, were clean and well-fitting, with the air of having been originally designed for their wearer, and not the abortive result of a chance benefaction. Strangest of all, the wanderer displayed well-kept hands, and equally well-preserved table manners; and under the thatch of carroty locks there shone from this freckled, snub-nosed countenance that which appealed to me most of all, — the joy of the open road.

The bestowal of my cates upon an errant seeker entitles me, according to my own judgment, to sit by his side while he partakes, and probe for the heart of his mystery. The carroty one was singularly willing to reveal himself. The conversation at first assumed a violently socialistic trend, illustrative of my visitor's right to demand, and mine to supply, the good things of life for his benefit; but presently matters took a more personal turn, and I was listening to the details of his life story.

He was, it seemed, a Swede by birth, educated, or, more properly speaking, half educated, at a government school in his own country, and after his graduation succeeding to a minor government office. In those days of respectability he considered himself, and doubtless was considered by others, to be a rather clever fellow, a belief which prevailed to such an

extent that presently its object, to use his own language, "acquired the swell head."

If he could thus distinguish himself at an early age in his own slow-going country, he argued, what might he not accomplish in America, that hotbed for vaulting ambitions? So he resigned his government position, bade farewell to the blonde-haired maiden of his love, and sailed for the land of the free.

Unfortunately, the land of the free, already overburdened with swell-heads, received the wanderer coldly; in due season the blonde maiden, weary with waiting for promised honors, wedded another; and the disappointed one, bereft of both love and ambition, and having in an evil moment tasted the joys of freedom, henceforth threw off the trammels of conventionality, and became what he termed "an habitual traveler."

The determining factors leading to this career in his case seemed to be not so much the temptations of idleness as the prizes of adventure. The winding country roads led him on, the sea called him from rocky coast to coast, the mountains wooed him to their solitudes. Sometimes he worked in the hayfields for a brief season of respectability, but oftener he slept by the wayside, or borrowed the haymow as a surreptitious shelter, and shared the farmer's crops without the burden of asking permission. It was ever the poetic, the audacious, side of life and nature that appealed to this carrot-haired wanderer. It might be that the gulfs would wash him down; it might be he would touch the Happy Isles; and apparently he cheerfully accepted either possibility.

There was a prosperous cousin in New York, who would have furnished employment for his erratic relative had not the offer come too late, after its recipient had become fatally enamored of the joys of freedom. Since no better might be, the prosperous one bestowed cast-off garments constructed by the most expensive tailors, a small but sufficient income for pressing needs, an occasional shelter, and

an unfailing appetite for his kinsman's whimsicalities. On one occasion, when a dinner guest had failed the cousin at the last moment, the carrot-haired "traveler" had been clothed in fitting raiment, and allowed to lead a "so-lovely lady" to the feast; and during that function, he beguiled the fair one with such tales of clear streams and vernal meadows that she long remembered to question her host in regard to the whereabouts of his interesting kinsman.

In the winters, so my visitor informed me, he usually "ran over to London." That city, in his judgment, furnished the most desirable winter resort, and he easily got an opportunity to work his passage across seas on a cattle steamer.

It must be confessed that the man-of-the-world completeness of my hobo's career began to make me feel small, yet I plucked up courage to question him in regard to food for the mind.

"You are an intelligent man," I announced; "what do you do for books and reading matter?"

There were newspapers to be had everywhere, it seemed, — "and for libraries," declared my hero, "I carry my own." Thereupon, with a grand air, he cast two small volumes on the table before me, the one a well-worn copy of selections from Montaigne's *Essays*, the other a compilation from the Odes of Horace, both much annotated by the pencil of their constant reader.

I was informed in picturesque English that both these authors wrote for men only, and would not interest me. Montaigne, in particular, it appeared, offered nothing that would appeal to the female intellect. It was only too evident that, through all his pretended courtesy, my guest thought very small beer of the sex to which I belong, except in their appointed vocation of prinking themselves as so-lovely creatures.

"What is it," I persisted, still prodding for reasons, "that you find in Montaigne? Since I can never appreciate him myself, I want his inwardness in a nutshell."

The carrotty-haired wrinkled his forehead till his snub-nose and his freckles seemed all that remained of him.

"It is," he answered wisely, "that Montaigne is balance. He haf wings, yet they betray him not; he fly, yet with hees feet on the groun'. He haf what you call 'the stuff' in him."

My spirit began to rise within me. Why should I allow myself to be permanently snubbed by carrotty-haired and impecunious tramps?

"Don't you think," I asked severely, "that as an able-bodied man, with sufficient education to appreciate Montaigne and Horace, you owe some duty to the world you live in?"

This inquiry brought forth another flood of picturesque idiom. On the preceding night, it seemed, the wanderer had slept on fragrant hay under the golden stars. There was a lake near by, and in the morning he had appropriated an ancient rowboat, and gone forth to catch most artistically dappled fish. It was an easy and long-accustomed task to broil these decorated dainties over glowing coals; and, with potatoes roasted in the ashes, they formed a breakfast which monarchs might envy. The so-shining lake ruffled its waters under the morning breeze; every flower and shrub was sweet with the dews of the summer night, and, thus encompassed about by fragrance and buoyant airs, this happy wanderer had enjoyed his morning meal, a favorite author ready at hand in either pocket to furnish him at any moment with mental sustenance.

"I haf no one," my philosopher went on scornfully. "My desired-one is marry to another; I haf not the obligations to any. Shall I then gif up all this of leeberty and clear airs, that I may toil for bifsteak and grosseries?"

Grosseries, thus masquerading, appealed to me as a most apt word. I myself have much knowledge of so-shining lakes and clear morning airs; there are so many persons of accounted excellence to whom bifsteak and grosseries — or

the equivalents for which they stand — represent the only reasonable prizes of existence; and these considerations, together with the fact that my ethics — some of them, at least — have always been fluid quantities, melted me toward my traveling friend's logic so that the joints of my mind were as water, and I sped the carrotty one on his way with the sincere hope that he might neither repent nor reform. On many a summer morning I think of him as pursuing his winding roads or lingering by the side of his so-shining lakes. Some day to him, as to his immortal snub-nosed prototype, the inexorable draught of hemlock will be presented, yet I have faith to think he will quaff it gayly.

In the meantime, I am not the sort of woman before whom stunts may be paraded with impunity, and what a mere weak-minded female might do with Montaigne I meant to do. It was not that I was in entire darkness concerning the great Frenchman from whom even Shakespeare drew inspiration. When I had been moved to browse among Emerson's *Representative Men*, I had often found myself passing by Plato, the Philosopher, Napoleon, the Man of the World, and even Shakespeare, the Poet, to linger, though scarce knowing why, with Montaigne, the Cynic.

I had even filled some blank pages in the book with quotations from his cynicism, such as: —

"There are some defeats more triumphant than victories."

"All passions that suffer themselves to be relished and digested are but moderate."

It would be sufficiently easy to fill several volumes with similar nuggets from an author who tossed them forth from a never-failing mine. Such dallyings as these, however, are but touching the hem of Montaigne's vast and many-folded garments. Voluminous does not fairly express his quantity. He flows like a river, and babbles like a brook. When I read Montaigne or Wordsworth or Lan-

dor, I am always reminded of the advice which the baseball coacher on the sidelines so often repeats to the men on bases: "Run on anything!" Each one of these worthies — to continue the parlance of the ball-field — accepts all his chances.

If Wordsworth never gave to the world "Lines Suggested by Seeing a Favorite Cat Crossing the Road," it was simply because that spectacle never chanced to arrest his "inward eye;" if Montaigne never meditated, as did another celebrated author, on producing a chapter about "Buttonholes," such reticence was not in any degree owing to barrenness as concerned that or any other known topic. And had he attempted it, he would perchance have begun with shoestrings, wandered on to darning-needles and pruning-hooks, quoted a dozen or so of Latin authors in regard to ploughshares, related anecdotes concerning dealings of the Cymbrians, Scythians, Lacedæmonians, Romans, and the like, with knots and fastenings, mentioned his own personal experience in the matter of hooks and eyes, and ended by an exposition of the practical, mechanical, and ethical relations between a buttonhole and a button, — and every quaint and divaricating line would have endeared him to his affectionate reader.

My friend the traveler need not have urged upon my notice the essentially masculine fibre of his author's productions. One has only to read the preface of Montaigne's works in order to recognize there the mighty and intuitive self-confidence of his sex.

"This, reader," he tells us, "is a book without guile. . . . It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may find here" — to wit, in five hundred and nineteen closely printed pages of autobiographical essays — "some traces of my quality and humor, and may thereby nourish a more entire and lively recollection of me."

What woman ever lived whose egotism

was sufficiently colossal to induce her to expect such liveliness of recollection on the part of relatives and friends? Yet to Montaigne it apparently never occurred that he was making any excessive draft on the interest of his well-wishers.

My first excursion into the broad field of Montaigne's "quality and humor" was by way of the essay on "Vanity," chosen because I had noticed it as one of those included in the pocket edition carried by my wandering friend. Long before I had really made this essay my own, I knew the secret of the infatuation of Montaigne-lovers. One finds his pages so simple, yet so subtle, so naïve, yet so wise, so discursive, yet so intimately human, — and, withal, the writer of them possesses such a delicious aptitude for "talking through his hat."

I could not, however, agree with the criticism which pronounced him wholly a man's man, though that discovery would not have discouraged my researches. I suppose most women are drawn toward their masculine friends, lovers, and countrymen rather by their mutual differences and divergences of character and habit than by any law of similarity. In earliest childhood I had studied, during a period of strenuous companionship with a dearly-loved brother very little older than myself, the peculiarities of the abyss which yawns between male and female methods of reaching the goal, and of shedding off the consequences of arrival thereat. I could, in fact, remember the very day when my studies came to an end in an eternal, though slightly unreconciled, acceptance of the facts in the case.

It was on a day in early spring, and "Miss Sophia," who was temporarily in charge of our household, sighed as she beheld the joyous splendor of the March morning and listened to the booming call of the brook.

"I sh'll be glad when this freshet's over," she announced at the breakfast table, looking at my young brother with Cassandra-like prescience. "I wish 't I was as sure I was goin' to have roast

turkey for dinner as I be 't you'll trail her into some mischief or 'nother 'fore the day's out."

I modestly avoided Miss Sophia's prophetic glance. It was true, she had no real knowledge of the fact that my 'brother and myself intended to consecrate this vacation forenoon to playing "Lizy Harris crossing the river on the ice," but in a general way she was fully persuaded that my fellow conspirator "would n't be happy if he wan't up to *some* contraption."

When I emerged into the dazzle of out of doors, however, all my misgivings fled. The play of "Lizy" went triumphantly on. Clasp my largest doll to my maternal bosom, I escaped from slavery, I eluded my pursuers, I reached the tavern by the riverside. By this time my facile imagination had made the scene entirely real; the passion of flight was in my veins; I shuddered at the thought of the bloodhounds on my track. My brother, who had by turns assumed the rôles of the various other actors in the scene, cried as if panic-stricken, "They're comin'! Run, or they'll get yer!"

He was well aware of my propensity for identifying myself with my part, but his love of mischief constantly spurred him to see the spectacle to the bitter end. He now gave vent to a deep-mouthed bay, and just below the "big bridge," where the current rushed fastest, I sprang upon a whirling cake of frozen snow, thence to another, and almost at the farther bank I was swept down in a mad rush of babbling waters, that, shrieking in my ears, buffeted me at last against the barrier of "Mis' Weekses fence."

When I was dragged forth, sore and dripping, my rescuer remarked dispassionately, as he helped to wring the icy water from my clothes, "Anybody'd think you'd learn a little common sense some time. What'd you do it for? You knew there wan't any bloodhounds after you really. Jolly! did n't your heels fly!" and, overcome by the glee of the recollection, he gave way to unfeeling laughter.

This lack of sympathy, though sad, was only what one expected as a matter of course. Boys, for some inscrutable reason, were made like that. It might be that, in the fullness of time, I should by some indirect and unacknowledged method become convinced that my brother felt sorrow for my plight, but not by any indication here and now. Nor would his regret prevent him from speeding me to fresh undoing when occasion offered.

All this I had already learned to look upon as a part of that inscrutable and unalterable partiality for boys to which one must constantly look forward from the Being who created them. The curse of Eden, which was mentioned familiarly in my Sunday school lessons, was somehow mixed up in it. One loved boys, one yearned after them, one yielded them admiring obedience, and one paid the penalty. The author of one's woes walked away unmoved when the cataclysm came, freely shedding off responsibility, as my brother was doing now.

"You'll catch it," he suggested soothingly, "when Miss Sophia sees what didoes you've been cutting up."

I did not catch it, except as I suffered vicariously from the anathemas pronounced upon my companion in sin; and, sitting in my little armchair before the fire, after I had been dried and comforted, I wrestled simultaneously with the unfortunate piece of knitting which Miss Sophia presented to me as an appropriately feminine task, and the unsolved and unsolvable problems of sex.

Why should things which were right, or at least comparatively unimproved, in my brother, be wrong in me?

Why was he endowed with a ceaseless and indisputable advantage over me by birthright alone, and not in the working out of any moral law?

Yet even while these questions struggled in my breast, I knew that there was a fascination for me in my brother's tyranny, that when he returned at noon I should voluntarily place my neck under the yoke once more, should wax trium-

phant under his smile, and wither drearily when it pleased him to frown.

All this puzzling condition of things resulted somehow from the first few chapters of *Genesis*; and, while I felt the irony of my destiny, reasoned dimly over it, sometimes struggled against it, was full of budding theories about it, there were candid moments when I acknowledged to myself that, perhaps, take it for all in all, I would not change it if I could.

To one who had thus early in life accepted her fate as a female creature, there was nothing which fatally affected Montaigne's charm as a writer in the mere fact that he had never chanced to conceive of women as beings possessed of souls. From first to last he strove mightily to be fair to a sex for the existence of which he felt no intellectual and scarcely any domestic necessity; nor do I think the fact that several of his wisest essays were addressed to women materially disproves this statement. He used these favored fair ones simply as pegs on which to hang his ever-flowing draperies of thought.

He went toward marriage with the quality of cheerful alacrity which would have inspired a journey to the whipping-post. "Might I have had my own will," he tells us, "I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me." No quainter piece of polite literature can be found than the letter which our philosopher addressed to his wife as a kind of necessary compliment on the occasion of the death of an only daughter. And the alacrity with which he relegates to Plutarch the task of consoling her in her affliction testifies to the entire consistency of his habitual claim that the dignity of marriage is best subserved when a husband refrains from becoming too fond of his wife. Even in view of this consideration, however, such a brief and refrigerated epistle suggests an amazing degree of reticence in a writer who needs only the turning of a faucet to enable him to pour forth a quenchless stream of ideas on any and every subject, from thumbs to immortality.

In point of fact, Montaigne, though endlessly capable of sentiment, possessed absolutely no sentimentality. With all his social instinct, his vivacity of spirit, his kind-heartedness even, other human creatures existed for him rather as foils, by contrast with whose qualities he might the better study his own, than as necessary companions. His masculine fibre was not inconsistent with an inexhaustible degree of that personality of application which is wont to be considered as mainly a feminine attribute. In a world of revolution and turmoil, boiling passions and limitless indulgence, this tranquil philosopher sat peacefully in his tower, turning the inner light of his many-sided intelligence on the mental, moral, and physical evolution of Michel de Montaigne. That inner consciousness of his was a key that interpreted the human world, and the reader of his rambling, egotistical, inconsequent pages finds them veined with the lifeblood of a man who embodied in himself the varied humanity of men. Nothing that concerned Montaigne was uninteresting to himself. Nothing that related to himself seemed to him to be either common or unclean, and by that alembic of good faith he cleansed his plain-speaking of evil intent.

"Authors have hitherto communicated themselves to the people by some particular and foreign mark," he says; "I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. . . . I have this, at least, according to rule, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, in which I am the most understanding man alive." When I first began to deluge myself with Montaigne's candor, I wondered if half the pretenses and reserves in which we entrench ourselves were not unnecessary ones, — if a state of society in which one could say what one meant, strip off disguises, go straight for the goal, would not be an ideal one; but having, a little later, spent a summer in a country neighborhood

where reserves were not the fashion, I arrived at the conclusion that absolute limpidity can flourish acceptably only in that future existence where a popular hymn assures us that we may expect "to know as we are known." Indeed, one trembles a little when one thinks of results that may accrue in that blissful spot. Even Montaigne's transparency has been enriched not a little by the process of crystallization which it has been undergoing for three hundred years.

For myself, I care not at all for the many discussions which have been waged by many critics concerning Montaigne's religious attitude, his skepticism, the worth or worthlessness of his philosophy, whether he did or did not believe in the dogma of Christianity. All these problems, the solution of which must depend so much upon phrasings, interpretations, and discriminations concerning terms, fade into insignificance before the picture, limned by his own hand on that three-century-old canvas, of Michel de Montaigne, the man who had "the stuff in him."

That phrase — "the stuff in him" — has an especial and abiding significance for me, on account of a bygone tale which I am not going to be too modest to mention. Once upon a time, a sufficient number of years ago, I chanced to spend a week at an island camp owned by a wooden-faced old general who had led a desperate but successful charge during the Civil War. He was the sort of general to whom desperate charges might naturally be entrusted, because he belonged to the species of human catapult that, once launched, becomes incapable of deflection.

In these piping times of angelic meekness, we are all hurrahing for an eternal peace; but in that bygone day of which I write, a few bloody-minded persons still survived whose pulses could be stirred by the thought of those mistaken but well-meaning heroes of the past, —

who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,

Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder.

That old general's gimlet-eyed but unrevealing gaze pierced all the joints of my armor, and penetrated my soul with a sense of my many deficiencies; but, on the last day of my stay, as the ancient warrior and myself, alone on the sad sea sand, were presiding over a mighty kettle of clams, he surprised me with a hollow whisper which filled my heart with joy, and made me feel that I had been brevetted on the field of battle. "You've got the stuff in you!" — that was what the Valiant One pronounced, and many a time thereafter on the ceaseless battlefield of life the stuff in me would have been much poorer stuff than it proved, had I not remembered the obligation which bound me to live up to that old general's accolade.

Montaigne, "a sufficient man, sufficient throughout," needed no man's accolade. Open his pages anywhere, — for he is above all things an author to be read at random, — and through all his meanderings, his whimsicalities, his posturings, one finds in him that quality of sturdy manhood which may be built on the bed rock of clear sense, of judgment far outrunning the age in which he lived, of probity that could not be tampered with, of courage that hesitated through indolence alone, never through cowardice, — and such sturdy manhood in this world is pretty good stuff out of which to manufacture sturdy angelhood in a world to come.

If, in the chances and changes of the transition that comes to the humblest of us, I should some day find the Happy Isles; if, led by his hate for the "grosseries" of this life, my friend, the "habitual thraveler," should, all unaware, in some golden hour stray over the boundary which separates the earthly road from the heavenly, it may be that we shall meet at last upon a so-lovely paradisiacal pathway,

"And there by some celestial stream, as pure,"
compare notes as to what divine trans-

figurations three hundred years of immortality have wrought in the "quality and humor" which made up the mortal stuff of Michel de Montaigne. To be endlessly interesting is not a bad recommendation,

even for a seraph. One hopes, indeed, that a tedious angel is an impossible being; yet one trembles when one remembers the material of which saints — so-called — are made.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE

II

BY "FRANK CLAYTON"

SOME five years before I was born — my mother has often told me the story — there came to our country home, one Sunday morning, a black woman of unmixed blood. She was dressed in her Sunday clothes: homespun dress, neat white apron, the traditional handkerchief tied around her head, concealing the hair, and stout shoes. There was a general air of cleanness about her. Her face was good and pleasant to look at; but she seemed weak, not to say feeble, and asked permission to sit down at once. She was evidently far advanced in that state in which "women love to be who love their lords;" only, poor thing, she had no lord, except the Allseeing One above. My mother had seen her before, and knew her. Her name was Elsie. She belonged to a neighbor of ours some three miles up the creek, — a kind master enough in things material, but a rough diamond, a cursing, swearing, noisy fellow, with no wife, and no white woman on his premises. His people took their tone from him. It was a godless place. The woman, Elsie, had no kith or kin among his negroes. The father of her child, a turbulent fellow, had been sold to go south, and the woman was alone and half sick. She had come to beg my mother to ask my father to buy her. — "Mr. Briggs will sell me cheap," she said, "for I ain't wuth much to him, an' I won't never be well no mo'." She went on to plead that she dreaded

to die in that heathenish place, and to leave the expected baby to such bringing up. She had come down to our place once or twice on Sundays to visit some of our people, and had seen my mother assemble the black children under the big mulberry tree, and teach them from the Bible and the catechism. She wanted her baby among them. "Oh, Miss Kate," she said, "beg Mr. Clayton to buy me. I won't cost much, an' I kin sew an' do housework, an' Momma Sally say I kin stay in her cabin; an' my baby, when he come, will be wuth money to you, for he daddy was a big, strong man." It was curious, my mother said, how she took it for granted that the unborn child was to be a boy. My mother was greatly moved, and yet she could not see her way. "I am very sorry for you, Elsie," she began, "but" — "Oh, Miss Kate, Miss Kate," broke in the woman. It was too much for my mother's tender heart. She promised to do all she could, and Elsie departed; with the understanding that she was to come again the next Sunday. It could have but one ending, with my mother enlisted on the woman's side. My father demurred. He had obligations to meet. He had more negroes already than he wanted. He could not buy all the women in the country who were dissatisfied with their surroundings, and so forth. But in the end, he bought Elsie.

In due time a little black roly-poly of a

baby put in an appearance in Momma Sally's cabin. It was a boy. The *Pickwick Papers* were then in course of publication, and my father said he should be called Samuel Weller, and under that name he was duly baptized in the parish church, my father and mother and the old negro sexton being his sponsors. The mother did not live long. The little black flourished, and grew apace. My mother, who had always a peculiar feeling for him, and who feared that his mother's feeble condition might show itself in the child, had special attention paid to his food and quarters. As he advanced in the walking and talking age, she kept him a good deal about her, and, very early in his life, began to instruct him in the church catechism and other matters pertaining to his soul's health. Finding his little black noddle quick to apprehend, she violated the law of the land by teaching him his letters at odd times, and showed him how to make them with a pencil on a slate. As soon as he could toddle, he fell into a way of following my mother about like a little black dog, and as he grew older his attachment for her increased, until he came to regard her as a kind of goddess; as well he might.

When he was some six or seven years old, my sister took a fancy to him. She made a kind of page of him, and dressed him fancifully in that character. He was an honest and truthful little devil, as negroes go. That is to say, he never stole, and, except under considerable pressure, would not lie. But withal he was careless, negligent, and an idler, as all negroes are, in a state of nature, and my sister had sometimes occasion to punish him. My mother counseled her to take a switch to him, but she said she could not. "Besides," said my sister, "whip my page!" It was a thing not to be thought of. But something had to be done, and at last old Mrs. Winter, an English lady of the neighborhood, suggested out of her experience a mode of punishment which, so far as I know, nobody ever heard of before or since, and which my sister adopted. She

made Sam take assafoetida whenever he misbehaved, the theory being that the drug was wholesome and could do no harm, while its detestable smell and taste were supposed to make it a sufficiently severe punishment for a child. And so it appeared to be. Sam stood in mortal terror of his dose, and sputtered and cried, and made much ado. But my dear sister had forgotten about the tobacco habit and such like acquired tastes, and it never occurred to her that Sam might acquire the assafoetida habit. But he did. The little rascal came to love the stuff, and would commit the offense for the sake of getting it. He cleverly kept up his sputtering resistance, and so deceived his mistress that she would not have found him out, if his own sense of the fun of the thing had not betrayed him. This little episode, after all, is not so remarkable as I thought it at the time; for I afterwards met more than one person who had a liking for the drug, and my Massachusetts friend tells me it is an ingredient in sundry fancy dishes.

In the meantime, I had been born, and, at the time of this novel use of the drug aforesaid, had attained the age of about two years. A year or two later, when I was old enough to get about, my sister resigned Sam to me, and he was made my special attendant and guardian. We played together in the white sand, and round about the orchard and grove. As I advanced in age, we made voyages of discovery up the creek and into the woods. We had many sage conversations, and Sam told me many stories of the *Uncle Remus* sort, which he had picked up from his elders; and sang for my edification Ethiopian melodies, generally of a humorous character. As, for example, with strong accent on "my:"—

"My name 's Sam, an' I don' care a dam,

An' I rudder be a nigger dan a poor white man."

He sung out these words pretty much as a young cock might crow, and generally followed them with a double summerset (we did not call it "somersault") in the

sand. I listened to this profane ditty with doubtful ears. "Sam," said I, "I don't think that's a good song."

"Why not?" says Sam. "Missis say you mus n' take de Lord's name in vain, dat's all. Dam don't mean noth'n, an' it sound putty."

This last word he pronounced, not as you call the stuff you put in glass with, but *u* as in "put." I could not deny that it sounded "putty," and we kept the matter, as we did many controverted points, for future reference to my mother.

I suppose that the experience of every person who has left the home of his childhood before he was grown, and tries to recall it again to his memory after many years, is about the same, as regards the bigness of things. The distances seem greater, the grounds more extensive, the streams wider. Everything seems on a larger scale than the reality. By the same trick of the human mind, the years of one's childhood seem longer, and more in number. My imagination draws the picture of a long succession of happy summers in "that sweet and blessed country," instead of the four brief years from the time that Sam and I were respectively four and nine years old to the period when we were eight and thirteen, or thereabout.

At this time certain things happened. My father had an elder brother, my "Uncle Jack." This brother had married in early life the daughter of a rice and cotton planter of the low country, who had died, leaving him a large estate (as estates went in those days), and one son, who was at this time absent at a German university. My uncle had not married again. He lived on his plantation in winter, with no household except his servants, headed by the old mulatto "mammy" who acted as his housekeeper; but, being a hospitable man, his roomy house was generally full of young people; mostly young men of his kin, who went down for the shooting and fishing. Sometimes, too, he would have my sister there, that her music and general loveliness might

have a civilizing influence on his household full of boisterous young blades. Uncle Jack was not like my father. He was more a man of the world. He was a tall, dark, soldierly man, with something of a Roman nose, and a grizzled mustache,—a good deal like the pictures of Colonel Newcome, in the old editions of *Thackeray*. He was an imperious-looking man, and, indeed, was much inclined to have his own way. I liked him, though, all the same. He knew the way to a boy's heart. He gave me a pony, and was always jingling loose silver in his pocket. He had a way of tipping the servants, too, in a careless and lordly fashion, but had none of my father's kindly friendliness of manner toward them. On the whole, however, everybody liked him, and he was always a welcome guest. His visit on this particular summer I have occasion specially to remember. It was, as I have said, when Sam was between twelve and thirteen years old, and I some five years younger.

One evening, on the piazza, Uncle Jack said to my father, "Alfred, that boy Sam is a superb youngster. He is just what I want,—a little too young, but that's a good fault. I can bring him up to suit me. I want him about the house. Ben is getting too old." This sounded ominous enough; but worse was coming, when Uncle Jack went on to propose to buy Sam, telling my father he would not stand on the price, within reasonable limits. I was relieved, however, when my father put him off with a jest, telling him he had better not make any such proposition in my mother's presence. Uncle Jack laughed, and dropped the matter for the time. But he was a persistent man, and not accustomed to be balked, and I was uneasy. I could see his keen, dark eye resting upon the boy frequently. I could see, too, that he was making friends with Sam, probably foreseeing that the question as to his sale would depend eventually on his own consent, as my father would never sell him against his own wish. The boy was

as my uncle said, a superb fellow, well grown for his age, sound as a dollar, and a beautiful combination of strength and activity. His intelligence was unusual for a negro; his temper admirable. The only trace of the slave in his fine, honest, cheerful face was a certain appealing look which is frequently to be observed in the negro countenance. Perhaps it is his heritage from the lash laid upon his ancestors by the superior race. Certainly, in his own person Sam had never had to shrink from a blow. It goes without saying that I begged my father not to sell the boy away from me. He told me that he would not; but I have always suspected that Uncle Jack departed with some sort of understanding that possibly, later on, my own and my mother's consent might be obtained.

The story of the life of a boy of eight, or ten, or twelve years, in a quiet home in a civilized country, could not easily be made entertaining to my friend from Massachusetts, or anybody else. The fact that he lived fifty years ago, and in one of the late Confederate states, does not make him at all the more interesting. It may be briefly said, therefore, that I was not sent to school early; that my mother taught me the usual child's learning in English, and a little French; that my father instructed me in the beginning of Latin and Greek; that my friend Ellick initiated me into the delights of 'possum and coon hunting; and that, under the guidance of my sister, I learned to love music more and more. I waxed fond of books, and read everything in sight, whether I understood it or not, from the Rollo Books, and *Sanford and Merton*, and Miss Edgeworth, up to the big Shakespeare with the pictures. I even tackled Josephus and the Koran; and revealed especially in a noble edition of the *Iliad*, with pictures, in outline only, of the Greek and Trojan heroes, and Helen, and Andromache, and Briseis and Chryseis.

I do not wish to create the impression that there was anything extraordinarily

literary about my home. It was only that I was the son of a country gentleman, a university man, who, while not averse to field sports, was fond of books and music, and had collected something of a library. In the changes and chances of war and reconstruction, it is nearly all scattered and gone now; but by the blessing of God I inherited his tastes; and the influences of such a boyhood, simple as it was, ingrained into one's nature, may save him in later years from becoming a mere draught ox, in the sordid struggle for food and shelter. They will build for him an inner temple into which he may retire and worship when the day's work is done. I have always been sorry for boys growing up, as so many of them do now, in this Southern country, without the companionship of books. Poor little devils! they are at work, selling papers, or behind the counters of stores, or at one thing or another, when they ought to be lying in the shade, reading the *Arabian Nights*, if any genuine edition of that glorious work can be found in these days of reform and expurgation.

I had grown old enough now to ride about the country alone, and was accustomed to be sent to town on my pony after the mail, or upon one errand or another. Out of one of these rides arose the only incident that I remember of that period, that would interest my friend. My road to town lay, most of it, through the pine woods; an open, sandy, pleasant country enough. A part of it, however, perhaps half a mile, ran through the swamp which stretched on both sides of the creek of which I have spoken. It was a long causeway, or "corduroy" road, as generally called. It was a lonely, uncanny-looking place, dark even at midday with the dense growth of the swamp on either side, — bays, a sort of swamp laurel, and other trees, with here and there a cypress. The air was heavy with the overpowering scent of the yellow jessamine and other flowers. The foliage was so thick that one could not see his horse's length into the swamp. It was supposed

to be the resort of the more incorrigible class of runaway negroes, such as were advertised in the newspapers of that day under the heading, "Ten dollars reward. Runaway from the subscriber, negro man Cato," etc.; the description following, and the advertisement headed with a woodcut of a man running, with a stick on his shoulder and a bundle at the end of it. These were mostly harmless truants, though occasionally there might be a dangerous character among them. Altogether, I did not fancy that part of my way, and generally rode through it as fast as the slippery poles would allow. On this particular afternoon I was on my way to town, my pony picking his way over the uncertain footing, when suddenly he started, and sprang aside so suddenly as nearly to unseat me. At the same time a negro stepped into the road in front of me.

"I ax your pardon, young marster," he said; "I did n't go for to skear your horse. I jes' wanted to ax a little favor of you."

I was reassured by this not unfriendly greeting, and took note of the man's appearance. He was rather tall, very ragged, of a gingerbread color, carried a gun, and had the indescribable appearance of a hunted man. There was a negro at large at this time, who was wanted for murder, having brained another negro with an axe. His name was Hannibal. Sam knew him and had talked to me of him, and I had seen his description in the town paper. I took this to be the man.

"Is n't your name Hannibal?" I said.

"And what if it is, young marster; you would n' want to help 'em ketch a poor crittur like me, would you?"

I was smitten with pity, and told him I would not. He proceeded to tell me that he had seen me before, passing, and knew who I was. He said he had stopped me to ask if I would bring him a plug of tobacco as I came back, and say nothing about it; "though I reckon they'll git me anyhow," he added. He

said he had no money. I told him I would bring the tobacco and not tell of it.

I tried very hard to get back before the shades of evening set in; but when I met him, at the same place, it was twilight. He was profuse in his thanks and blessings, negro fashion, and I rode home full of my secret, and feeling myself an adventurous young fellow. I kept my word with him, not even telling Sam; but the story soon ended in tragedy. The sheriff caught him, and he was convicted and executed in the prompt manner of those days. At the gallows he was allowed to make a little speech, and, as is customary with negro criminals, he announced that his spiritual condition was satisfactory, and that he was sure the Almighty Judge "would have mercy on him."

I read this account to Sam, from the paper, telling him how I had met Hannibal. It was on the sandy bank at the old mill.

"Marse Frank," said Sam, digging his toe into the sand in a meditative way, "you reckon God done it?"

"Did what?" said I.

"Tuk mussy on him," said Sam.

I said I hoped so.

"Ef I'd er been God, I'd er done it," said Sam.

I told him my mother had said we had best not speculate on these matters.

"What do spek 'late mean?" said Sam.

I felt my inability to pursue the subject, and took refuge, as usual, in telling him we would ask my mother.

"I reckon," says Sam, still pursuing the thread of his thought, "dat's how come a spek'later sich a bad man."

It is necessary to know that "speculator" was the common name applied to the traders in negroes of whom I have spoken, detested by blacks, and held in small esteem by whites. Sam's mind was evidently muddled, and the incident is only worth recording in that it illustrates the boy's straightforward nature, in his naive comparison of himself with the

Judge of all the earth. This impressed me at the time, and was recalled to me afterwards by a kinsman telling me he had seen in a churchyard in Aberdeen, Scotland, the following epitaph:—

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod;
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have gin I were God,
And thou wert Martin Elmrod.

It is hard to imagine a more pitiful appeal to Omnipotence.

I must have been some nine or ten years old when I met Hannibal in the swamp. The doings of the next two or three years offer little of interest. I was sent to a very excellent school in the town, and afterwards to a more advanced one, to be prepared for the university.

This brings me to my fifteenth year. In September of this year Uncle Jack made us the most memorable of his visits. He sent up, this time, his carriage and horses, and a saddle horse, but no groom. He asked that he might have Sam to attend his commands, and the boy accordingly was his driver in his visits about the country. Everybody liked him, and he was much wined and dined.

Sam had fulfilled the promise of his youth. Physically and morally, there could not have been a finer specimen of the unmixed negro race. Under my mother's influence he had been confirmed by the bishop at his last visitation. I was at home at the time. Now, Sam was no saint after the order of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." If he had been, I should have much mistrusted him. He doubtless had the failings of humanity, especially of black humanity. But there was no malice in his transparent soul. Moreover, he could "say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments," and answer the other questions according to the rubric; so the bishop confirmed him, along with some half-dozen others, in the parish church. These annual confirmations of the negroes always interested me; and I remember well that, as the bishop laid his hands on Sam's black head, with the beautiful words so

familiar to every Churchman, I had an uncomfortable recollection of the insufficient answer of Cain to the inquiry of his Maker. I sent for the boy to come to my room, and talked with him late into the night.

One of the most delightful creations of the great Sir Walter is Cuthbert Headrigg, called "Cuddy." "My leddy," says Cuddy, "canna weel bide to be contradickit;" and adds quaintly, "and ye ken, naebody does, if they could help themselves." My uncle Jack was much like Lady Margaret, and, indeed, might well have been the brother of that stubborn old female cavalier. I could gather from scraps of talk that he had by no means given up his wish to own Sam. He had set his heart on him, as a man of means will sometimes take a fancy to a horse or dog. My father was reluctant, mainly on my mother's account. The truth was, though my uncle was not aware of it, that my father needed money, perhaps to meet the expense of sending me to the university. My mother knew this, and was silent. She spoke to me, and I held my peace. One morning, after our early breakfast, the brothers sat on the long piazza, smoking, — my father with his pipe, Uncle Jack with his cigar. This little difference in their tastes, trifling but suggestive, ran through all their ways, and marked the contrast between them no less than did the dissimilarity of physique: my Saxon-looking father, with quiet manners and plain and simple tastes; his tall, dark Norman brother, with dominating ways, and liking for handsome dress and expensive luxuries. "Look at them," said my sister. "Don't they look like Cedric and Brian de Bois Guilbert?" The comparison was not fair. My dear sister was a little inclined to be haughty herself, and did not like our uncle as I did. They were, however, good types, each of his class: the up-country planter, of few slaves, small responsibilities, and easy-going life, and the wealthier slave-owner of the low country, with more upon his shoulders, and al-

most of necessity something of a martinet.

They were continuing a conversation. My uncle was saying, "I will give you a check for eighteen hundred for him." I knew now what they were talking about. The market value of a first-class negro field hand, at that time, in our part of the country, was, say, twelve to fifteen hundred dollars, the latter an extreme. In the Southwest, where new lands were being opened, it was much higher. I remember, at the university in 1859, hearing a fellow student from Arkansas say that his father had paid eighteen hundred and five dollars, at an auction in Memphis, for an unusually fine negro.

My father was silent for a moment. "Well," he said at last, "if the boy will tell me he is willing to go to you, and you will give me your word to treat him kindly, and"—

"I treat *all* my negroes well," interrupted my uncle, with his chin and his Roman nose and his gray mustache in the air.

"I know, Jack, I know. You feed them, and clothe them, and all that. But Kate has a feeling for this boy that you can hardly understand"—

"Alfred," broke in my uncle, a little impatiently, "you know I never liked the way you up-country people treat your negroes. You allow your children to make companions of them. You spoil them. You have no discipline, properly so called. You don't seem to be awake to the situation. Here are these d—d abolitionists flooding the country with their papers"—

"Oh, the devil fly away with the abolitionists," put in my father. "Don't let's get upon them. I am tired talking of them. I believe all this matter of the dissemination of New England literature among negroes has been greatly exaggerated, both as to its extent and as to the danger resulting. I have never heard of a single tract or paper about here. I don't concern myself about it. So far as my people are concerned, I have no fear for them.

I think I should be willing, by way of test, that they should send their best speaker down here,—say Wendell Phillips himself; I'd like to see him, anyhow. I would assemble my people out there in the grove, and he should speak to them. And when he had finished, I would say to them, 'You have all heard what this gentleman has to say. Now, if any of you want to go off with him to Yankee-doodledom, just say so, and you shall go without interruption.' I'll bet you Sam against the sorriest hand on your plantation that not one of them would stir."

"You would be a fool for your pains," said Uncle Jack; "I would make no such proposition to my people."

"Then," said my father, rising from his seat, "it would appear that my mode of government yields the better result. But here's Sam with the horses. We'll ride over to Colonel Elliott's, and bring him back to dinner; and we'll have some whist and some music."

The end of it was that Uncle Jack bought Sam. I don't think that, even with his free use of money, he would have gained the boy's consent, if Sam had not found out, I don't know how, that his purchase money would be of service to "Marster." This, with my uncle's promise that he should see us every summer, and that he should not be sold again unless back to us, turned the scale.

I am glad to remember that, having completed this transaction, my uncle prolonged his stay with us late into the fall, and seemed loath to leave us. I thought, too, that his manner was becoming more gentle. He made friends with my sister; and I sometimes observed him looking wistfully at my mother's sweet face, as if he were thinking how much better it would be if he had some feminine presence on the other side of his own hearthstone at home. He was beginning to show his age, and his mustache was growing nearly white; though his figure was erect, and he sat his horse as much like a field marshal as ever.

The Christmas holidays were drawing

near when he went down into the low country, carrying Sam with him. My mother and I sat and talked together in the twilight. "It is like selling Joseph into Egypt," she said.

"I was thinking of it," said I. "I hope Pharaoh will be kind to him." Uncle Jack would have made a very fair Pharaoh, and I had forgotten that it was not to the king that Joseph was sold, but to his chief of police.

I never saw my uncle again. His health began to fail, and he remained much at home. He visited my father once, or perhaps twice, but I was absent at the university. He died early in 1860. I lift my hat to his knightly memory. I have often been thankful that it pleased God to take the gallant gentleman from the evil to come. He was not of the kind to bear defeat and humiliation with philosophy. We cannot all be saints and heroes at the same time, like Colonel Newcome and General Lee.

Of the earlier part of my life at the University it is doubtful if I could say anything that would interest my friend, however delightful its memories may be to me. It was a lovely old place, where a man could learn as much or as little as he chose. He might burn the midnight oil, and fill himself full of more or less profitable learning; or he might take the wiser course, and lounge along through the beautiful walks and under the great oaks, indulging his taste for the classics in the libraries and debating societies, absorbing a little Latin and Greek, and man-aging, through the good-nature of his professors, to pull through in the mathematics and other drudgeries which are the delight of those curious people who love labor for labor's sake. Here were assembled some six hundred young men, from all parts of the South, and of the flower of her youth.

The men of the Southwest, most of them rich, and perhaps most of them idle and fun-loving, were thoroughly good fellows, much given to the pranks and frolics common to college boys every-

where; painting the professors' horses, and installing a belligerent ram in the lecture room, that his warlike front might oppose itself to the learned doctor on his entrance in the morning. Sometimes, but not often, they were seriously riotous. It is pitiful and glorious to think of them, almost, as it might be, on the morrow, pouring out their priceless young blood like water; charging into the thickets of Shiloh; scaling the heights of Gettysburg.

The men from the upper tier of states were, as a rule, more sedate. Their hats were less broad of brim, and worn less on one side. With less wealth, generally speaking, they seemed to have more thought of the coming responsibilities of life. In recalling these men now, the thought has come to me that many of them, in cast of mind, mode of thought, and general make-up, differed as widely from their brethren of the far South as they did from the men of the North whom I came to know familiarly in later years. A larger proportion of these applied themselves to books, and from their ranks came the majority of scholars and of the more thoughtful students. There was abundance, therefore, of any kind of society that one might choose, — or he could mix it, as most of us did.

In truth, it was a golden time in the passing. In the retrospect it looks like a fool's paradise, soon to be rudely disturbed.

As we advanced in the year 1860, the vision which rises to my mind's eye is of vivid and surpassing interest. We stood in the shadow of the great war, the first gun of which is to end these rambling lines. It is strange how writing of these days brings them back as fresh as yesterday. The dead and the living rise as the spectral figures before Macbeth: Creoles from Louisiana, fiery youngsters, speaking French more fluently than English, declaiming the speeches of Mirabeau in the society halls; hot-headed youth from the great cotton states, already, almost to a man, declaring for war, and confident of its result. The large delegation from

Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia was of mixed political complexion, — some consorting with the Hotspurs of the lower country, others, the sons of Whig fathers, and taking the color of their more conservative views, giving up slowly and with unwilling hearts their ingrained love for the Union and for the stars and stripes, hoping for peace, and willing to exhaust all honorable means to avert war. There were hot debates, and an occasional fight. But all were ready to meet the issue, if it must come, without fear, and with that superb and supreme confidence in the ability of himself and his brethren to stand up against any conceivable odds which was so striking a characteristic of the Southerner of that day.

War had to come. It came. And nineteen out of every twenty of these young sons of their fathers followed the meteor flag of the Confederacy; and one out of every four bequeathed

“His ashes to his native land,
His gallant soul to God.”

My friend will give me a line here in which to pay to the memory of these men my tribute of undying love. This feeling of absolute, perhaps overweening, confidence, to which I have referred as pervading all sorts and conditions of men in the South at the outbreak of the great war, is worth a passing notice; the more as it has been made the subject of much adverse criticism. My friend will observe that I am not here discussing the question as to what substantial ground there may have been for this feeling. I am only saying that it was there, as a matter of fact, and, as she desired a picture of Southern life, I have given this as one of its noticeable features. I remember it very distinctly. The creating cause of so marked an idiosyncrasy is not obvious; but, as it existed, there must have been a philosophical reason for it, else why should it have been a Southern trait more than a Northern one? I suggest that we owed it, as we did certain fortunate peculiarities of our feminine society to which I have adverted, to the institution of slavery. This made

every white man more or less of an aristocrat, there being an inferior race under him. It accustomed him to command and to be obeyed. Its tendency was to make him bold, resolute, and self-reliant, even if there was danger of its making him somewhat arrogant and overbearing. Also, the habit of command teaches one the virtue and necessity of obedience. If all this be true, it follows that the Southern man started out with some of the points of a soldier already engrafted in him, and to that extent had the advantage of his adversary. As the war advanced, this difference was, perhaps, lessened; and before it was over, we both knew each other better; and there would be no discourtesy now in presenting to our gallant friends, the enemy, the proposition that, in the spring of 1861, both sides being entirely unacquainted with practical war, an army officered by Southern men would naturally have been a better fighting machine than one officered by Northern men. I make the remark with the less hesitation, that, if I remember aright, that fine soldier, General Schofield, has recently expressed something like the same opinion.

In the spring of 1861, I entered the Confederate army as a private in one of the finest regiments of infantry in the service, and served to the end. With this little bit of history, the work which my friend asked of me — that I would try to give her some idea of the life of the average Southern gentleman “before the war” — is done. I cannot hope that it has given her half the pleasure that it has given me to travel again this old road. It seems so long ago, — so much longer than it is. I don’t know why this is so, unless it be that so many of the actors in the times I have been dealing with, who would not now be older than I, and some who would be younger, have passed away. I remain with the minority, a lonely old bachelor, but not a melancholy one. A man may still have his whist and his punch of winter nights, his book at all times, the church

and the Book of Common Prayer on Sundays, and, God be thanked, a few congenial spirits with whom he can quarrel in an amicable way, — more by token that my friend from Massachusetts tells me she has no present intention of returning to that bleak Puritan region, in which, by some strange perversity in the ordering of things, she appears to have

been born. Again I offer her my humble homage, and again Mr. Thackeray's lines come into my head, with their quaint and fascinating picture of reminiscent content: —

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier.
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alone and merry at sixty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

CONSTITUTION-MENDING AND THE INITIATIVE

BY FRANK FOXCROFT

THE equal-suffrage referendum which is to be taken in Oregon this month, together with several others of minor importance, has an interest wholly independent of the question immediately at issue. That has been so fully discussed of late years that there is little new to be said on either side. In Oregon it was thoroughly threshed out six years ago, when an equal-suffrage amendment to the state constitution was submitted to the people in the old method, and was defeated at the polls.

But the Oregon referendum derives special significance from the fact that it is the first attempt in American political history to amend the constitution of a state by the direct initiative of the people, and without any intervention by the legislature. It is no new thing to apply the principle of the referendum to state and local questions. The submission of any constitutional amendment to ratification or rejection by the people is itself a referendum. But the new process in Oregon is unique in this: that the initiative is not in the legislature, but with the people. Hitherto, if one principle more than another has found universal acceptance, it is that the fundamental law of the nation and of the states should be secure against abrupt and ill-considered change. In the state of Oregon itself, prior to the adop-

tion of the initiative-referendum amendment to the constitution in 1902, time and deliberation were required for amending the constitution. When a resolution proposing an amendment was introduced in a legislature, it was referred to a committee. Hearings were had upon it, and the proposal was fully discussed in all its bearings, first in the committee, and later in each branch of the legislature. When it came before the legislature for action, it was defeated unless it received the votes of a majority of each house, and this not merely a majority of those voting, but of all the members elected. If it passed this ordeal, it must be approved by similar majorities in the next legislature before it was sent to the people. There were other checks upon hasty action. Only two amendments could be submitted to the people at any given election. For ratification, it was required that an amendment should receive a majority, not alone of the votes cast upon the proposition, but of the electors voting at the election. At the election in 1900, the vote on the equal-suffrage amendment was: affirmative, 26,265; negative, 28,402. But if these figures had been reversed, the amendment would have been defeated notwithstanding: for the number of votes cast for justice of the Supreme Court at the same election was 81,950. The ratification of

the amendment, therefore, would have required an affirmative vote of 40,976.

If the friends of equal suffrage in Oregon were working now under the old system, they could not, under the most favorable conditions, achieve their end before June, 1910. Their proposal would have to run the gauntlet of the legislature convening in January, 1907, and again of that convening in January, 1909, and could not be submitted to the people until the general election in June, 1910. Contrast with this the speed attained under the initiative-referendum. All that is required to set the machinery of amending the constitution in motion is a petition signed by qualified electors to a number equal to eight per cent of the vote cast at the last preceding general election for justice of the Supreme Court. In the present instance, this number was 9,904. The petitioners, under the constitution, had until February 4 to file their petitions; and the whole process, from that date to the day of the general election (after which, if a majority of those voting on the proposition vote in the affirmative, the amendment becomes immediately effective), requires only four months. This, certainly, is headlong speed in constitution-mending, and even those Americans who are not ultra-conservative may be pardoned if they feel a little nervous over the possibilities which it involves.

The initiative was applied to the direct enactment of laws in Oregon two years ago. The same number of voters are required as signers to the petitions as in the case of an amendment to the constitution. Three measures were thus brought before the people in June, 1904. One was a proposal for a direct-primary law; another, for a local-option law; and a third for the payment of a salary to the state printer instead of fees. The first two measures had been repeatedly defeated in the legislature; but they were enacted by the people at the polls, the first by a vote of more than 5 to 1, and the second by a vote of nearly 4 to 1. The third proposal was defeated.

The constitutionality of the initiative-referendum was affirmed by the Supreme Court of Oregon in December, 1903. The case was that of *Kadderly vs. Portland*, and the decision of the court may be found in the 44th volume of the *Oregon Reports*. The court dismissed summarily certain contentions which had been raised regarding the conditions under which the vote upon the ratification of the initiative-referendum amendment to the constitution had been taken; and, with regard to the contention that it was in violation of the provision of the Federal Constitution which guarantees a republican form of government to the states, it ruled that, under the amendment, the people had simply reserved to themselves a larger share of legislative power, but they had not overthrown the republican form of the government, or substituted another in its place. Incidentally, the court delivered itself of two opinions, which have attracted little attention, but which materially restrict the operation of the amendment, and suggest the possibility of interesting complications in the future. These opinions relate to the application of the initiative-referendum to the enactment of laws. The court ruled, first, that laws proposed and enacted by the people under the initiative clause of the amendment "are subject to the same constitutional limitations as other statutes, and may be amended or repealed by the legislature at will;" and, second, that the provision in the amendment to the effect that "the veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people" must necessarily "be confined to the measures which the legislature may refer, and cannot apply to acts upon which the referendum may be invoked by petition." The court went on to say that, unless the governor has a right to veto any act submitted to him, except such as the legislature may specially refer to the people, "one of the safeguards against hasty or ill-advised legislation which is everywhere regarded as essential is removed

— a result manifestly not contemplated by the amendment.” It may be doubted whether the court, in the words just quoted, did not impute to the promoters of the Oregon initiative a larger measure of prudence and conservatism than they actually possessed. There is little reason to believe that they anticipated or desired that the initiative-referendum, as applied to direct legislation, should be subject to the veto of the governor or to amendment or repeal by the legislature. In confirmation of this view, it is to be noticed that the initiative-referendum amendment approved by the Montana legislature last year, and to be submitted to the vote of the people next November, expressly declares that “the veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people by the legislative assembly, *or by initiative-referendum petitions.*” It is probable that the framers of the Oregon amendment believed that the phrase which they used gave them equal protection against executive interference.

One provision of the law enacted by the Oregon legislature in 1903, to make effective the initiative-referendum amendment, and to regulate elections under it, deserves all praise. Manifestly, if laws are to be enacted and state constitutions amended in this helter-skelter fashion, with all discussion by legislatures eliminated, it is important that some means should be taken to insure the enlightenment of voters regarding the measures upon which they are called to vote. Something may be done through public meetings, and something through the newspapers. But not all voters can be induced to attend public meetings, and not all habitually read the newspapers. In any political campaign in any state, any political party would be glad to be assured of an opportunity to place an argument in favor of its principles in the hands of every voter. Precisely this opportunity is afforded under the act of the Oregon legislature. Not less than three months before an election at which any

proposed law or amendment is to be submitted to the people, the secretary of state is required to cause to be printed a true copy of the title and text of each measure to be submitted, with its number and the form in which the question will be printed on the official ballot. The persons, committees, or duly authorized officers of any organization filing any petition for the initiative are given the right to place with the secretary of state, at least five months before the election, any pamphlets advocating such measure. Also, not less than four months before the election, any person, committee, or organization opposing any measure is given the right to place with the secretary of state for distribution pamphlets presenting arguments against the proposition. There are minute directions as to the size of the pamphlet pages, the size and form of type, and even the quality and weight of the paper; but if these conditions are complied with, and enough pamphlets are furnished to admit of giving one to every registered voter of the state, the law becomes mandatory upon the secretary of state. It is directed that he “shall cause one copy of each of said pamphlets to be bound in with his copy of the measures to be submitted as herein provided.” Nothing is left to the discretion or caprice of the secretary. The persons or committees interested in the pending propositions furnish their arguments, pro or con, suitably printed in sufficient number at their own cost, and the state does the rest. The pamphlets are distributed by the secretary of state to the county clerks, and by them to the registration officers, and it is made the duty of these officers, without additional compensation for the service, to give one of the pamphlets to every voter when he registers. In a state like Oregon, of comparatively sparse and scattered population, it is a great thing to be assured that every voter called upon to vote upon a proposed law or amendment shall have in his possession weeks before the vote is taken arguments carefully prepared by those most

interested, setting forth the reasons for and against the proposition. Even with these provisions, a certain advantage necessarily remains with those who propose the measure: for the organization necessary to enable them to secure the requisite number of signers to their petitions makes it easier for them — under ordinary circumstances — than for their opponents to prepare a pamphlet, and to meet the cost of printing more than one hundred thousand copies of it to place in the hands of the secretary of state. It is quite conceivable that the negative side might sometimes go by default, and the voters be furnished only with arguments for the affirmative. But this, at least, has not been the case as regards the pending question. The perplexed Oregon voter, called upon by passionate appeals to enfranchise the women of the state, was given by his registration officer a pamphlet of five pages urging upon him the demands of the women who want the ballot, and with it a pamphlet fully as earnest, and more than three times as long, presenting the case of those women, professing to speak for the majority of their sex, who not only do not want the ballot, but entreat men not to thrust it upon them, on the ground that to do so "would not only be an injustice to women, but would lessen their influence for good, and would imperil the community." The pamphlet in the affirmative is presented by the Oregon Equal Suffrage Association, that in the negative by the Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women. Such a contrast and comparison of opposing views is at least educational, even if bewildering.

One obvious defect of the initiative is the absence of all supervision, or "editing," of proposals. They may be crudely drawn, they may be mutually conflicting, but the measures proposed must be sent to the people in precisely the form in which they are filed. The proposals to be voted on in Oregon this month afford no less than three instances of such con-

fusion. The Willamette Development League proposes a bill to tax the gross earnings of telephone, telegraph, and express companies. The Grange proposes a similar bill. But in the first bill the tax is fixed at two per cent upon telegraph and express companies, and at one per cent upon telephone companies; while the other bill places it at three and two per cent respectively. What if both bills are adopted? The Development League, again, proposes a bill for levying a tax upon sleeping, dining, palace, oil, and refrigerator cars; the Grange proposes an altogether different method of levying such a tax. There is a wild conflict of opinion among lawyers as to the consequences if both bills should be adopted; and it is an open question whether the companies would not be compelled to pay a double tax. A third instance of direct conflict is found in two constitutional amendments, one proposed by the People's Power League, which puts the state printing wholly in the hands of the legislature, and one filed by the typographical unions, which makes the office a constitutional one, forbids all letting out of contracts, and looks to the ownership of a printing plant by the state. Confusion worse confounded would follow the adoption of both proposals.

Oregon was not the first state to incorporate the initiative and referendum in its constitution. South Dakota led the way in 1898. The process in that state, however, does not apply to amendment of the constitution, but to the enactment of laws. Five per cent of the electors may, by petition, require the legislature to enact any measure which they may propose, and to submit it to a referendum. A like number of electors may require the legislature to submit to a referendum any measure which it may, at its own initiative, have enacted. The Montana initiative-referendum amendment, now pending, expressly excepts proposals for amendment of the constitution from the operation of the system. The Missouri initiative-referendum amendment,

ratified by the people in 1904, admits of the amendment of the constitution by the initiative of the people, but is more severe in its requirements than the Oregon amendment. Ten per cent of the electors may, by signed petitions, require the legislature to submit to a referendum any measure which it may have enacted; fifteen per cent may propose any law or the amendment or repeal of any law, and require a referendum on its proposal; and twenty per cent may propose any amendment to the constitution, and demand its submission to the vote of the people. It is required further in each case that the designated proportion of electors shall be recorded in the petitions from each congressional district. This is a provision in the interest of conservatism; for, before the condition can be met, it is necessary that any proposal shall find favor with ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent of the voters in each district, and lack of interest in any congressional constituency cannot be offset by enthusiastic support in others. Only a desire widely diffused among the people would be able to overcome this obstacle.

The present is an off-year in state legislation. In most of the states, the legislatures meet biennially, in the odd-numbered years. In most of the legislatures in session this year, however, the initiative-referendum in some form has been under consideration. In one state, Maryland, the proposal has taken the extreme form of intrusting the initiative, not only in the enactment of laws, but in the amendment of the constitution, to only five per cent of the electors. It is perfectly safe to predict that, in the thirty-five or forty legislatures which will be in session next year, advocates of the initiative-referendum will hold the centre of the stage. Woman suffragists, prohibitionists, single-taxers, socialists, and other groups of

voters who despair of getting their special propositions through the legislatures, will combine to press the system of direct legislation and constitution-mending, which gives each of them a chance; and they will be reinforced by amiable theorists who are attracted by the idea of securing for the people a larger measure of power.

In some quarters, it is treated as a kind of treason to popular government to express doubt of the wisdom of such proposals. "Cannot the people be trusted?" it is asked. Doubtless they can. But it is for the interest of the people that proposals for new laws, and, still more, for changes in the fundamental law, should be scrutinized, sifted, and debated before they are put upon the statute-books or incorporated in constitutions. Under our system of government, no real demand of the majority of the people can go long unsatisfied. What the people really want, sooner or later they will get. But they will be no worse off if the concession of their demands is deferred long enough to allow time to consider whether the thing that is offered is really the thing that they want. If existing processes for the amendment of constitutions are slow and sometimes disappointing, they are at least safer than a system which allows only four months' time for so radical a change as that proposed in Oregon. Half unwittingly, we are drifting upon conditions which threaten revolutionary changes in our institutions. At the risk of whatever odium, conservative-minded folk should pull themselves together and inquire whether the time to resist these changes is not at the beginning rather than later on. If the extension of the initiative may not be checked, the provisions for its exercise may at least be safeguarded, and its operation may be made more orderly and deliberate.

WOCEL'S DAUGHTER

BY E. S. JOHNSON

'NONZIATA came out and seated herself on the doorstep of the boarding-house. It was her leisure hour; the men were at table, and she could put on a fresh blue apron, sit with hands folded, and enjoy the bustle of the street. The whistle at Green Hollow Shaft had just "blown out," and Pumpkin Breaker and Pumpkin Shaft came close after.

The streets began to fill with men and boys, — laborers, drivers, and doorboys from underground, a few men and a drove of screen-room imps from the breaker. The miners, who finish their work early, as a general thing take time to scrub off hands and face in the wash-house, and so come through the streets by twos and threes. 'Nonziata's six o'clock procession, on the contrary, was more of a spectacle; the hurrying figures, jet-black from cap to shoes, crowded the ugly street. Hobnails on the brick pavement, the clank of empty dinner pails, the *crack* of the drivers' long snake-whips, the babel of German, Russian, Polish, Slovak, Czech, Italian, Magyar, filled the place with life and bustle.

Antonin Wocel, the girl's father, had been in the country ten years. Thrifty, industrious, and keen, he had prospered notably. His boyhood in the little village of northern Hungary, where Polish was spoken as often as his native Slovak, had given him two languages; he had seen life, and added further to his accomplishments under the Emperor's colors. A vagary of the Austrian war minister sent half his regiment to Innsbruck; and thence Wocel returned in his twenty-third year, speaking some German, more Italian, and carrying always in his memory a girl's name.

He settled in the home village, married one of the innkeeper's six daughters,

Slovak like himself, and tilled his third of the little farm which came down from his forefathers. His second child, a girl, he named Annunziata, — a strange, foreign, troublesome word that he could not begin to spell himself.

In the tenth year after his marriage, a drouth, a legacy from the innkeeper, and the death of his firstborn, came within a single summer month. By September, Wocel was pouring out a trilingual explanation of himself and family at Ellis Island, meanwhile shoving forward 'Nonziata with one hand, and Eliska with the other, for the inspection of a man in uniform. The coal valleys of Eastern Pennsylvania received them. On their first Sunday in the new country, the immigrants went to high mass in a Polish church, and heard in the crowded streets all the tongues of the Danube.

For the first three years, work was irregular and prices high, so that life was a harder struggle than they had found it in Hungary. Then matters bettered rapidly. Antonin had his certificate, obtained work as a fully qualified miner, rented a "company house" on the strength of his employment, and took twelve men to board.

Just at this time, the labor union movement began among the mine workers. Speaking good enough English to make himself understood by the Irish district officers, and possessing a bitter, savage eloquence in two of the important Slav dialects, Wocel became an important man among the local unions. The superintendent of his mining company heard of him, and advised that he be discharged; the "inside boss" at Pumpkin Shaft was wiser, and gave him the best chamber in the mine. Local politicians knew him, and sent him complimentary kegs of

beer. When 'Nonziata was seventeen, he moved into a larger house with five bedrooms; revised his boarding list to weed out laborers, because they came home late, and needed a second supper; added twelve new miners to make the total twenty; and kept a waiting list, like that of an exclusive club.

The innkeeper's daughter, a short, lumpish, muscular woman, was delighted with their new prosperity. She loved laughter, crowds, and loud talk, did not fear hard work, and was never happier than when chaffering with the butcher over the twenty pounds of mutton for Sunday's dinner, and threatening him, in her husband's name, with the boycott.

As for 'Nonziata, she had grown into a tall girl with brown eyes and abundant flaxen hair. When she was eighteen, her father took her shopping, and from that week her American clothes were the envy of all the foreign settlements thereabout. Her church-going costume that summer was a very dream of fashion and splendor, — a white picture hat with white feathers, blue ribbons, and crimson roses, set well back over a stupendous pompadour of flaxen hair; a navy blue silk dress, with plenteous lace and ribbons, and a sweeping train; white cotton gloves; high-heeled shoes with varnished tips; and a black silk coat with brass buttons. From the possession of these splendors 'Nonziata became the belle of the settlement, although a reserve and distance in her manner puzzled the wits of various would-be admirers.

It was during the past summer that the seat on the doorstep had become her regular place after six o'clock. The air was fresher than in the kitchen, if not cooler; and at the far end of the street, beyond the black tower of Pumpkin Shaft, the wooded hillside slowly wrapped itself in a blue haze. As the sun fell lower, far-away places and people of her childhood sometimes floated in her memory, haze-wrapped like the hill. Then, when the street was empty of human company,

there were the cows strolling home from the common, and the ducks and chickens scratching amicably together in the gutters, while the Italian in his grocery on the opposite corner played gay little snatches on an accordion.

Then, as the shadows lengthened, there was sure to be Stefan; and every time he came a little earlier than before. To-night, it was barely half-past six. He swung through the gate with his irregular, nervous stride, and seated himself on the lower step.

"It has been a hot day," he said in Polish. His brown eyes, his lean, brown face, smiled up at her. Despite the weather, he wore shoes, and the inevitable long-skirted coat of dress occasions, though without collar and waistcoat, — a combination answering to the dinner-jacket stage in more pretentious circles. "I like to find you sitting there; I like to think of it."

"Then it is lucky that you came early," returned the girl, demure eyes upon the misty hill. "You would not have found me a little later; I am going up into town." This was a shameless and purposeless invention of the moment.

"What for?"

"To — to buy some cloth."

"The wrong night, then: to-morrow is Saturday, not to-day, — no shops open."

"Well, I'm going. Maybe I shall just take a walk."

"Then you shall walk in my shadow," cried the gallant Stefan. "The sun is hot for some time yet."

"Or to church. Yes, I think that is it. It is time that I — went to see Father Sodaliski."

"Let us not neglect him. It is time that we both went to him. I have waited long enough; I have money in bank, and there is a house empty down here that I can" —

"Nonsense," returned 'Nonziata calmly, though her heart thumped heavily. "I have changed my mind; I am not going at all. Christmas is time enough for confessions, anyway."

Privacy is a luxury so costly that the transplanted peasant scarcely gives it a thought. Stefan was in deadly earnest; he went on with his wooing in good round terms, regardless of the twenty men within, the broad backs of the nearest not six feet from the girl on the doorstep. To speak English would be no better, because fully half the company understood it well; and then, too, the old tongue came warmer from the heart.

"Christmas is a long way off; we must be married long before that."

"Three things cannot be told beforehand, — deaths, rainy days, and marriages," quoted 'Nonziata, a slow heat burning in her face.

"But why not?" The suitor sprang to his feet in his eagerness, squaring his shoulders to the struggle. "Do you not like me? You do not dislike me, — you do not? Oh, 'Nonziata, I have never seen a girl like you! Day in and day out I think of nobody else. If you" — His glance fastened itself on something behind her; his whole manner chilled, and he raised his voice. "And some day I will tell you, — when that long-eared animal, Vladimir, is busy with a full manger, instead of pricking his ears back at me!"

Loud responses from within greeted this sally. Under cover of the noise, 'Nonziata made the next move in the time-honored game.

"I never said I did n't like you; who told you I did?"

"Then we'll go up to town, and tell Father Sodoliski you do!"

"What an idea! The world must move so fast to suit you, Stefan Zatorski. Sit down; I want to know something."

"There is plenty to tell," agreed the complaisant Stefan. "Now, if we were down at that house I spoke of" —

"I was thinking to-day of the ship, and of the place I used to live, — in my old home, I mean, when I was a child. I have nearly forgotten it. Can you remember coming to America, or any places before that?"

"I remember Warsaw." His voice

shook; a bitter, brooding trouble darkened his face.

"Did you live there?" she cried. Without the least notion of its location, 'Nonziata had heard of Warsaw all her life. It was the city where horses wore bridles of gold in the streets; where wars were fought; where the government lived in a citadel; where the rich were richer and prouder and more cruel, where the poor were more hopeless, more angry, more oppressed, than in any other city of the world.

"I went there with my father from our village, a long journey in carts. It was the conscription. My two brothers were drawn, and we went to see them march away, and to give them four sheepskins for coats. I do not know where they were going. Perhaps there was a war; perhaps not. Then there came men on horseback, and killed the new soldiers and the people in that street, — riding and shooting, — riding and shooting. It was a riot. When my father saw the killing, he lost his senses. He threw me to a man that stood keeping a door, and ran out into the street where my brothers lay, and saw that they were dead. Then he began to sing very loud, in Polish. That was against the law, — to sing Polish in the streets in Warsaw: you could only sing Russian. So they came back, and killed him too — with their horses — only their horses."

"Ah, those police!" sighed the girl, shaking her head.

"I had one more brother, the oldest. He worked in a bell foundry, and he was sent for, and came and took me, and we ran away together into Posen. There was plenty of work, but he was restless, and changed his name and shaved his hair, and went from place to place, trying to forget who we were. Finally we came to America. He is in Pittsburg now. It was eighteen years ago, but even he does not know how old I am. Perhaps I was six, perhaps more, when we went to Warsaw."

"That king of Austria ought not to let such things be done in a city. Fancy not

singing what you liked, indeed! What harm is there in a song?" For 'Nonziata's traditions of the Old World were vague and dim as fog-wreaths, while her American notions were the teachings of everyday fact.

"So my brother would never again speak any Russian, nor let me. And since we started out in the cart with the sheepskins to sit on, my father and I,—since that day I have never had any home."

"I had a brother once, before we came to America," said the girl softly. "He died; it was the smallpox. I remember the crying at his funeral." Then, suddenly lapsing into English: "There have been plenty of kids here, too, of course. But it's no good. They all died, one at a time."

"And perhaps that is a reason why I am in a hurry about renting that house," continued Stefan, following his own thought. "Perhaps that is it,—it is so long since I have been at home in my own house."

Benches were moved, and chairs shoved about in the kitchen. Some of the men had finished supper, and were lighting their pipes with a bit of paper at the stove; this done, they went out by the back door for a comfortable barefoot smoke with neighbors.

"Sometimes I have an idea, too. There comes to me a feeling that I should like the bread better if you had made it. Perhaps you will laugh, and say it is foolish. Bread is only bread,—so perhaps it is. But after all"—

'Nonziata laughed softly. "What strange thoughts you have! No one but Stefan would think of such things. They are so foolish that it amuses me to hear them."

"Then you shall hear plenty, when you live in my house," the young man promised with solemnity. "And I will buy a carpet for the bedroom,—a red and white carpet."

"Extravagance! Wasteful!" gasped the prospective mistress of these splendors. Rich as Wocel was, he had never

bought such a thing; 'Nonziata had never lived in a carpeted room.

Stefan laughed and wagged his head. "It will be none too good. Some people put them all over the house, all very bright and fancy. My boss has them that way. He sent me from the mine with a letter, and I saw."

"What color?"

Stefan declined to be led away from the great subject. He began on a new point.

"Did you ever ride in a carriage? Not a cart, I mean, but a real carriage, with a roof and windows, and two horses, and wheels with soft edges, and a man on the roof to drive?"

"No," the girl admitted. "But I see them on Sundays."

"I did, once. It was when Jekko wanted to get himself married. He was my laborer in the mine, then, not my butt, but when it came to marrying he wanted me to be his butt. So I did. A great carriage came and got him, and then came to my house for me to get in, and then we both went to Anna's house to take her. But, as she had changed her mind, and would not come, there could be no wedding. Only Jekko had to pay for the carriage anyway, so I told him he and I would ride over to mass in it, and get the money's worth. So we rode in the carriage to mass, with the white ribbons tied on the door-handles; and after mass we came home in it. It cost him three dollars beside the government license; so Jekko was cured of marrying Germans."

"I remember. Everybody laughed, and it served him right."

"Yes. A Pole should marry a Pole,—or a Slovak," he responded with meaning. "But I think that it is time that I rode in a wedding carriage again, 'Nonziata."

"Perhaps it is. Very likely there are several who would have you. My father says that women are getting more plenty every year, so that the unions are trying to have a silk mill built up in the town, to keep them busy."

"You can keep busy without that. We will have some geese and a cow and a pig; I have an idea we might keep a store if we wanted to. Besides, you can bake the bread, you know, and I will eat it."

"You are likely to do that, without marrying," smiled the girl. "Serge goes away to-morrow, and my father says you are the next to come, if you choose."

"Good; very good. Certainly I will come. But I do not think I shall stay long. It will not be the same as marrying, and there will be no great pleasure in eating what I know you have made for Jan and Michael and that great pig Vladimir as much as for me. No, no!"

"What ideas! Stefan, I am afraid your mind is sickly."

"There is another thing, though. I have noticed that when you sit here none of the men come out and talk with you; instead, they go out by the back door. Now I will not do that when I come here."

"It is the custom. If I sat with one, and not with another, there would be trouble all the time in the house. It is a good custom."

"Well, I will not go out by the back door. Serge may stay or go; I will not come."

'Nonziata only laughed.

"Very good. Then I *will* come. The customs can be altered. Now I have to go to meet a man."

"Goo'-by," returned the placid 'Nonziata.

"So long. I come to-morrow, maybe, maybe Sunday. You tell your pa. So long. An' you think about the carriages."

"I like," said 'Nonziata to herself, "to hear him talk his English." She sat where she was for a long time, thinking. When she finally roused herself, it was to go a-visiting in the neighborhood: and during the evening she resumed and prosecuted two of her most interesting flirtations.

Stefan moved to Wocel's house on Saturday before supper. After the meal, the delicate question of his right to the front

steps was avoided rather than settled, 'Nonziata artfully taking the whole space for a pan of water and the cabbages which she was washing. Stefan leaned in the doorway, smoking.

The bustle of Saturday night pervaded the settlement. Pumpkin Shaft and Green Hollow worked no night shift on Saturday, so that everybody was free to go and come; the narrow houses were more crowded, the streets gayer, the tunes from Angelo's accordion more lively and more frequent, than on other days. Children were everywhere, outnumbering geese, chickens, and dogs together. From far down the street came a burst of shouting and laughter.

"That," observed Zatorski, with a wave of the hand, "means four kegs at the Stawinskys', — four kegs for seven of them. They'll not drag themselves to mass."

"Fools."

"Undoubtedly. The American beer is so bad, and so high priced. It is not worth drinking, if you have to pay for it yourself."

'Nonziata shrugged her shoulders, and gave her whole attention to the cabbage. Silences, with her, were an important part of conversation.

Stefan pulled hard at his pipe, and gazed down at her, turning over an important matter in his mind.

"Let us take a walk," he said finally. "You can be ready by seven, and it is a pleasant night."

'Nonziata smiled blandly. "A good idea. I feel like seeing the people; it is so gay on Saturday night."

For there was no question in her mind as to the direction of their stroll. Those aimless wanderings along footpaths into the fragrant summer woods might do well enough for "English ladies;" they were banned by the conventions of her world. Whether for pleasure, exercise, or love-making, 'Nonziata and her mates kept to the town streets.

'Nonziata's toilette being at last completed to her satisfaction, the pair set out.

The long road stretched before them to the eastward, unpaved, unfenced, and uphill most of the way. Shabby frame houses stood along it at intervals, their doors opening upon the sidewalk of packed black dirt. Black grit of the breaker, ashen grit of the sandy road, covered alike man's handiwork and nature's; the very trees looked not much removed from firewood. Here and there were cabbage patches, and half-tilled fields of corn, but most of the land was gravelly waste, all a-bristle with podded milkweed and the ugly stems of the night-flowering primrose. Far ahead, a spire or two, a factory chimney, and certain wavering jets of steam marked the town. The way was long and ugly; and, despite the hour, the heat haze danced along the ground.

Yet to Stefan and 'Nonziata the world was a fair, good place, the black path an enchanted highway, the future scarcely more bright than the enraptured present. The level sun cast their long shadows before them, black upon its gold; and, 'Nonziata happening to tread upon his image, Stefan grew bold to explain a hundred fancies that he had never found breath to tell before. The girl laughed and listened, a growing content at her heart. Decidedly, Stefan was not like other people. Still, he was easy enough to understand, if one gave one's mind to it.

The town, like all the smaller cities of the coal regions, confined its business to one long main street. Here the gayeties of Saturday night were to be seen at their best. Pianos tinkled, fiddles wailed; peddlers sold trinkets and nostrums, their torches flaring smokily even before twilight; the sidewalks were black with people, who dawdled because there was never room ahead for one free stride. Dancers were gathering in the halls, where entertainment committees had hung oak boughs and cheesecloth; the shops were open, and would not close before eleven o'clock; crowds besieged the theatre and the Ten Cent Vaudeville Auditorium; the shutter-doors of forty saloons swung to and fro without pause.

After the pair had turned into Market Street, 'Nonziata greeted a dozen acquaintances within the first block. Any sustained conversation was impossible in such a throng, and the girl willingly turned her attention to the shop windows. As for Stefan, he preferred not to talk, being occupied with a certain daring resolution.

"This is my bank," he remarked suddenly. "Come in and wait a minute."

She followed him into the high, narrow room, where the furniture was of red plush, and the clerks wore a martyred, Saturday-night expression. Stefan presented his pass-book, and drew forty dollars. Then the two resumed their promenade.

In front of the principal dry goods shop of the town 'Nonziata stopped with a low cry of pleasure. An entire window space was hung with palest lavender, — silks, chiffons, gloves, and parasols, satin shoes even. Zatorski slipped cleverly between two stout women, and took up a place beside her.

"Very pretty," he remarked in English.

"Oh, ain't they *sweet*, though! My! Look-a that. No, this here one, — with the vi'lets worked on it! I never seen such pretty silks as those in this town before."

"You want to go in, 'Nonziata? You can. No hurry."

"We-ell," sighed the girl doubtfully; and yielded.

The silk counter was at the far end of the store; and in the course of their search Stefan whispered a question in Polish. 'Nonziata turned on him fiercely.

"Talk English!" she hissed. "Do you want them to think we be" —

"Think we be gittin' married?" Stefan supplied.

"To think we be *Huns!*" she corrected with vicious emphasis. "Oh, yes. Now I got the place." Then to the sales-girl, "I want to see that there light silk, — like in the window, — with vi'lets on."

The thin little Scotch girl behind the counter eyed the pair with professional

calm. "Two dollars a yard," said she, throwing the piece on the counter; "twenty-seven inches wide." She turned her back, and walked to the centre aisle, leaving the customers to talk over the purchase.

"Here goes the third wedding dress I've sold to-night," she confided to the cash girl. "All for'ners. One was navy blue, and the other Nile green. They spend a lot for 'em, all right; the men does n't have a thing to say, but just pay up, and the girls knows it. This one's goin' to buy the lavender. Our Nellie 'll be wild when I tell her; you know she's just got hers off that violet piece, to-day."

'Nonziata, meantime, twisting to and fro on the revolving top of her stool, had fallen into sad disorder. The love of delicate fabrics and colors was a passion with her; she could not touch the lustrous stuff before her without a flush of pleasure, and little cries of envy. As she had no idea of buying a dress, the price asked did not concern her in the least; the beautiful thing became hers in imagination without cost.

Stefan was delighted at her pleasure. "Very pretty," he agreed. "Very nice."

"Oh!" she exulted; "ain't it *grand*? It's so *stylish*!"

Zatorski put an elbow on the counter, and leaned forward. His gaze studied the silk, but in his anxiety he saw no difference between its shimmering surface and his own mine-roughened fingers.

"Buy it," he advised, outwardly calm, but breathless.

"Buy it?" cried the girl. "I got no money. An' I guess if I was to ask pa" — She smiled in derision.

"Better buy it. You buy it," repeated Stefan. "I'll pay."

'Nonziata crimsoned. "You? You?"

"Buy it for the wedding dress. Yes! Oh, 'Nonziata, 'Nonziata! Why not? Oh, I — Let me talk Polish: no one can hear, and the English is too slow. — What?"

"We sell sixteen yards for a whole

dress," remarked the saleswoman, returning to her customers. "There's a dressmaking department upstairs, too, — seven dollars for making."

Stefan glowered. "Some trimming — nice trimming — you got?" he demanded, his English and his hope alike weakening.

From the shelves behind her, the Scotch girl produced a box.

"Not that kind. Silk! Lace! Thicker!" insisted the wooer desperately. "You get it — bring some here."

This had the desired effect; the inconvenient young woman marched off to the lace counter.

"Do not say no," entreated Stefan in his own tongue. "I cannot bear such a pain as that. I care for nothing but you, 'Nonziata; you are the very core of my heart. I have forgotten that anything else ever was worth while. Do not say no. Buy the dress, and wear it for me. You are so handsome, 'Nonziata, that it will become you well. And it would be like going blind, if I am to lose you."

"I do not want you to buy me a wedding dress," said the girl, very low.

"Why not? It is the custom. And I think I have waited long enough. Why not?"

"I do not want to marry — anybody."

"But I love you so, 'Nonziata, I will always be good to you. And think how lonesome I have been — for so long" —

Wocel's daughter fingered the edge of the counter in silence. She could not say no; and yet —

The saleswoman came back with an armful of boxes, and slipped briskly to her place.

"Here's everything we've got," said she. "Now shan't I cut you off a dress pattern first? It's an awfully swell piece."

Zatorski stiffened and stood erect. 'Nonziata drew breath to assent, faltered, and only sighed instead. She tried to look up at Stefan. Instead, her eyes were lifted half way; she caught a glimpse, at the far end of the store, of a group of women, a mother and two daughters,

neighbors from Green Hollow. These were nudging one another, peering, and giggling. She sprang up, her face ablaze.

"It's too dear. I don't want it!" she snapped at the astonished salesgirl. "Stefan! I'm going home. No, *not* that way! The side door."

Through the cheerful, crowded streets the pair went in silence. 'Nonziata recovered her spirits first; but even she had nothing to say till they were clear of the town, and alone on the long, straight road to the Hollow. They had just passed a little group, — father and mother, with a baby in arms, and two sturdy toddlers dragging alongside, — and Stefan shivered.

"It is warm," said the girl. "What made you do that? Are you cold?"

"I was thinking. You saw that man? Well, he has a home; he has people of his own to work for. After work, he can come home to his own house, — his own children. I — I think it made me lonesome."

'Nonziata's heart misgave her. With a backward glance, to be sure that distance and the friendly darkness made shield enough, she slipped her hand into Stefan's arm. "Poor, good Stefan! Not now, of course, — but perhaps in a year or two. You see, I like you."

"A year or two!" He laughed, but without mirth. "Oh, in a year or two we may all be dead!"

It was Saturday when Stefan brought his trunk to Wocel's boarding-house. On Tuesday, early in the afternoon, the Pumpkin Shaft ambulance turned down the long street. House by house, women watched it, and thanked God and the saints as it passed on; it stopped before Wocel's gate. A little crowd gathered instantly.

"I would n't wonder if we'd have some trouble gettin' him in here, Jim," observed Con Mulrea. "Them for'ners is lackin' in the dacint feelin's for their dead entirely. Don't let on he's dead, or they won't take 'im."

"They're scairt of a dead body," returned the driver. "It's the way with them ignern't people; they don't know no better. It's funny, too; they'll stick by each other livin' good enough. It's just that heartless way they have."

Eliska stood in the open doorway, looking on. Her face was wooden, but her eyes held a deadly fear.

"He lives here, all right," said Mulrea, consulting a scrap of paper. "The men told me." He opened the door of the ambulance a crack.

"Who hurt? Who hurt?" demanded an old woman.

"His name's Steve Zatorski. Get out o' the road there; we've got to take him in."

Eliska came to life; she was the boarding-mistress, the stirring, bustling inn-keeper's daughter, when once that nameless weight was lifted from her heart. She ran down and slammed to the rickety gate, barricading it with her person.

"You got to let us in, ma'am. He belongs here."

Eliska poured out a torrent of Slovak and Polish. "Tell him I have no English," she commanded.

"She says she don't understand no English, mister," interpreted an obliging child.

"Thim Hungarian women never do pick up nothin' but 'How much?'" complained the driver. "Well, you tell her one of her boarders is hurted in the mine, an' we brought him home. See? Undherstan'?"

"He thinks we are a pack of fools. Nobody but the Irish know anything!" commented the child in Polish, making a face. The majority of the bystanders understood what was said in both languages, but they gave no sign; Wocel's wife was playing her own game.

"The man must be dead, else they would have taken him to the hospital. Tell him to carry him to the hospital."

"She says, why don't you take him to the hospital?"

"There, now, Jim! I told you. It's

hard to fool 'em. They're an awful 'spicious lot. Oh — say! You tell 'er the hospital's full. See? Hospital — full. No — room. All — full. Undherstan' me?"

"You heard him, Eliska," said the child in Polish. "What shall I say to that?"

"Tell him I don't understand," replied the astute Eliska. "Antonin comes yonder; leave him to deal with these men."

"She don't understand, mister; she says take him to the hospital."

"Listen, now! I'll bet she'd understand all right if she wanted to. What'll we do, Jim?"

"Take him in anyhow; we can't be stayin' here all day. Or, say, now, — here comes Wocel."

Antonin's burly figure pressed into the circle. Mulrea raised his hand to the door of the ambulance a second time.

"I hurry up. Joe tol' me Steve hurted," he said; his breath was broken by running.

"He's dead, or they would have taken him to the hospital!" reiterated Eliska in Slovak.

"I know. Joe told me, of course. His Keg Fund will bury him; there will be no expense to us. Let me manage these men; I know them."

"How are you, Antonin? You see, we got to take 'im in the house, — only the women is scairt. Just make thim behave aisy, can't you? There ain't no other place to put the poor feller."

"Yes; good," Wocel assented. "Let me talk. I talk to them."

"Antonin, Antonin! How can we? There is no room!"

"He was a good boy; and I am sorry for him."

The innkeeper's daughter here committed herself to a decision that was a nine days' scandal in the neighborhood.

"Yes, yes, — all that. But think! Where can we put a dead man? Two other men sleep with him in that bed, and two more in the narrow bed in the same

room. If a dead man is in that room, where can we put the four that are alive? Men must sleep, after they have worked."

"That is true," he assented. "Then we cannot take him. The man who sells coffins will have to; he does, sometimes."

"Well, will we take him in?" demanded the impatient driver of the ambulance.

"What his name?" Antonin queried cautiously.

"You know very good an' certain who 't is! It's Steve, — Steve Zatorski. I know he lives here, too; you can't fool me."

"Oh! Steve Zatorski!" repeated Wocel, with the accent of one for whom a cloudy misunderstanding has happily been cleared away. "I know him. Him not my man. My man Steve Latrobi. Yes, yes, all one big mistake. Steve Zatorski live down there, down-town ways."

"Well, they told me he b'longs here, an' here's where I guess I'll put him," concluded the Irishman, looking grim. "Con, you just open that there door."

"No," Antonin insisted. "Not my house. Not live here; not dead here, either. Steve Zatorski say he come on my house Saturday, if one man go way. He not come. So comes Steve Latrobi Sunday, an' I say, 'Yes; can stay.' Steve Zatorski mad, maybe, but no good. The other man come quicker. So Steve Zatorski not come here livin', not come here dead. No."

The bystanders listened with perfect gravity to this little fiction; it was nobody's business to interfere between Wocel and his boarders.

"Well, I don' know," said the driver. "But I'll tell you one thing, Antonin Wocel, an' I'll say it to yer face, if you was twice as big a man. You're a damned black-hearted dirty blaggard of a for'ner, that's what you are! There's no heart nor dacency in you. A pretty union man you are! To the devil with all yer fine talk, if this is how you stand by yer own men! I say it to yer face; I ain't afraid o' you nor yer pull."

"No can come in," repeated Wocel, with an expression of patient obstinacy. Then in a flash his look changed; a girl was fighting to break through the crowd, and Eliska's short, powerful arms held her back.

"No, 'Nonziata! Back! Go back!" he shouted, in his own tongue.

With a desperate fling, the girl wrenched herself free, and darted forward. She slipped behind the sturdy figure of Con Mulrea. The ambulance door swung part way open, and she threw herself in bodily, snatching at the grimy, stiffening form upon the mattress.

"Stefan! Stefan! My Stefan! Oh, oh, my Stefan!"

"Deed, it's the worst time we ever had yet, Jim," groaned the assistant. "*Him* we can't never get rid of, an' now we've got *her*, too! Must be his girl, I guess. What *will* we do, anyhow? Will we choke the old boardin boss, an' take him in whether or no? Or what the"—

"No can come in my house," insisted Wocel. And inside the ambulance 'Nonziata still moaned her lover's name monotonously.

At this difficult pass, Angelo, the little Italian of the corner grocery, stepped forward.

"Him good man, Steve," he began, waving a hand toward the vehicle. "I know him. Him my ver' good frien'. Good man."

"You bet he was! A damn good man!" averred the driver with feeling; although his own knowledge of the sufferer had been of the slightest.

"I gotta good place. Come! You bringa my store. Plenty room. Come."

"Good fer the Dago!" cried Con Mulrea. He turned and shook his fist in Wocel's face. "Smell o' that, you dirty, blood-suckin' heart-o'-stone! Oh, I'd like to punch it clear through yer carcass. I would! To turn a dead man out o' doors! All right, John. We'll bring him. You show us where do we go, an' we'll have 'im in. My word, but the 'Dago's

the only wan o' them wi' the heart of a Christian in him!"

And so the stiff figure was carried into the gaudy little store, between the bunches of bananas, and the swinging braids of garlic, the shining kettles, the sugar barrels, and the pails of tobacco. Behind a partition was the proprietor's own room; here they laid him upon Angelo's own bed.

'Nonziata threw herself on her knees beside the pillow, and buried her face in the coarse mine shirt. The bearers withdrew hastily. Angelo followed them to the door.

"His Keg Fund or some o' his soci'ties 'll pay for the fun'ral; you don't need to worry 'bout that." The driver felt in his pockets for a coin, and held it out awkwardly. "Here, John. Take this. You're a good feller, you are; you done a good thing. I'll see if I can't send you some trade for this."

A covetous gleam shone in the Italian's face for a second, but he thrust his hands behind him.

"No, no, no! Steve my frien'. One time he my boss. I jus' come in America, those days, — worka the mines. All go bad, one time; all gas, all fire, — you know? Yes? Fire go killa me. Burn all over me. So I lie down an' go to die. Steve he come; getta me out. He say, 'Now don' go in mines no more. You keepa one store; I sen' people buy off you.' Ah, — ver' good! He nice man, that Steve."

"Yep; he must 'a' been," assented the driver. "Well, we must get back. Good-by, John."

"You would n't think it, neither," pondered Mulrea. "But I s'pose, if there *does* be a good for'ner, he's bound to be killt off. The most o' them has thick heads; you would n't expect jus' that little piece o' rock to finish up that there Steve, would you? The boys said the weight was n't nothin' to speak of, but the boss told us his brains was all spilled around over the floor."

"Well, you can't tell. I did n't take no particular notice, but I did n't see no-

thin' more 'n a little cut on his head, far's I remember. Poor soul, you can't help bein' sorry for 'im, if he was a Polander!"

The long, sultry summer afternoon dragged out its endless hours. In the little room behind the partition, the sun beat in, and the flies buzzed; 'Nonziata, all unheeding, watched her dead.

At five o'clock, two men of Stefan's Polish union came and stood about the room for a little. They left, to buy a grave in the Polish cemetery, and a burial permit. The coroner, too, sent word that he was coming; but before his arrival, 'Nonziata had leaped to her feet with a dreadful cry:—

"Angelo! Angelo! He spoke!"

The little Neapolitan darted to the bedside. There was no doubt about it; Stefan had begun to breathe, slowly, with low, stertorous groans.

"Go for the priest! Go for the priest! His life has come back; he ain't quite dead. Quick, quick, get a priest!"

Angelo dragged his bicycle from a corner, then hesitated. "You keepa store?"

'Nonziata stamped her foot and threw out her arms in a passion of impatience.

"The priest, the priest! Can't you hear?"

"Maybe I getta him one good doctor, all come right off quick!" responded the practical son of Italy. "Him sick." Angelo vanished.

The doctor came, and, after an interval, the priest; but neither of them could be persuaded to echo Angelo's sanguine predictions of recovery. The doctor, coming out, met the coroner at the street door, and paused to exchange salutations.

"You're not needed yet, but you will be," he announced brusquely. "The man's alive still. He ought to have gone to the hospital; I don't know what those idiots up at the mine were thinking of. However, it would n't have made the least difference, — the man would die, anywhere. The skull, you know, — hopeless

fracture. He won't last till midnight. Well, good-afternoon."

Morning, however, found Angelo at his "good doctor's" door, money in hand, and clamoring for a second visit. His man, he said, had not died; indeed, was better. With a little medicine, he would be well.

"No, no, keep your dollar. It's merely a question of vitality; you know I told you he'd die. However, I'll come up. Just let me get something to eat first."

Contrary to all reason, nevertheless, the man lived on. The little back room of the grocery, with its one window, its heat, its flies, its garlic smells, would have horrified a hospital staff; yet in that stuffy box of a place, with only 'Nonziata's rude nursing, Stefan knit his skull anew, and fought his way back to life. The girl was with him day and night; in two weeks, she spent scarcely one hour in her father's house. The faithful Angelo, too, was always within call. No offers of help, no hospitality, could tempt him from the store; when it was too late for customers, he moved the candy showcase to the floor, and went contentedly to bed upon the counter.

When the fever was nearly gone, the sick man one day opened his eyes, and gazed at the girl with something of consciousness in his look.

"Non-zi-ata," he said with difficulty. She only smiled at him, for Angelo's doctor had forbidden talking. Stefan smiled too, and straightway fell asleep.

Thereafter, he drank more and more milk daily, and grew visibly stronger. One sultry afternoon 'Nonziata, huddled on the floor at his bedside, wakened from an uneasy nap to find his eyes upon her.

"You were asleep. I woke first," he whispered in Polish.

"Yes," sighed 'Nonziata. She was very tired.

"I had a dream."

"I was dreaming, too," she admitted, half startled.

"Mine was a good dream. It was at

mass on Sunday. All the church was crowded. We were just standing out to be married,—you and I. But I woke.”

For very weakness, the tears stood in his eyes. The girl flushed, then laughed,

then caught the great, weak hand that lay upon the sheet and kissed it.

“Stefan! Dear Stefan! You must not talk; go to sleep again. I—I dreamed about the ribbons—on the wedding carriages!”

THE POETRY OF LANDOR

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

LANDOR has said, not speaking of himself,—

Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men.
And of himself he has said, in perhaps
his most memorable lines,—

I strove with none, for none was worth my
strife;

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

In the preface to the *Heroic Idyls* he writes: “He who is within two paces of the ninetieth year may sit down and make no excuses; he must be unpopular, he never tried to be much otherwise, he never contended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering.” He remains alone in English literature, to which he brought, in verse and prose, qualities of order and vehemence, of impassioned thinking and passionless feeling, not to be found combined except in his own work. And in the man there was a like mingling of opposites: nobility and tenderness, haste and magnanimity, courtesy and irresponsible self-will, whatever is characteristically English and whatever is characteristically Roman, with the defects of every quality. Landor is monumental by the excess of his virtues, which are apt to seem, at times, a little too large for the stage and scenery of his life. He desired to live with grandeur; and there is grandeur in the out-

lines of his character and actions. But some gust of the will, some flurry of the nerves, was always at hand, to trouble or overturn this comely order. The ancient Roman becomes an unruly child, the scholar flings aside cap and gown and leaps into the arena.

Landor began to write verse when he was a schoolboy, and it is characteristic of him that poetry came to him first as a school exercise, taken for once seriously. Latin was to him, it has been well said, “like the language of some prior state of existence, rather remembered than learned.” His first book, published at the age of twenty, contains both Latin and English verse, together with a defense, in Latin, of the modern use of that language. When, a few years later, he began to work upon his first serious poem, *Gebir*, he attempted it both in Latin and in English, finally decided to write it in English, and, later on, turned it also into Latin.

Gebir was published in 1798, the year of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and, in its individual way, it marks an epoch almost as distinctly. No blank verse of comparable calibre had appeared since the death of Milton, and, though the form was at times actually reminiscent both of Milton and of the Latin structure of some of the portions as they were originally composed, it has a quality which still remains entirely its own. Cold, sensitive, splendid, so precise, so restrained, keeping step with such a stately music, scarcely

any verse in English has a more individual harmony, more equable, more refreshingly calm to the ear. It contains those unforgettable lines, which can never be too often repeated: —

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when un-
yoked

His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

There are in it single lines like, —

The sweet and honest avarice of love;
and there are lines marching like these:

the feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook re-
strain'd,

And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.

Has not that the tread of the Commander
in *Don Juan*? And there are experiments
in a kind of naïveté: —

Compared with youth
Age has a something like repose.

Tennyson is anticipated here: —

On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek;

Mr. Swinburne here: —

The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening
wave.

But where the most intimately personal quality of Landor is seen is in the lofty homeliness of speech which is always definite, tangible, and about definite, tangible things. The Gadites are building, and Landor, remembering the workmen he has seen in the streets of Warwick, notes: —

Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.
Gebir is wrestling with the nymph, who
sweats like any mortal; Landor does not
say so, but he sets her visibly before us, —

now holding in her breath constrain'd,
Now pushing with quick impulse and by starts,
Till the dust blackened upon every pore.

We are far enough from Milton here; not so far, perhaps, from the Latin precision of statement; but certainly close to reality.

And it is reality of a kind new to English poetry, — painter's, sculptor's, reality, — discovered, as we have seen, at precisely the moment when Wordsworth was discovering for himself the reality of simple feeling, and Coleridge the reality of imaginative wonder.

A few years after *Gebir*, Landor published two poems, "Chrysaor" and "The Phocæans," and then, for many years, at long intervals, wrote, and occasionally published, other poems, in Latin and English, which were eventually to make up the *Idyllia Heroica* and the *Hellenics*. They are, to use a word which Browning was to invent (having learned the thing, perhaps, from Landor), dramatic idyls. The most perfect of them, "The Death of Artemidora," is only nineteen lines long; "The Last of Ulysses" fills fifty-five pages in the edition of 1847. Landor never ceased to shift their places, and to add, reject, and, above all, rewrite. The two essentially different texts are those of 1847 and 1859; and it is necessary to compare these with each other, and both with such as exist also in Latin, if we would trace with any care the diligent and never quite final labor which Landor gave to his verse.

In the poems which Landor twice translated from his own Latin, it is not often that either form of the English is quite as good as the Latin, and it is not always easy to choose between the two versions, of which the first is usually more easy and fluent, while the second, though more Latin, is often more personal to Landor. Often the second version is nearer to the original, as in the opening of "Coresus and Callirrhoe," where the two lines, —

Impulit adstantem lascivior una ministram,
Irrisitque pedi lapso passisque capillis, —
are first rendered: —

A playful one and mischievous pusht on
Her who stood nearest, laughing as her foot
Tript and her hair was tangled in the flowers;
and afterwards: —

A wanton one pusht forward her who stood
Aside her; when she stumbled they all laught
To see her upright heels and scattered hair.

Sometimes the earlier version is the more literal, but the later one gains by condensation. Thus the first eight lines of "Cupid and Pan" follow closely the first six lines of "Cupido et Pan," while the version of 1859, reduced to six lines, omits, without loss, a line of the Latin which had filled nearly three lines of the English. This process of condensation will be seen in lines 140-141 of "Coresus et Callirhoe,"

gelidæque aspergine lymphæ,
Et, manibus lapsos in resonantia marmora,
ferro;

rendered literally in 1847, —

At the cold sprinkling of the sacred lymph
Upon her temples, and at (suddenly
Dropt, and resounding on the floor) the sword;
and in 1859 condensed into the single
line, —

And the salt sprinklings from the sacred font.
The aim is always at adding more weight, in the clearing away of mere detail, with only an occasional strong addition, as, a few lines lower, "Less mournfully than scornfully said he," for the mere "inquit" of the original. The style stiffens into harder marble in its "rejection of what is light and minute."

Alike from what is gained and from what is lost in this recasting we see how uncertain, with all his care, was Landor's touch on English verse, how a Latin sound dominated his ears when he was writing English, and how his final choice of form was almost invariably of the nature of a compromise, like that of one to whom his native tongue was foreign. Compare the two versions of lines 30-34 of "Veneris Pueri:" —

At neque propositum neque verba superba re-
mittit,
Ut Chaos antiquum flamma radiante subegit,
Ut tenebras pepulit coelo, luctantiaque astra
Stare, vel æterno jussit prodire meatu,
Ut pelago imposuit domito confinia rupes.

In 1847 "The Children of Venus" reads: —

But neither his proud words did he remit
Nor resolution: he began to boast
How with his radiant fire he had reduced

The ancient Chaos; how from heaven he drove
The darkness that surrounded it, and drew
Into their places the reluctant stars,
And made some stand before him, others go
Beyond illimitable space; then curb'd
The raging sea and chain'd with rocks around.

In 1859 "The Boys of Venus" reads: —

Still neither would he his intent forego
Nor moderate his claim, nor cease to boast
How Chaos he subdued with radiant fire,
How from the sky its darkness he dispell'd,
And how the struggling planets he coerced,
Telling them to what distance they might go,
And chain'd the raging Ocean down with rocks.

Both versions are fine, though the second, trying to follow the Latin more closely line for line, abandons the freer cadences of the first; but is either wholly without a certain constraint, which we do not feel in even those passages of Milton most like Latin? And is there not, when we read the lines in Latin, a sense, not due to mere knowledge of the fact, that we are reading an original after a translation?

Yet it is to this fact, partly, to this Latin savor in English, that not only those poems of Landor which were first written in Latin, but others also, never written in anything but English, owe their exceptional, evasive, almost illegitimate charm. What, we find ourselves saying, is this unknown, exquisite thing, which yet seems to be not quite poetry, or is certainly unlike anything else in English poetry? A perfume clings about it, as if it had been stored for centuries in cedar chests, and among spices. Nor does it fail to respond to its own appeal: —

We are what suns and winds and waters make
us.

I have read the *Hellenics*, lying by the seashore, on warm, quiet days when I heard nothing but the monotonous repetition of the sea at my feet, and they have not seemed out of key. The music is never full-throated or organ music, but picked out note by note on a reed-pipe, a slender sound with few intervals. And it is with truth that Landor says, in the preface to the edition of 1859, "Poetry, in our day, is oftener prismatic than diaphanous:

this is not so: they who look into it may see through. If there be anywhere a few small air-bubbles, it yet leaves to the clear vision a wide expanse of varied scenery."

In his first preface, in 1847, Lander had written: "It is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave on a sudden their daily promenade, skirted by Turks and shepherds and knights and plumes and palfreys, of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall high up, and sadly weak in colouring. As in duty bound, we can wait. The reader (if there should be one) will remember that Sculpture and Painting have never ceased to be occupied with the scenes and figures which we venture once more to introduce into poetry, it being our belief that what is becoming in two of the Fine Arts is not quite unbecoming in a third, the one which indeed gave birth to them." The *Hellenics* are all in low relief; you can touch their surface, but not walk round them. Some are moulded in clay, some carved in marble; all with the same dispassionate and energetic skill of hand, the same austere sense of visible beauty. They do not imitate the variety and movement of life; they resemble the work of Flaxman rather than the work of Greek sculpture, and have the careful charm of the one rather than the restrained abundance of the other. They wish to be taken for what they are, figures in relief, harmoniously arranged, not without a reasonable decorative likeness to nature. The contours which have arrested them are suave, but a trifle rigid; the design has proportion, purity, rarely breadth or intensity. The planes are never obscured or unduly heightened; no figure, suddenly starting into life, throws disarray among the firmly stationed or sedately posed figures around.

With all his care, Landor rarely succeeds in seeming spontaneous; the fastidiousness of the choice is too conspicuous, and wounds the susceptibilities of the mind, as one who too obviously "picks and chooses" wounds the susceptibilities

of a host or a friend. His touch, above all things sensitive, sometimes misses the note; in evading the brutality of statement, he sometimes leaves his meaning half expressed.

The shore was won ; the fields markt out ; and
roofs

Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare ;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
Of winter knew the doors ; then infant cries
Were heard within ; and lastly, tottering steps
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.

It is not without some intent deciphering that any one will realize from these hints that the passage of three years is meant to be indicated in them. Landor prefers to give you a sort of key, which he expects you to fit in the lock, and turn there; there is disdain in his way of stopping short, as with a half courteous and half contemptuous gesture. For the most part he hints at what has happened by mentioning an unimportant, but visible, consequence of it.

Lando's chief quality is sensitiveness; and this is seen equally in his touch on verse and in the temper of his daily life. The root of irritability is sensitiveness; and sensitiveness is shown by Lando when he throws the cook out of the window upon the flower-bed, and not only when he remembers that he has "forgotten the violets." All his prejudices, unreasons, the occasional ungentlemanliness of his enraged caprices, come from this one source. We trace it in his attitude of angry contempt toward Byron: "'Say what you will,' once whispered a friend of mine, 'there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin.'" We trace it in his refusal to call on Shelley, when the poet, whom he admired profoundly, was his neighbor in Pisa. He marries precipitately, at the sight of "the nicest girl in the room," at a provincial ball; and leaves his wife in Jersey, to cross over to France, alone in an open boat, because she has reminded him before her sister that he is older than she is. Throughout life his bluster was the loud, assumed voice of a sensitive nature, hurt to anger

by every imperfection that disconcerted his taste.

And sensitiveness makes his verse shrink away from any apparent self-assertion, all in little shivers, like the nymph's body at the first cold touch of the river. He heard a music which seemed to beat with too definite a measure, and he often draws back his finger from the string before he has quite sounded the note, so fearful is he lest the full twang should be heard. The words pause half-uttered; what they say is never more than a part of what they mean, as the tune to which they say it always supposes a more ample melody completing it behind the silence. In that familiar ending of "The Death of Artemidora," —

and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber: 'twas
not hers, —

we find this shy reticence, which from an idiosyncrasy has become almost a method.

Landor was a scholar of beauty, and it was with almost too disinterested an homage, too assured at once and too shy, that he approached the Muses. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," and poetry wants to be wooed by life. Landor was not a strong man; he was a loud weak man; in his life we see the tumult, and only in his verse "the depth and not the tumult of the soul." His work is weakness made marmoreal; the explosive force tamed, indeed, but tamed too well, showing the lack of inner fire, so busy with rocks and lava on the surface. That is why it becomes tedious after a little; because life comes and goes in it but capriciously, like the shooting flames of his life; it is not warmed steadily throughout.

Something of this may have been in Coleridge's mind when he said, in the *Table-Talk* of January 1, 1834, "What is it that Mr. Landor wants, to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagina-

tion in its highest form, — that of stamping *il più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness." And he adds, "Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English."

Is it, really, imagination which he lacks? In some lines addressed to Barry Cornwall, Landor states his own theory:

Imagination's paper kite,
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground, and breaks.

Landor holds in the string so tight that the kite never soars to the end of its tether. In one of his many fits of "the pride that apes humility," he writes: —

And yet, perhaps, if some should tire
Of too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

He was, indeed, averse to both froth and fire, and there is nothing of either in his temperate and lofty work. Yet there are times when he lets his Muse grow a little thin on an Arab fare, dates and water, in his dread of letting her enter "Literature's gin-palaces."

It is in Landor's dramatic work that we see, perhaps more clearly than elsewhere, the point beyond which he could not go, though nowhere else in his work do we see more clearly his nobility of attitude and his command of grave and splendid verse. Landor's method in dialogue is a logical method; the speeches are linked by a too definite and a too visible chain; they do not spring up out of those profound, subconscious affinities, which, in the work of the great dramatists, mimic nature with all her own apparent irregularity. Coleridge, writing of *The Tempest*, has noticed in Shakespeare, with deep insight: "One admirable secret of his art is, that separate speeches frequently do not appear to have been occasioned by those which preceded, and which are onsequent upon each other, but to have

arisen out of the peculiar character of the speaker." How minutely Landor follows the mechanical regularity of logic and association of ideas will be seen if we turn to almost any page of his dramas. In the second scene of the second act of *Count Julian*, one speech of Julian's ends: "Remember not our country;" and Covilla echoes, —

Not remember!

What have the wretched else for consolation? She dwells on her desire of her own country, and Julian continues, rather than replies, —

Wide are the regions of our far-famed land.

Covilla responds in the same key, and ends her speech with the words, —

Outcast from virtue, and from nature, too.

It is now Julian who becomes the echo: —

Nature and virtue! they shall perish first.

His long speech ends with a reflection that the villagers, if they came among them, —

Would pity one another less than us,

In injury, disaster, or distress.

Covilla instantly catches the word "pity," and replies, —

But they would ask each other whence our grief,

That they might pity.

Landor, to forestall criticism, tells us that *Count Julian* is "rather a dialogue than a drama;" but it adopts the dramatic form, and even the form of French drama, in which the entrance of a new speaker begins a new scene. It could very well be presented by marionettes with sonorous voices, speaking behind the scenes. Landor never sees his people; they talk unmoved, or enunciate a sudden emotion with unnatural abruptness. The verse is too strict and stern, within measured Miltonic limits, for dramatic speech, or even for lifelike dialogue; thus: —

If strength be wanted for security,
Mountains the guard, forbidding all approach
With iron-pointed and uplifted gates,
Thou wilt be welcome too in Aguilar,
Impenetrable, marble-turreted.

Yet there are moments when the Miltonic speech becomes, as it can become, nakedly dramatic: —

Heaven will inflict it, and not I . . . but I
Neither will fall alone nor live despised.

To Landor his own people were very real; and he says, "I brought before me the various characters, their forms, complexions, and step. In the daytime I laboured, and at night unburdened my mind, shedding many tears." But between this consciousness of a step heard in the mind, and a working knowledge of the movement of an actor across the stage, there is a great gulf; and Landor never crossed it. He aimed at producing the lofty effect of Greek tragedy, but in reading Sophocles he seems never to have realized the unerring, the infinitely ingenious playwright, to whom speech is first of all the most direct means of setting his characters to make his plot. Landor endows each of his characters with a few unvarying sentiments, and when several characters meet in action they do but give dignified expression, each as if speaking by himself, to those sentiments. The clash of wills, which makes drama, may be loud enough somewhere off the stage, but here it is but "recollected in tranquillity."

Landor is a great master of imagery, and in *Count Julian* there are many lines like these: —

Gryphens and eagles, ivory and gold,
Can add no clearness to the lamp above;
Yet many look for them in palaces
Who have them not, and want them not, at home.

Note how precise, how visual (in his own remote, sumptuous way), is the image; and how scrupulous the exactitude of the thought rendered by the image. But the image is, after all, no more than just such an ornamentation of "gryphens and eagles, ivory and gold" to a thought separately clear in itself. The image is not itself the most vital part of the speech. Take, again, the speech of Julian to Roderigo, in which an image is used with more direct aim at dramatic effect: —

I swerve not from my purpose : thou art mine,
Conquer'd ; and I have sworn to dedicate,
Like a torn banner on my chapel's roof,
Thee to the power from whom thou hast rebelled.

In my copy of the first collected edition of Landor's poems some one has marked these last two lines; and they are striking lines. But let us open Shakespeare, and read, say, this:—

He was a queen's son, boys :
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that : though mean and mighty,
rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low.

Here the superb epithet, "that angel of the world," which seems to interrupt a straightforward speech, heightens it with meaning. The "torn banner on the chapel's roof" is only a decoration; it shows self-consciousness in the speaker, who thinks aside, in an unlikely way, and for effect.

In the later plays and scenes, in "The Siege of Ancona," and in the "Beatrice Cenci," most notably, Landor seems to have more nearly mastered the dramatic method, partly by limiting himself to briefer and less complicated action; and he has finally adopted a style which is at once more flexible and more beautiful. In "The Siege of Ancona" there is a note of almost homely heroism which comes to one with a direct thrill; in "Beatrice Cenci" there is both pity and terror; a deep tenderness in the scene between Beatrice and Margarita, and, in the last scene, where the citizens, "at a distance from the scaffold," hear the groans of Beatrice under torture, and suffer indignant agonies with each groan, a profound and almost painful beauty, at times finding relief in such lines as these:—

She always did look pale,
They tell me ; all the saints, and all the good
And all the tender-hearted, have looked pale.
Upon the Mount of Olives was there one
Of dawn-red hue even before that day ?
Among the mourners under Calvary
Was there a cheek the rose had rested on ?

In some of the briefer scenes, those single conversations in which Landor could be so much more himself than in anything moving forward from scene to scene, there are lines that bite as well as shine; such lines as those of the drunken woman who has drowned her child:—

Febe. I sometimes wish 't were back again.
Griselda. To cry ?

Febe. Ah ! it *does* cry ere the first sea-mew
cries ;

It wakes me many mornings, many nights,
And fields of poppies could not quiet it.

It is, after all, for their single lines, single speeches, separate indications of character (the boy Cæsarion in "Antony and Octavius," the girl Erminia in "The Siege of Ancona," a strain of nobility in the Consul, of honesty in Gallus, Inez de Castro at the moment of her death), that we remember these scenes. If we could wholly forget much of the rest, the "rhetoric-roses," not always "supremely sweet," though "the jar is full," the levity without humor, and, for the most part, without grace, the "giggling" women (he respects the word, and finds it, in good Greek, in Theocritus), the placid arguing about emotions, his own loss of interest, it would seem, in some of these pages as he wrote them, we might make for ourselves in Landor what Browning in a friendly dedication calls him, "a great dramatic poet," and the master of a great and flawless dramatic style.

There is another whole section of Landor's work, consisting of epigrams and small poems, more numerous, perhaps, than any English poet since Herrick has left us. Throughout his life he persistently versified trifles, as persistently as Wordsworth, but with a very different intention. Wordsworth tries to give them a place in life, so to speak, talking them, as anecdotes or as records of definite feelings; while Landor snatches at the feeling or the incident as something which may be cunningly embalmed in verse, with almost a funeral care. Among these poems which he

thus wrote there are immortal successes, such as "Dirce" or "Rose Aylmer," with many memorable epitaphs and epitomes, and some notable satires. By their side there is no inconsiderable number of petty trivialities, graceful nothings, jocosely or sentimental trifles. With a far less instinctive sense of the capacities of his own language than Herrick, Landor refused to admit that what might make a poem in Latin could fail to be a poem in English. He won over many secrets from that close language; but the ultimate secrets of his own language he never discovered. Blake, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, among his contemporaries, could all do something that he could not do, something more native, more organically English, and therefore of a more absolute beauty as poetry. He reads Pindar for his "proud complacency and scornful strength. If I could," he says, "resemble him in nothing else, I was resolved to be as compendious and as exclusive." From Catullus he learned more, and his version of one of the lighter poems of Catullus has its place to-day, as if it were an original composition, among the mass of his collected lyrics, where it is not to be distinguished from the pieces surrounding it. Yet, if you will compare any of Landor's translations, good as they are, with the original Latin, you will see how much of the energy has been smoothed out, and you will realize that, though Catullus in Landor's English is very like Landor's English verse, there is something, of infinite importance, characteristic alike of Catullus and of poetry, which has remained behind, uncapturable.

Is it that, in Coleridge's phrase, "he does not possess imagination in its highest form?" Is it that, as I think, he was lacking in vital heat?

No poet has ever been a bad prose writer, whenever he has cared to drop from poetry into prose; but it is doubtful whether any poet has been quite so fine, accomplished, and persistent a prose-writer as Landor. "Poetry," he tells us,

in one of his most famous passages, "was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*: cut the worst of them thro' the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." Without his prose Landor is indeed but half, if he is half, himself. His verse at its best has an austere nobility, a delicate sensitiveness, the qualities of marble or of onyx. But there is much also which is no more than a graceful trifling, the verse of a courtly gentleman, who, as he grows older, takes more and more assiduous pains in the shaping and polishing of compliments. It is at its best when it is most personal, and no one has written more nobly of himself, more calmly, with a more lofty tenderness for humanity seen in one's small, private looking-glass. But the whole man never comes alive into the verse, body and soul, but only as a stately presence.

He has put more of himself into his prose, and it is in the prose mainly that we must seek the individual features of his soul and temperament. Every phrase comes to us with the composure and solemnity of verse, but with an easier carriage under restraint. And now he is talking, with what for him is an eagerness and straightforwardness in saying what he has to say,—the "beautiful thoughts" never "disdainful of sonorous epithets." And you discover that he has much more to say than the verse has quite fully hinted at: a whole new hemisphere of the mind becomes visible, completing the sphere. And in all his prose, though only in part of his verse, he has the qualities which he attributes to Pindar: "rejection of what is light and minute, disdain of what is trivial, and selection of those blocks from the quarry which will bear strong strokes of the hammer and retain all the marks of the chisel." He wrote far more prose than verse, concentrating his maturest years upon the writing of

prose. Was it, then, that his genius was essentially a prose genius, and that it was only when he turned to prose that, in the fullest sense, he found himself? I do not think it can be said that the few finest things in Landor's verse are excelled by the best of the many fine things in his prose; but the level is higher. His genius was essentially that of the poet, and it is

to this quality that he owes the greater among the excellencies of his prose. In the expression of his genius he was ambidextrous, but neither in prose nor in verse was he able to create life in his own image. No one in prose or in verse has written more finely about things; but he writes about them, he does not write them.

PULVIS ET UMBRA

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY

WHEN thou art lying under ground,
Beyond the reach of sight and sound,
The world will still go round and round;

But, troubled not by fool or wise,
Unheeding all beneath the skies,
Shadow and dust will thee suffice.

The youth and maid, who stroll above,
Will dream their dream, and deem it love;
But thee, beneath, it will not move.

With all the art that song employs
The birds will celebrate their joys,
But not for thee their amorous noise.

Without the least concern of thine
Will June bestow her days divine,
October spill celestial wine,

And Nature change, with changèd dress,
From loveliness to loveliness
That nevermore will thee impress.

However dear thy fame to thee,
With generations soon to be
It will not be a memory.

Though thou wast beautiful or brave,
Nor love nor gratitude will save
Thy desolate, defenseless grave.

The epitaph, unread, unknown,
Will presently be overgrown
With lichens on the leaning stone;

Thy leaning stone will break in twain
And Nature, every hindrance vain,
Her old dominion will retain;

For here will Summer's verdure grow,
And Winter, as the ages flow,
Fold and unfold his sheets of snow;

While, o'er thy dust as days go on,
Will deepen, until days are done,
The shadow of Oblivion.

ENGLISH LAWNS AND LITERARY FOLK

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IN the matter of ruined Norman castles, it is conceded that we cannot rival England; but during the last thirty years we have been cultivating our lawns hopefully, and not without success. Sixty years hence, if we keep on, we may have some fair specimens to show. But in England there are lawns — works of art and nature mingled — to which we can never approximate in this country. They have been perfected through centuries; they are a part of English history, and have enjoyed uninterrupted growth from the days of Chaucer until now. Cherished and protected age after age, they are the lovely product of feudal aristocracy; secluded within their mossy walls of ancient brick; bordered with dense hedges of box and holly; shadowed by trees ancient, sometimes, as themselves; overlooked by long, low façades of country-seats built of soft-hued gray stone, or mellow brick, or the cream-colored plaster and black oaken beams of the Tudors; flanked by beds of hollyhock, marigold, and rose, glowing and burgeoning in the still, soft air; diversified with

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antique sundials, crumbling altars to that shyest and most beautiful of the gods in England, — Apollo; lawns into which shadow and sunshine seem rather to sink than to rest, giving a depth and tenderness of tone never elsewhere seen. It is a wondrous green, which we would seek in vain in the splendid, hard heart of the emerald; a sweet, cool gloriousness of hue, melting in iridescent changes beneath the eye, wooing the senses with a fresh, dewy caress, soothing the very soul with quiet delight. Their tranquil silence and repose are a powerful protest against the gospel of democracy, change, progress, — against all the harsh, restless watchwords of to-day; their invitation and beguilement are to peace, to dreamful thoughts, to meditation on the storied past, to the mystic song of the lotus-eaters. Resting on such a couch, breathing the delicate fragrance of English flowers, gazing upward through boughs of cedar or of oak to the baby-blue of English skies with their clouds white and gray like the plumage of the sea-gull; — surrounded and shielded by these influences, the alarums

of the New Day sound remote, shallow, and crude, an uncongenial and factitious blatancy, making no true appeal to the inner wisdom of the human heart, and therefore destined to pass away. Surely there are lawns like these in Paradise; and shall we not do better to rest here, with Disraeli, on the side of the angels, than to follow the rash footsteps of revolution and reform through the "desarts vast and antres idle" of social and political speculation? Into one scale of the balance throw all the theories of Rousseau, Fourier, Mill, Marx, and their posterity; and into the other an historic English lawn with its appurtenances; and make your choice between them! But it is, perhaps, fortunate (and perhaps not) that never, *in saecula saeculorum*, can we possess or create an English lawn with its appurtenances in America. It would be giving to the Tories and Conservatives an unfair advantage!

Within arm's reach of London, however, such lawns are to be enjoyed; of an afternoon you may attend a garden-party on one of them, and that same evening dine in Belgravia. By dwelling during three or four years of the middle seventies in Twickenham, I managed even better. Horace Walpole had one, at his gingerbread palace estate of Strawberry Hill; Alexander Pope (or, in this age, Henry Labouchere, down by the river) another; the Orleans princes another; and so on. One of the most interesting belonged, at the time I write of, to one Doctor Diamond, an ancient and well-reputed physician of the insane; whom I often visited for no better reason, really, than to glut myself with the verdant intoxication of his lawn. The aspect of the old gentleman himself was sage and venerable in the extreme; he had a slow, sagacious manner; and in his speech a measured lilt which tempted to somnolence, especially after one of his excellent dinners, with their old-fashioned joints and puddings and silver covers and port and Madeira. Never have I devoured saddle-of-mutton in such perfection as at his table;

it melted away in the mouth ere the teeth had a fair chance at it, and, dissolving, left behind it savors of incomparable joy and juicy satisfaction. Moreover, the host had a conundrum about it, which he never failed to propound to us as soon as the brown and appetizing viand was set smoking on the table in front of him. "Why is a flock of sheep like this joint, ladies and gentlemen?" he would inquire. We would maintain a respectful, interrogative silence. "Because it's a saddle-of-mutton!" he would triumphantly answer himself. "D'ye see? — a sad deal of mutton!" After which, with low chuckles, he would help us to bountiful supplies.

Doctor Diamond's house looked as old and substantial as himself, as well it might, for it had been in existence five hundred years and more, and is (I devoutly hope and believe) still existing; a two-storied structure of brick overlaid with plaster of a date nearly as remote, with ivy massed thick and secure over its southern exposure, and tall hollyhock plants leaning up against it. Adjoining it on the east was a more recent addition, where were housed the Doctor's brood of maniacs; they were understood to be of strictly good families, and their conduct was — all things considered — subdued and decorous. Their proprietor never exploited them to his unprofessional guests; and I never saw but one of them, — a lady of middle age, with hollow cheeks and wandering eyes, who stood at one of the unobtrusively-barred windows, slowly wringing her bony hands, and saying with monotonous rapidity, like a Parsee repeating his orisons to the rising sun at Bombay, "Oh, dear — oh, dear — oh, dear!" We were not encouraged to make inquiries concerning them; and once, when I tried to penetrate to the interior mysteries of insanity by asking the doctor what, in its essence, insanity really was, he foiled me by replying, after some consideration, "Well, you know, there are various kinds of insanity," — and beyond this pregnant point his elucidation of the matter never proceeded.

The saddle-of-mutton and its accompaniments having reached their delightful close, — and, in my experience of them, this occurred always of a Sunday, — Doctor Diamond would distribute cigars, and conduct us to the garden. The company were always few in number, and, while seldom of conspicuous social eminence, yet invested with a certain flavor of lavendered gentility. Of them, the only one whom I can at this moment picture to myself with any vividness is Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, grandson of Hazlitt the Great, and the latter's biographer. By profession he was a lawyer; but his natural tastes were for literature and cognate subjects; he was an eccentric and a humorist, and he seemed to me especially created to appear at Doctor Diamond's Sunday dinners. Through him, we seemed to be placed in direct communication with the literary eighteenth century; so that, although he could not have been as much as fifty years of age, he gave the impression of being a contemporary of Lamb, at least, if not also of Johnson and Goldsmith. He wore an air of being always archly amused about something; so that whatever he might say carried with it the reminiscence of a laugh that had just passed away, or the promise of one that was hard upon us. He was rich in anecdote and comment; acute, original, or comical on any topic that appealed to him; and, as we sat on rustic benches on the famous lawn, beneath the shade of a cedar of Lebanon (a species of tree for which Twickenham is renowned, and which, for aught I know, may have been planted by the Crusaders), with the blue spirit of the good tobacco incensing the air and mingling with the scent of the roses which stood erect on tall stalks as if to lift their fragrance to one's very nostrils, I felt myself immersed centuries deep in the very heart of Old England. There was glamour enough in the Madeira to obliterate so trifling a chronological discrepancy as a mere hundred years or two; and I should not have been surprised, or more than agreeably inter-

ested, to behold crooked little Alexander come tripping in from his neighboring villa, to smoke his pipe with us and regale us with a few of his latest epigrams and couplets; or the aristocratic, man-of-the-worldly Horace, to orient and refresh us with his arid humor and cold common sense; or beloved Charles, stuttering forth his precious frivolities; or the original William, with his penetrating apothegms and sad-hued wit. Their ghostly feet would have trod that enchanted lawn, leaving no impress on its yielding surface; their voices would have entered our ears without disturbing the still air; and, as evening drew on, they would have faded softly away in the increasing shadows, and we should have fancied that we did but dream of their presence. Perhaps they did come, without our being fully aware of it.

One feature of Doctor Diamond's lawn there was, however, material and yet romantic, which I have not yet mentioned, and which was probably unique in England. This was a sort of fence of rusty iron pickets, dividing one part of the garden from the other, — in which grew, I think, an assortment of vegetables, rich and succulent enough to honor the worthy physician's dinner-table in companionship with the saddle-of-mutton. So peculiar was the aspect of the fence that, after in vain exercising my ingenuity for many weeks to divine what it was made of, I finally besought the doctor to unveil the mystery. "Why," quoth he, laying his hand upon one of the pickets, "these are claymores, — claymores picked up on the Field of Culloden!" So there sat we, within arm's reach of the weapons which had drunk hot blood on that tremendous day, one hundred and thirty years before, sprouting up, along with the peaceful roses and cabbages, out of the mould of the garden, as though the dead warriors were upstretching them from their graves. Meanwhile, in the east, the moon rose over invisible London; the English dew fell; the odors of the garden became rank; and the wraiths of

Royalist and Highlander thronged about us, shouting their battle-cries, flourishing their weapons, and hurtling together in deadly combat, — and yet not a rose-petal was disturbed, not a hollyhock quivered, and the silences between our words were so profound that we might almost have heard the dip of the oars of a be-lated Thames waterman rowing up to Teddington.

At length, — and always at the right psychological moment, though it always seemed too soon, — the white-haired doctor would toss away the butt of his cigar, and say, in his low guttural, "Well, gentlemen, it's getting a bit damp, — bad for rheumatism, — better come in; and we'll have a glass of B. and S. before you go!" And as we filed in along the narrow, box-bordered path, past that mysterious wing, I would catch my glimpse, through the barred window, of the dim figure with its haggard countenance, whitened still more by the moonlight, which wrung its feeble hands, and muttered hurriedly, "Oh, dear — oh, dear — oh, dear!" Yes, doubtless there were ghosts at Doctor Diamond's!

But there was in Twickenham a lawn more marvelous, even, than the old doctor's. To whom, during the thousand years or so before our epoch, it may have belonged, I cannot tell; but I am open to believe that it had been already in good condition when ancient Britons still painted themselves blue, and Boadicea and her Druids performed incantations or called down curses upon the invading Romans. Time, however, brings into juxtaposition things the most incompatible; and he had brought this matchless lawn into the possession of a publisher, — and such a publisher! I am aware that there have been good publishers; but, of all of that tribe that I have known, this individual was the least sympathetic. Hard he was, loud, pragmatical, self-satisfied; more than any other Englishman of my acquaintance did he fill the conception that rises to the mind of the "blasted

Briton." In his single person he supplied a justification of whatever abuse, since the dawn of book-making, authors have heaped upon their natural enemies; and yet, for some reason for which I cannot reasonably account, I liked him; and though, long since, he has gone to his everlasting place, — be it where it may, — there still remains in my memory a kindness for him. A creature he was so jovial, so complacent, so unrepentant, so preposterous, that one's very midriff was tickled at him. He had a prodigious, almost an indecent vitality; he lived to be near ninety years of age; and during that interminable existence, not for one moment, I am convinced, did he entertain the least suspicion that he was not one of the most delightful fellows that ever lived, as well as one of the most useful and meritorious. His name was Henry G. Bohn, and he owned the finest lawn in Middlesex.

Possibly, in a way, he was useful, after all. How it may be now, I know not; but forty years ago there were persons in my class at Harvard who were said to find Bohn's Classical Library of intimate service to them. Doubtless the nature of this service was base; but a man with his neck under the guillotine knife of a college examination is not always fastidious as to the nature or moral character of the thing that gets him safe out again. Now Bohn, through his translations, did afford such help; indeed, in those early days, I used to believe that the translations existed for no other purpose than the unmentionable one above indicated. Nor can I, to-day, conceive of any sane sinner employing them for any more legitimate end, in spite of the rumor I have heard that Emerson had confessed a partiality for them. Be that as it may, they are assuredly the worst translations ever made; and were poor Bohn, during his peregrinations in the Shades down yonder, to stumble upon any of the classic authors whom he caused to be thus misrepresented, they would lynch him on sight. The eyes of even the gentlemanly and amiable Xenophon would

kindle with a homicidal glare, should they alight upon this brazen traducer. Nor were his foes restricted to the classical era; he had published modern books as well; and some of them were pirated; for I remember that his first remark to me was, "Oh, I know all about you; your father was the man that wrote that thing — what was it? — 'The Red Letter,' horrid book, sir; worst thing I ever read; and I published it, too!" Such were his comfortable words; and from that moment was it that I conceived my abnormal fondness for him. Such a character is genuine and primitive; I prefer my criminals cheerful and insulting. If Bohn could but be put into a novel, readers would find him irresistible.

Not of Bohn, however, nor of his Classical Library, was it my cue to speak; but of the incomparable lawn. Bohn gave a lawn-party, to which I was bidden. His place was about a mile east of Twickenham church, and not far from the hog-backed bridge at Richmond. The estate was bounded on the south by the road to Richmond, with a hedge of tall trees protecting it on that side; the house was to the west of the lawn, which, if my memory serve me, may have been a hundred and fifty paces in length, and half as wide. But its area was not its most remarkable feature.

Broad and open it lay to the sunshine and the showers. That hedge of trees, as afternoon advanced, cast a breadth of shade along its western verge; but the matchless green of its main expanse was rendered by the contrast only more softly brilliant. The human soul is so made that green is one of its most delectable æsthetic experiences. The color is not exciting, like red, nor stimulating like yellow, nor exalting and inspiring like blue; it is simply soothing, satisfying, reviving, delicious. It is the human color; if there be planets on whose surface green is a color as rare as is blue on ours, our race would speedily languish and die out there. But I speak, of course, of the perfect green, — the green of English lawns. Other

greens there are, cold, or trivial, or muddy, or crude, which do but irritate or depress us; and there are blue-greens and gray-greens, well enough in their places; and, in the caves of icebergs, spiritual greens that exercise a weird enchantment. But for the garment of the mighty, round earth no other green is worthy than this of England; none other touches so inwardly the heart of man. No wonder that Falstaff, on his deathbed, babbled o' green fields; for my dying eyes I could desire no happier vision than the gracious levels of an English lawn steeped in the gentle sunshine of a summer afternoon.

Mankind has not maintained itself at the level of this natural beauty. Turf such as this should be trod only by nymphs with white limbs and demigods golden-tanned; Adam and Eve, before their fall, would have made a harmonious picture on this immortal couch; or, at least, the ivory-bosomed maids of Hellas and the yellow-haired, broad-shouldered Achæan youths might here enact fittingly their Homeric romances. But to behold 'Arry and his 'Arriet disporting themselves on so divine a stage is the sorriest of discordances; and, although Britain's "upper classes" afford types far superior to these, yet do the best of them fall short of the requirements. George du Maurier's slack-kneed æsthetes aspired to live up to their blue china; but there have appeared no adventurers so rash as to undertake the enterprise of lifting themselves into harmony with these green lawns. So, while the company assembled, on the day I write of, to partake of Mr. Bohn's hospitality comprised persons and personages of no small masculine and feminine attractiveness, and though their garments were often of pleasing hue and fashionable design, yet did the green grass vulgarize the best of them, and make their splendor tawdry.

Now I will relate an astonishing fact. Early in the afternoon came workmen with a great marquee of striped canvas, and began setting it up at one end of the lawn. The grass was kept continually

cropped short; so that over the entire expanse there was not a blade more than one third of an inch in length. Yet when, in order to provide supports for the stay-ropes of the tent, stakes three feet in length were driven into the turf, — and it made one shudder to see it done: it was likestabbing a tender woman in the breast, — these three-foot stakes, I say, were not long enough for their points to reach the solid earth; their whole length was embedded in the fibrous mattress of tiny, interwoven grass-roots underlying the green, elastic surface, — a mattress, therefore, more than two feet thick, at least. When, afterward, the stakes were pulled up, not a scar remained to show where they had penetrated; the wonderful web closed over the wound like water. Its resilience was just the right medium between soft and firm; yielding luxuriously to the foot, yet bearing it up again with an exhilarating lift. But, as I have intimated, it was better suited to the barefoot, springing gait of the early gods and goddesses than to the heavy-heeled, stiff-kneed shuffle of contemporary deities; and the spectacle of a classical publisher hastening to and fro across it, in the exercise of his social privileges, was one to make his enemies rejoice, and to arouse the compassion of the charitable. But the lawn was his, and we could not help it.

Everybody was there: George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Macaulay, homely but brilliant; he had just published his biography of the historian, and he was eminent in the councils of the Liberal-Unionists. Mrs. Tennant sat on a camp-stool, tilting a parasol, with her two beautiful little daughters standing beside her; one of them afterwards was to become the wife, and is to-day the widow, of Stanley the explorer. Baron Trübner, the Anglo-German publisher, tall and amiable, combining within himself all the charms and none of the faults of both nationalities, was present, as if to show how nature can compensate for the creation of a Bohn; and Leslie Stephen, elongated,

meagre, dry, and gravely humorous, — you could see in him the successor in the editorial chair of the *Cornhill Magazine* of his father-in-law, Thackeray; but you would hardly suspect so studious an ascetic of being president of the Alpine Club and one of its most active members. Mrs. Duncan Stewart was there, — one of the wonderful old ladies of London, whose house, in Sloane Street, was a meeting-place of the elect; and George Lewis, the matchless little solicitor of London society, who knew secrets enough to explode the whole aristocratic community, had he chosen to betray them; but who looked as if he spent his life listening to sweet music and perusing the Beatitudes. And Hubert Herkomer, with his lank, black hair, magnetic eyes and hollow cheeks, — a man of strange powers and qualities, who had just achieved fame by his picture of the Chelsea Pensioners. And good-humored Lady Hardy, with her slim, pale daughter Iza, — novelists both of them; and Iza's name was romantically associated with that of Joaquin Miller, who figured as the hero of her latest novel, *Glencairne*: but Joaquin was not beside her on the green lawn to-day. And brown-bearded Comyns Carr, with his æsthetic wife, creators of the Kate-Greenaway suburb known as Bedford Park. And Mrs. Pender Cudlip, the demure author of novels of intrigue once known in two continents as the productions of "Annie Thomas;" she was a little, homely, appealing, pleasant woman; and — well, and scores more. There they all were, grouped and scattered about the lovely lawn. The English turf is as fresh and green now as it was then; but during the thirty years that have passed, many of them have vanished beneath it.

For my own part, I presently stumbled upon an odd manikin of a creature, with thin, active legs and a long, queer visage adorned with sparse whiskers of faded yellow; under his black frock coat he wore a yellow vest, and light, striped pantaloons covered his shrunken shanks. I had never before seen the actual man, and

my acquaintance with his portraits had prepared me for a tall and portly gentleman, — these likenesses having been heads merely, which are apt to prove misleading in this respect. Nevertheless, no sooner had I set eyes on him than I recognized him; for he had drawn his own effigy at full length a myriad times, and there was no mistaking that big-headed, slim-bodied, elfin type, with its touch of the grotesque, and its preternatural nimbleness. If you have ever studied a certain ancient edition of Grimms' *Fairy Tales*, you have seen this remarkable individual masquerading in scores of disguises from one illustration to another. In short, he could have been none other than George Cruikshank; and George Cruikshank, accordingly, he proved to be.

And what a man he was, to be sure! He was born just before the storming of the Tuileries, in 1792; at this time he had been actively at work for full threescore years and ten, and was still as industrious as ever. The social, literary, artistic, political, and reform history of the nineteenth century covered the area of his own career. He had caricatured Napoleon; he had pictured the passions of the Corn-Law agitation; he had dealt tremendous blows at the drink evil; he had brought to the familiar knowledge of innumerable English and American children the fairy tales of the Middle Ages; he had illustrated Dickens and a dozen other authors; he had written books of his own, and had started and edited periodicals; — and behold! here he was, lively and enterprising as ever, skipping to and fro on Mr. Bohn's lawn; and now pausing for a few moments to give me good advice.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in his brisk, incisive manner, "smoking cigarettes, I see! Ought to stop it; never should touch tobacco; I used to smoke, but I stopped it! Nobody ought to smoke!"

"Is it long since you stopped smoking, Mr. Cruikshank?" I inquired.

"Oh, forty years ago!" was his reply.

"Then," said I, after a rapid mental calculation, "I have still more than ten years before I need throw my cigarette away."

But it was characteristic of the admirable George to admonish me as he had done; and perhaps also characteristic of him that my inertia gave him not the slightest disappointment or annoyance. He knew that the world was all wrong; he had the instinct of remonstrance; but having remonstrated, he accepted things as they were, with perfect good-humor and enjoyment. He cared for the abstract; but for concrete illustrations thereof he cared little, if at all. He lived to be near ninety-three years old; and when he died, some curious facts concerning his private career were unearthed, which I shall not here recount. Never have I met any other man with a personal equation so intense and peculiar as his. The mark he made on one's memory was distinct; and yet he possessed neither weight nor dignity; and, in spite of the ground he covered, and the reputation he earned, his function was a narrow one. He gave his whole force to art; and art, having affiliations with all kinds of life, led him into regions of activity for which, apart from art, he would, perhaps, have cared nothing. He was, in other words, a mere vehicle of art-expression, of a marvelously fertile and fascinating kind, wherein his heart was less concerned than was his brain. The personal impression he made was, as I have said, elf-like and fantastic, — that of a phenomenon rather than of a man. And yet, being an artist, — and his especial kind of an artist, — he became one of the memorable figures of his epoch. He was a Hogarth, with the deep, underlying seriousness of Hogarth left out. After our conversation, the rest of which I have forgotten, he skipped away on his nimble little nankeen legs, and I saw him no more.

But Bohn's lawn was a trying background for any man; and it may have led me into doing less than justice to

George Cruikshank. He was an extraordinary genius; and almost all the countless products of his genius were directly aimed to do good. He merited the honor he received; indeed, had he received less,

there might have been more warmth in our memory of the man. As it is, we feel that he was paid his fair wages; and we half forget him in our preoccupation with what he expressed in his art.

THE SCARLET BAT

BY JOSLYN GRAY

A SINGLE, heavy blast of wind, emerging from the depths of the forest that had ever been the one rampier of the place against the force of the elements, swept slowly through the town, rustling and scattering the thin cloud of last year's leaves, and searching the empty streets in a kind of forlorn questing. Falling thus, and, without harbinger, followed by the same oppressive quietness of that unseasonably sultry spring day, it seemed rather moral than natural; it was like a great, deep-drawn sigh, not, indeed, of relief, but the inevitable vent of long-suppressed emotion. As such, moreover, it was wholly in keeping with circumstance. For fair Alice Lee, the minister's only child, and the loveliest maiden of the shore-side, alike of feature and of spirit, had just been hidden from all kindly mortal eyes, in the still bare and unkindly ground of the churchyard. So gentle, modest, tender a flower of humanity being thus untimely blighted, nature herself, as yet scarcely daunted by the presence of this young colony, might well have heaved this throbbing sigh. Or, if one liked not that interpretation, one might have believed it to be merely the general single exhalation of an hundred human sighs that burst forth, involuntary, even as the townsfolk stepped back across their thresholds, and separately, yet with one accord, realized that all was over: the youths who had been her lovers; the maidens, who, unable to cherish, or even to conceive, an envious or unkindly thought against that pure crea-

ture, had been little less than lovers; the little children, whose affection held an element of awe or adoration; the elders, whose faces, however stern and grim, had never failed to melt into smiles at sight of the sweet face shining out from the dimness of the minister's pew, — these all, the town itself as a whole, in truth, sharing the deep grief of the bereft widowed father.

Alice Lee had died in the springtime, but early in that bleak New England spring; too early to have "store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet." They spoke of this among themselves on that sad day, when, at the twilight hour, for the first time since the shock of the mournful tidings had stricken them silent, tongues were loosed for the discussion inevitably following all sublunary matters. She had had their all, indeed, but that was scarcely a handful of pale, scentless, house-grown blossoms, and the snow-white maiden was known to have loved, from her babyhood, the bright and cheerful hues of nature's own children.

Thence, naturally, their thoughts and words turned to other circumstances of the dead girl's life, and particularly, with this association, to Matthew Ballantyne, her lover, — her one lover, we may call him, for to him alone, out of all who had longed to be so named and considered, had fallen the key of the pure marble chamber of her heart. It was not yet a year, as some of her friends recalled now, — last year's latest roses had shed their

petals on the day when, the young lovers having plighted their troth, Matthew Ballantyne had gone bravely to the stern and reverend minister to ask the formal sanction of a treasure already virtually his own. And some few wondered if to-day the minister in his loneliness thought, perchance, of this; or had any jealousy that his cold, unyielding refusal had had aught to do with the death — that was, in truth, a gradual fading away — of the gentle, obedient daughter.

Some few, perchance; but they were only the younger and less wise of Alice's Puritan town-fellows. The elders presently found voice to denounce Matthew Ballantyne's behavior on that solemn day, — behavior which began to loom against their horizon larger and darker as, Alice's form being removed forever from their sight, her image ceased to dominate their thoughts. Throughout, indeed, they had upheld their pastor in what some of the silly maids had deemed a severe course, the undemurring obedience of Alice herself seeming to approve their wisdom. But even had he won any sympathy of regard theretofore, — this strange painter youth from overseas, none knew precisely whence, — his demeanor of that day would have sent it to the winds.

"Was it not enough," cried Dame Sparrow, "that he should have entered the meeting-house in such indecorous garb, with his unkempt yellow locks and flaunting scarlet neckcloth, — was this not enough, but must he sit, in the presence of all, with unmanly tears streaming down his face!"

"Aye, but tears befit that face," cried another, "maid-pale and girlish as it is!"

They had foregathered at the town pump on the morning following Alice Lee's funeral. A chill morning it was, and dark with lowering rain clouds; and over their white caps, obscuring the comeliness these gave to each strong-featured face, the women had drawn folds of their dark woolen shawls.

"And who is he?" demanded the

beadle's wife, unconsciously emphasizing her question by so hard a grasp of the tiny hand in hers that her little son cried out in pain. Hushing the child sternly, she repeated her words. "And who, pray, is this Matthew Ballantyne? A vagrant painter, and the outcast lover of the sainted maiden, whose obsequies his very presence would have polluted, even if his monstrous demeanor" —

"Relate it to me, if you will, good Mistress Carey," interrupted a younger, but not less hard-featured woman. "Our pew, as you know, is under the very pulpit, and I have seen no one since."

"T was a sight well missed," returned Mistress Carey grimly, though none present believed that she herself would have foregone the opportunity which her more favorable seat had afforded her. "Ah! what a sight was that," she went on, the fascinated eyes of the other women and the terrified gaze of the child riveted on her face. "To see that long, gaunt youth rise up suddenly in the midst of the solemnest part of the sermon, wave his arms in a wild, grotesque manner, and fling himself with unseemly violence from that reverend roof!"

"Ah, but wot you not the cause of his strange action?" Dame Sparrow interposed eagerly, grudging the beadle's wife the *bema* of the town pump. "It was just after the Rev. Mr. Lee had declared that the sins of the dead woman (so he called her) were as scarlet, that Matthew Ballantyne took himself hence in dudgeon."

"But, Goody, Mr. Lee said in the eye of the All-Righteous," corrected a gentler, sweeter voice than had fallen before upon the harsh air of that morning. And the face of a young matron who had been one of Alice's chosen friends flushed slightly, and the hand that tenderly stroked the flaxen hair of her girl-baby trembled. "And if Alice's sins were such — to One that sees all — what must ours be?" she asked timidly, hoping, perchance, to turn the current of talk into more healthful channels.

Then, indeed, they paused suddenly,

— this group of chattering dames, though not arrested by the gentle reproof of the youngest amongst them. It was to bend beetle brows and righteously inquisitorial glances upon Matthew Ballantyne himself, as he passed through the market-place to the solitary, one-roomed cottage he occupied upon the shingly shore.

Ah! he had been in the forest all night! How haggard he looked and wild, — not with the deep passion of sorrow, the beadle's wife averred, but more like one who consorts with evil spirits. His long cloak was clutched so closely about him that one scarce had a peep of its brave lining, but his scarlet scarf fluttered debonairly to the breeze. Furthermore, Dame Sparrow, who stood on the farthest verge of the circle about the pump, declared that he crushed in his hand something of that same sinister hue.

Matthew Ballantyne passed from view, unaware, it is like, of the unfriendly eyes that followed his retreating figure, though these were many. For out of all that group, two members alone did not frown upon the melancholy stranger, — the gentle young matron stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, but the child she held so tenderly clapped her tiny hands for joy of the scarlet ribband, and her little face was alight with a winning smile.

A week later a festal day found this same little company, enlarged by the addition of half a score or more others, gathered in the market-place, ready and eager to discuss thoroughly the topic that had been merely introduced on the day when their conversation about the town pump had been unseasonably interrupted by the appearance of the minister. Not, indeed, that the idea was strange to any one; it came out that there was but one woman in the group who had not long before this noted and meditated in secret upon Matthew Ballantyne's predilection for the color scarlet. Who, pray, had not remarked that plant in the seaward window of his cottage, that bore those strange scarlet blossoms, — not a geranium, al-

though the careless observer might mistake it for one at a distance.

"Aye, and the posies that he was wont to fetch Alice Lee from the deep forest," chimed in the minister's next-door neighbor. "None but he ever found such blossoms, blood-red, and paganish-looking. And though Alice Lee would not, or dared not, wear them in the bosom of her white gown, I promise you that up to the day she died there was always one or more of them in a glass in her chamber window. And mark ye, gossips, there was none who ever got a nearer view of them than from below stairs."

Whereupon Mistress Hampden — she whose pew was under the very pulpit — made bold to speak.

"Sisters," quoth she, in so low a voice that the circle instinctively contracted, with its circumference close about its centre, "let me tell you now what I dared not a week ago, lest you laugh my words to scorn, or report me to the magistrates. Ye noted, I trow, how moved I was when young Master Ballantyne's strange action was spoken of. Hear this, then: even as he left the meeting-house, with my own eyes I saw the white blossom in Alice Lee's dead hand change on a sudden to burning scarlet."

A deep, awestruck silence followed this communication, broken presently by a stifled cry of horror, which little Nehemiah Carey could no longer suppress.

The correction instituted immediately by his stern, heavy-handed mother both caused her son to forget the occasion of his fright, and so far slackened the tenacity of the strain upon the others that they could quite relieve it by discussion.

They spoke of Matthew Ballantyne's portraits, which, in truth, were of an excellence so signal that his foibles were tolerated beyond ordinary probation. It was discovered now that he had not, during his whole stay in the place, painted a portrait without at least a touch of scarlet. Many of his sitters, worthy magistrates, men of high standing and solid worth, — nay, his Excellency the Governor himself,

— who had yielded to the laudable desire to leave their stern faces to influence the lives of their posterity had subtly been led to wear some garment or ornament of that hue. Others, who sat in unrelieved sad-colored garb, appeared in the portrait marked in some manner by that pagan, papistical shade.

Finally — not on that day, probably, though just when it is hard to make out — the minister's weighty authority was adduced as further evidence of the youth's demoniacal obsession, — of his utter depravity likewise. More than a twelve-month earlier, it was learned, before Alice's father had any suspicion of the young man's aspirations to his daughter's hand, Ballantyne had fallen into conversation with the Rev. Mr. Lee, anent what the minister had at first believed spiritual matters. Instead of being reverend Biblical inquiry on the part of the young man, however, it proved the merest scoffing, if, indeed, not worse. Before he had done, Ballantyne made bold to criticise the passage of Scripture referring to sin being "as scarlet." He declared his opinion to be that scarlet was rather indicative of fullness of life, and thereby perfection, and that drab or black should be substituted in its place; and then, before the astonished and dismayed clergyman had breath to rebuke him, he veered about, and began to prate, with soft, shy eloquence, of the passage that speaks of the virtuous woman who clothes her household in scarlet. What wonder that, thereafter, even had the father been willing to entrust his one beautiful, cherished daughter to a foreign stranger, the preacher of the Divine Word would not suffer a child of his flock to be beguiled by one who searched the Scriptures but to carp and to blaspheme!

But no more of this now. Would that we had been in the forest yesterday-week with Matthew Ballantyne himself, reverent witness of his youthful, solitary grief. Would that we might have turned from that flock of chattering dames, and followed the young painter to his solitary

cottage on the shore. Would even that, these desires being impossible of satisfaction, we might have Ballantyne's own word, his record of what passed with him from that hour until the day of his early death. Unhappily, this, too, is impossible. The tale is made up wholly from the records of those who misunderstood and hated the youth. The case of the opposition alone is given; the defense is silent, the only rag of evidence for that side being in the character of the portraits Ballantyne painted, and, in particular, in that of his own.

Of the former, mention will be made later. The latter portrait, faded unduly by damp and neglect, and preserved at all only by chance, presents the half-length likeness of a figure of a wild gypsy grace. About the shoulders is flung a fantastic dark-hued cloak with a scarlet lining, — richer of material and hue, we may guess, than that which went so frequently to the damp forest; while the clear, childlike brow is shadowed by a broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned hat, sad-colored, but bearing an anomalous scarlet plume, from which, since it is never in any way mentioned by the youth's contemporaries, we may make what inference we will. The face, — peering out of a mass of yellow elf-locks, — the face is of one whose life is an eager, unwearied, never-satisfied quest of something that is not anywhere to be discovered. The cheekbones are high, the hollow white cheeks have each its spot of hectic color; the nostrils are singularly sensitive, — as of one who breathes fire. In the blue-black eyes there lurks, indeed, a certain wildness, which still does not conceal nor mar the intrinsic sweetness therein; and this, with the mildness of the brow, and the almost womanly gentleness of the large, thin-lipped mouth, might, we think, have caused a less rigid people to pity rather than to distrust the young stranger in their midst.

After that festal-day discussion in the market-place, curious eyes were ever on the alert for more significant vagaries

upon the part of Matthew Ballantyne, curious minds, — almost pitifully destitute of other matter for conjecture, — ever eager to weave that singular thread of scarlet into stranger and more startling warps. The young painter did not want for sitters; though, as the days passed, he devoted less and still less time to his art, until finally, but for their importunity, he would have spent his whole time in the forest.

Now they began to pry his haunts, — fearfully at first, for they were not wont to penetrate so far into the forest; but more dauntlessly as curiosity deepened; and the informant was temporarily chief among his townsmen. And by little and little, an account of Matthew Ballantyne's day's commerce was fashioned; whether from observation or inductive fancy we know not, though we may infer both methods to have been employed.

Deep in the woods, — deeper than white man had thitherto penetrated, — marked by a great, lightning-riven oak which had been a sturdy sapling when Christopher Columbus first approached the Spanish main, lay a small hollow, like an inverted shield, encircled closely by the fair, smooth, marble-white columns of slender plane trees, whose arching branches formed a sort of hypæthral roof. The planes would seem to indicate that the dell was earlier the basin of a pool, as likewise the marvelous fineness and abundance of the greenest of moss that carpeted it. In truth, it must have been a real woodland bower, and might have been alluring, even to Matthew Ballantyne's grave and serious townspeople, had there not been another, and, if not greater, at least more certain danger thereabout even than that of the savages. For without the encircling trees, henbane and deadly nightshade were thickly strown; and glossy, dark, and wantonly luxurious, over and through the moss, festooned about the tree trunks and the few large stones scattered about, rioted the three-leaved poison ivy. And whether the evil spirit in league with Matthew Bal-

lantyne was in truth author of this malign growth, or whether the painter took advantage of the nature of the place, in any event it kept the wary inquisitive from venturing so near as to ascertain themselves fully of the character of the mound at the roots of the oak, — the shrine of that hypæthral temple, whose priest the wild young stranger was.

A small mound, yet large enough, it was averred, for a maiden's grave, it was all abloom with flowers, — scarlet flowers, which were said to glow through the darkness at night with baleful brilliance. At last, then, Alice Lee had her "store of blossoms," for none doubted that it was her grave; but alas! in such unholy manner that none of her friends — and all her townspeople, it will be remembered, were that — could feel it aught but sacrilege. Still, none made his protest action, not even the bereaved father. Nevertheless, we must believe that, though the Rev. Thomas Lee shared, seemingly, the acquiescence of the less concerned, he did not partake of their motive. Either he believed that the same magic that alone could have transported Alice's body to that lonely spot could at any time restore it, or the simulacrum, to the churchyard; or, despite the rhetorical doubts which had so incensed Alice's lover, the father might have really felt so confident of his daughter's soul's abiding in Paradise, that he had no fear though her cast earthly garment were at the mercy even of the angel of the bottomless pit.

Days elapsed, and weeks, and still the artist's cottage by the shore was deserted by day, and frequently by night. The village had little sight of the youth. Now one, up betimes, perchance had a glance of his lean, lithe figure crossing the market-place. Again, another, looking forth from his window at dead of night, would see the same unmistakable form quietly, though not furtively, seeking its lonely abode; and those who had the latter experience went so far as to say that one knew him in the blackest night because of some scarlet token, — a flower, per-

chance, from the grave in the forest, — that burned luridly through any enveloping medium.

Ballantyne had been officially ordered to leave the colony within the twelve-month; a curious bit of latitude, which, since it could not have arisen from the scarcity or fortuity of vessels sailing overseas, should we go far astray in attributing to some selfish desire on the part of the people? In any event, this is clear: from the day on which this sentence was announced to him until that of his last return from the forest, Matthew Ballantyne scarce appeared in the village by day but that he was besieged by a throng of would-be sitters.

He painted a number of portraits, apparently not so much because he desired to do the work, or had any concern for the bootless gold that was supposed to compensate his loss of time, but because, we may think, despite his wild ways, he was too gentle of heart to withstand importunity.

Though he worked better than ever before, the young painter afforded less satisfaction. For that subtle art of depicting character more vividly than feature, which we find first in his portrait of himself, appears in each subsequent work of his brush, and more frequently, it must be acknowledged, to the discredit or the chagrin of the subject than otherwise. The more part of these pictures has disappeared, yet, though those extant are faded and cracked, one understands why the Puritans were disappointed in them, and why, none the less, they persisted in beseeching to be limned. Strong, stern, handsome features are belied by the stamp of inner weakness or hypocrisy: a blandly smiling countenance leers, let one stand at a certain distance, with bitter hatred; a woman's face, unwontedly soft of line, and virtuously proud, confesses uncharitableness that lacks little of being mere cruelty. The minister himself, — for, strange to relate, the Rev. Thomas Lee sat for his portrait to his dead daughter's lover, — though in the features which

others describe as afire with righteous zeal and fervency, eyes glowing with visions of Paradise, lips lighted at the fires of Zion, Matthew Ballantyne depicted naught indeed of conscious evil or hypocrisy, — confronts the observer like an image of stone. Unmerciful, unloving, — unhuman, that is to say, — this Puritan divine, father of sweet Alice Lee, lives, if not to the mockery, at least to the unconcern, of a distant generation.

Did Matthew Ballantyne find, then, no good at all in this world, in mankind, now that for him its fairest blossom was blighted? Ah, yes, he was still too gentle to be wholly misanthrope. The maidens of the village, and one young matron — all Alice's former friends — are an exception to the general character of his work. Gentleness, modesty, love, — in varying degrees we find these qualities graven in each sweetly, and, through his art, eternally, youthful face that he copied from those pure, maidenly hearts. And we may accept them as proof that, even though the young painter were in league with an evil spirit, or *the* evil spirit himself, who endowed him with unerring insight, he was not wholly given over to the powers of darkness, and read and imaged the good more willingly than the ill.

We have purposely delayed discussion of this spirit of darkness until now, for, though the records state that its existence was known immediately after the little grave in the woods was discovered, all internal evidence is to the contrary. We cannot believe that the matter was mooted at all until after Matthew Ballantyne had asked the question which is given below. However that may be, we reproduce the description as given by those curious observers to whom we are indebted for much of the material of this tale.

Suspecting unholy commerce, at length watchers were rewarded by the sight of a strange, unearthly creature in the high branches of the storm-blanching oak. A small creature, its fearful aspect depended not alone upon a sharp, grinning, half-

human face, a smooth, round, hairless head pointed with horns, claw feet, and wide-spreading, skinny-looking wings that seemed designed, not to soar into the empyrean, but to drop to the bottomless pit,—add to all this, that, from horned head to claw foot, it was all of a brilliant, malign scarlet. This being, luridly visible day and night, whether an emissary of hell, or the devil himself, consorted with Matthew Ballantyne present, and guarded the grave from the tree above during his absence.

Menace as it was to the community, it is acknowledged that the matter was not brought to the ears of the magistrates until the end was already at hand,—also that, though more than one was ready with glib account after the matter was once launched in the gossip-stirred waters of public discussion, Matthew Ballantyne himself set the bark afloat. Returning to his cottage one misty twilight, he encountered on the beach the portly person of a visiting clergyman who was famed throughout the colony for his attainments as a scholar. And, though divine lore was his chosen and favorite field, there was scarce a secular byway of science into which he had not wandered.

Ballantyne remembered the kindly face it was now too dark to discern. Halting, he bowed lowly and reverently before the old man.

"A good-evening to you, sir, in whom I think to meet the painter who so skillfully limned the portrait of my granddaughter, Mistress Dorcas Elliot," returned the old man graciously. "Will you walk with me along the sounding shore?"

The young man acquiesced in silence. As they fell into step, the elder noted that his companion wanted not only the springing gait that should have belonged to his youth, but even the slight strength of his own old age. He laid his hand gently on the painter's shoulder, and would have chided him kindly for overworking.

But the youth suddenly raised his head

high, and his burning eyes penetrated the gloom with a fire that seemed no grosser than that of the stars gathering above their heads.

"Tell me," he cried, "reverend sir, you who know all things, 't is said, and that without losing hold on the greatest good, charity,—answer me one question. Is there in all this world,—hast thou ever seen aught?"—

"Fear not to disburthen thy mind," said the other mildly; "distress not thyself with doubt."

Still Matthew Ballantyne paused. But again, encouraged by the good old man, he spoke out.

"Tell me, then,—is there, in all God's created universe, such a creature as a scarlet bat?"

The remainder of the interview is unhappily lost. We may guess, however, that, if the old minister felt constrained solemnly to warn the misguided youth, he acted the part in the gentle, fatherly way that was his one manner. Returning to the manse where he was a guest, he laid the matter solicitously before the Rev. Thomas Lee. The latter, in his turn, directly after the departure of his guest, brought the affair before the minds of the magistrates in, perchance, a less sympathetic manner. The following day the town buzzed with the tale of Matthew Ballantyne and the scarlet bat. The excitement continued unceasingly, while for three days the villagers awaited the return of the mysterious painter from the forest.

On the fourth day, his floating cloak was descried from afar by a group gathered in the market-place,—for what purpose we are not informed. A crowd collected with mysterious alacrity to watch his approach. The long, swinging gait of six months earlier was become a spiritless, perchance painful, toiling; but the youth's straight form was not bent, nor his fever-bright eyes downcast. Mention is made of the fact that he flaunted as boldly as ever the brave lining of his cloak, and that his thin cheeks were hec-

tically marked with the baleful hue; yet naught is directly said of the expression of Matthew Ballantyne's face upon this his last appearance among his fellow-men. Nothing is said, yet much may be inferred. We know, though the village urchins hooted and gibed at first, that on his approach they ceased suddenly, while all the people fell back, making broad way for him; and even the magistrates, who were to have challenged the offender, and in good probability to have seized upon him, stood motionless and tonguetied as he passed. Nay, more, the spectators were speechless with apprehension and terror to see a little maid, the child of the young matron alluded to, slip from her mother's restraining grasp, and, running unabashed to Matthew Ballantyne's side, seize his hand in both her little ones, and touch it lovingly and reverently with her baby lips.

He smiled upon the little maid, and, looking upon his portrait, one fancies that the child must have borne that smile in memory all her life. Then he passed silently on, disappearing in the thicket that led to his cottage on the shore.

Thenceforth he did not emerge from his dwelling. Watch was set upon the place by order of the magistrates, who had so strangely forgotten their duty, but who now determined to apprehend him so soon as he should stir forth from a roof believed to shelter unholy secrets.

Again they waited three days, days of more feverish excitement, for it was reported that each night, as darkness fell, a fiery, winged creature circled helixwise about the cottage chimney, before dropping down through it. The watch was kept from the windows of the house which stood highest in town; none ventured even to the shore, — with a single exception. The gentle young matron who had been Alice Lee's friend, even while she shuddered at thought of the scarlet bat, and could not but have fear for her little maid, still felt some womanly pity for the strange youth, and went twice, alone and stealthily, tremblingly to place

food and a bottle of wine upon his window-sill.

Finally, the popular excitement becoming dangerously tense, the magistrates felt forced to take decisive action. Accordingly, upon the Friday night of that week, ten prominent men, including the minister, surrounded the cottage on the shore. Before entering, they made the three windows fast from the outside, and sent a nimble lad, who feared his errand, perchance, quite as much as the threatened rod, up to the roof-tree to secure the top of the chimney by means of a contrivance prepared for the purpose.

They marched in very quietly, the ten men, yet so profound was the silence within that their footfalls seemed the iron tramp of a mighty host. The minister pushed open the inner door, and with beating hearts the others followed him across the threshold. There they halted suddenly, and, forgetful of all, each bared his head.

One thing alone they saw, in all the fantastic litter of the little room. Matthew Ballantyne lay upon a couch drawn close to the shoreward-looking window, his face just turned to the water and the stars. He was clad in a rich robe of brilliant scarlet stuff, — doubtless a part of that paraphernalia all artists have, — and his cloak, flung gracefully back from the shoulders, draped itself picturesquely about it. Over the scarlet cushion, his hair, silky and beautiful as a woman's, spread softly from his face, — his white, white face, upon which only two tiny spots of that hectic color lingered.

They had not disturbed his sleep, though he lay so near the window. Matthew Ballantyne was without their jurisdiction. He was gone overseas in very truth, and his face said that the going was not exile, but freedom. And mild as that brow was, and sweet as the expression, and ineffably peaceful, — remote from them and theirs as utterly as only the look of the dead may be, — nevertheless it rebuked those ten men sternly, humbling them until they could not look into one

another's faces. And as they dispersed, not concertedly, but slinking away one by one, regret and remorse, albeit but half conceived, went along with each. It was not that their case was gone up to an higher tribunal; it was the apprehension that the Superior Judge might think they had bungled.

And the scarlet bat? We cannot say. Later writers agree only in the grotesque

and fanciful character of their several accounts, and the last contemporary narrator pauses at that death-bed scene. We can only echo, with more warmth, if it may be, the valediction of the latter. "God send," he adds, "that in the article of death young Master Ballantyne was released of the Devil and at peace with his Maker; for, in good sooth, he painted passing well."

BEYOND

BY ALLAN MUNIER

BEYOND the prison cell
 Release!
 Beyond the stormy passage
 Peace!
 Beyond the starless night
 The great Sun's rising —
 Beyond these wilds a home
 Of Death's devising.

After tumultuous years
 To creep
 Within a lonely room
 And sleep!
 After the exigence
 Of human hunger,
 Bread, and lodging, and wine
 To need no longer!

How I have longed for this! —
 And yet
 How can I go content —
 Forget
 All that was dear in life
 Entwined about you?
 How can I pass Beyond
 In peace without you?

A WRITER OF WORDS

BY MARGARET COOPER McGIFFERT

I

EARLY in her straitened youth, Ellen Stearns had determined to secure three things: an education, a home, and congenial companionship. Before she had worked her way through school and college, her slender hands and her indomitable will had grappled with many phases of self-help. Tutoring in term-time, waiting on table at summer hotels, and two years of teaching, carried her through her college course in six years. During the last year she was able to give her entire time to the college work and life; that year decided the president to recommend her for a position that had been above her most ambitious dream. "In force, in ability to use her scholarship, and in contagious idealism, she is unique," the president wrote; "and this year has given her leisure to develop a latent good-comradeship that will insure her an important influence over growing girls."

She was surprised by an appreciation which extravagantly repaid efforts that had been their own recompense. She could not understand how the work of a teacher could ever have been called drudgery. Once the principal cautioned her. "Save yourself a little," she suggested. "You need not give yourself so absolutely to the girls. Be a little selfish, — if you can."

Ellen wondered. It was easier to give than to withhold; it was only in the act of giving that she seemed to feel her grasp upon her own. The girls came to her with their confidences, their perplexities and enthusiasms. The youth she had never known was restored to her through her interest in them. As she caught the contagion of their buoyancy, she hoped that they might learn from her the lessons of

her pilgrimage, without needing to tread the way that now, in the retrospect, seemed heartrendingly solitary.

The summer found her unaccountably weary; it was fortunate that it was no longer necessary to work. She discovered a nook on the Maine coast, a meeting-place of woods and sea, where she luxuriated in the summer and in the opening chapters of a novel that had flashed its outline into her mind in the early weeks of her school work; writing it was not a task, but recreation. During the following year, though the school life lost something of its ideal homelikeness, the work something of its first exhilaration, her opportunity retained its dream-like aspect. The girls and their development were still her first interest; her novel was an occasional private indulgence. The offer of an instructorship in her college surprised only herself. "I knew it was inevitable," her principal told her. "I should like to keep you always, but there are inherent reasons why it is impossible. Keep your expenditure of energy within your income, and you may reach almost any height."

She could not account for her good fortune. To deal with subjects of fascinating interest, and to transform her enthusiasm into service, in a setting of well-ordered beauty, seemed an ideal happiness. She gradually learned that ideal conditions do not exist in mundane institutions, but her contentment was not disturbed. Despite her age and experience, she was still young and ignorant when she met Lawrence Percival Shaw.

Reverend Lawrence Percival Shaw was the descendant of eight generations of clergymen, and the parallelism of his case and Emerson's had not escaped his notice. From his boyhood he had written

poems and kept journals, recording the growth of his mind. No culture had been spared to insure the efflorescence of genius upon the gray old branches of the family tree. He believed in himself in spite of contemporary skepticism, and in time many of his contemporaries admitted their mistake. His instructors in college had advised him not to devote himself entirely to literature, so he had studied for the ministry. At a flatteringly early age, he had found himself the pastor of the Bloomfield church, where his distinction of appearance, his clear-cut enunciation, his literary taste, and his originality of expression, made him the pride of his people and of the town. After a time his long literary labors were rewarded; at one bound he leaped into fame; for a season no select table of contents was properly arranged without a poem or an essay by Lawrence Percival Shaw. He was also in demand as a lecturer; his lecture on "The Joy of Living" won him many disciples. Early in his success, his name attracted Ellen. His enthusiasm for literature and for life supplied a voice for her own inarticulate spirit. When she met him, his face seemed even more eloquent than his words. He found in her what had not hitherto been combined in a satisfying measure, — enthusiasm, appreciation, and intelligence. He felt in her also a capacity for loyalty, for self-abnegation, that held for him the promise of new life. He told her that he loved her and needed her; and he had never spoken more sincerely.

By that time she had finished the novel, to which she had given four summers, the spare time of four teaching seasons, and the results of twenty-nine years of life. She sent it to a publisher without showing it to her lover, for she wanted to feel that she had rounded out something tangible, however humble, before her separate existence ceased. It must stand or fall by its own merits, her first and last novel, for she divined that marriage with Lawrence Percival Shaw would be an all-absorbing career.

Through the six months of their engagement she worked with renewed energy. Her novel was published in May, and they were married in June. Shaw's first collection of poems also appeared in May; a slender volume with wide margins and many fly-leaves. His wedding present to her was a beautifully bound presentation copy, which she unwrapped with a thrill of rapturous self-reproach. It had never occurred to her to have her novel bound for him; she had given him a pearl scarf-pin, as if they had been ordinary lovers. She exulted in his superior thoughtfulness, as in all his other superiorities; she would learn to be like him in fine considerateness; with all her disadvantages, she had always been quick at learning.

His spare time that summer was given to revising a volume of essays that had been announced for publication in November; he was scrupulously painstaking. Ellen's novel had succeeded; it had been crowned with the commendation of those who know, and with popular approval; the financial returns were surprisingly out of proportion to her expectations. She felt like an Aladdin as she wrote, in November, the check that transformed her savings and the returns from her book into the ownership of an ideally complete little house, which stood in a generous yard, surrounded by trees and a stretch of lawn, with a strip of garden in the rear. How had it happened? she asked herself wonderingly. Everything that she had longed for had come to her through the sheer force of her desire; and more that she had not dreamed of; no poet's pen could reproduce the color, the music, the promise, of life. Her publishers were urging upon her the writing of a new novel; the idea was ready, but the substance must be curiously wrought in the depths of her spirit while her everyday work went on; before the actual labor of brain and pen could begin, there were many things that demanded her energies.

They were settled in their new home in time for a worthy keeping of Christmas,

and in the twilight of that day a new note sounded in the silence of their dual content. "I have decided," Shaw said, "to send in my resignation."

"Oh, Lawrence! Why?" Ellen softened the intensity of a surprise that might have sounded almost impertinent in its free expression.

"My sermons and my pastoral work have been sapping energies that I need for production. I have got out of the experience all there is in it, and a habit of didacticism has been growing on me. I am primarily an artist, not a preacher, and I have been warping my nature. The constant necessity of meeting engagements hinders the free play of my mind. These last six months, for instance, have been wasted. I have prepared my essays for publication, but I have produced nothing. And I had expected so much. My marriage, my happiness, an experience that has gone down to the deepest roots of life, has left no record. I must secure proper conditions before it is too late."

Ellen had listened in painful bewilderment. "Dear," she said, "I don't understand. Perhaps it is because I am not literary, — whatever I have written has been as spontaneous as breathing, so I cannot judge, — but it has seemed to me that the way to write is to go on doing one's work, and then to write what presses for utterance."

"But my writing *is* my work," he insisted. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world. Have you never felt that for yourself?"

"Never! I am here to live and to love and to work and to help, and to thank God for the good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, that flows into words."

"Ah," he said, "you are a woman, not an artist. Art requires absolute devotion; the nourishing of the soul on the highest ideals, the truest beauty; a perennial fountain of joy within the heart; and the long, laborious practice by which a fitting form is moulded for the idea. The only trammels the artist should feel are those

which he prescribes for himself in the working out of his inspiration. Bondage enough he will find through the intractability of his material. In every other respect he should be a free spirit."

"Your preaching," she suggested; "is n't that an art? Is n't there the constant contact with the deepest need, the deepest inspiration? The opportunity to give the joy of your heart a form that shall cure men's diseases, and soothe their sorrows, and satisfy their longings, and strengthen their wills, and inspire their lives?"

"You see only one side. As long as the water comes men are satisfied; who considers the well? But when the well is dry? It is not mere self-regard, but altruism that demands consideration for one's self. And in the scale of benefactors the poet, the prophet, stand far above the preacher. The preacher's message is limited; the message of the poet is universal."

"And the salary?" Ellen said helplessly. The tide of words and the undertow of apprehension had swept her from her moorings.

"It is only eighteen hundred dollars," he replied. "My time is certainly worth more than that. If I were one of those snapshot fellows who snatch at ideas as they elbow their way through the crowd, and rattle them off on typewriters in the pauses of their meaningless activity, I might do my best work with my eye on the clock, my engagement book in my hand, and the doorbell ringing in my ears, in the intervals between weddings, funerals, pastoral calls, and meetings. As it is now, my energies are being frittered away in routine, while with large leisure, there is no telling what I might accomplish. Think of the men whose work will live! how jealously they have been guarded from distraction!"

It distressed her that he should seem to defend himself against her. "I only wanted to understand," she said. "Of course, you must have the conditions you need for your best work. I have been so proud of my preacher that I never knew he was

living at the expense of my poet, — my bringer of good tidings. We must all work in our own way, and none of us can learn the secret for another."

The first of February his new life began, with leisure to search the woods for their secret, the hills for their inspiration, and the snow-clad meadows for their sweep of freedom; with leisure to linger with the masters of words who have moved men's souls; with leisure to brood over life and its manifold meanings, to write with joyous abandon to the mood of the hour, to cut down and file and polish with the scrupulousness that distinguished him. Success rewarded his efforts; the break with the past had proved his wisdom; the joy of his heart blossomed in remunerative words.

The multiplicity of his duties had never interfered with his regular visits to Boston. With all his enthusiasm for art, Lawrence Percival Shaw was a thoroughbred aristocrat, superior to show, but insistent on fineness in the arts of life; and he had learned in his student days that only one barber in America was master of a haircut that combined the distinction of genius with the indescribable something that marks the man of the world. These necessary visits to Boston gave an opportunity to hear good music, to meet cultured men, to see pictures, to feel the stimulus of fine accomplishment. Ellen was unable to accompany him, but the spoils he brought back were better than any she could have found for herself. An opportunity had come to her to write book reviews, and there were many other interests to fill her weeks of waiting.

II

The sudden burst of success had been followed by an unaccountable absence of editorial appreciation. Essay after essay, poem after poem, came back with courteous circumlocutions. Ellen managed to keep the ring of apprehension out of her words of cheer, and added another series of "pot-boilers" to the list of her occu-

pations. In June all occupation ceased for a few weeks, while she learned a new language.

Shaw hung over his namesake, strangely moved. "My heir!" he said, in an awestruck voice that carried his meaning straight to Ellen's heart.

"He is better than a poem," she suggested, with a light on her face that idealized the man without depreciating the artist; and for a moment the poet forgot himself.

In the strength of that self-forgetfulness, he made a visit to New York, and put a straightforward question to the editor who had, in the past, given him the most encouragement: "Will you tell me frankly what fault you find with my work, — why I have altogether lost your favor?"

The editor hesitated. "We must have variety."

"Yes; but allowing for that. You have had nothing of mine for eighteen months. I am asking now for an honest criticism."

"If you want an honest criticism, I should say that for the last two years you have done nothing but repeat yourself. The writer who strives for marked originality of expression has a double danger, — from himself and from the public; in his concentration upon form he is tempted to neglect substance, and the public, though at first attracted, quickly wearies of what it calls mannerisms and pose."

"The public!" Shaw ejaculated scornfully.

"Yes," the editor replied; "but however we may determine to lead, we must look to the public for our following. We may have manuscript clubs, and pass around things that seem too good for publication, — but personally I have never put my hand on anything that I thought was too good, though many things are too limited. With all the craving for the sensational by the reading masses, there has never been a more eager demand for *life* in literature. Whatever difficulties other editors may find, it is not our readers, but our writers that hinder our making a better magazine."

Both courtesy and policy checked Shaw's suggestion that editorial fallibility might be another hindrance.

"I don't mean," the editor answered his unspoken criticism, "that we don't make mistakes. I merely mean that I have never consciously rejected a manuscript because it was too good for our readers; it might be very good in some respects, but poor in others. An excellent sermon, for instance, would fail of acceptance, because most sermons need the personality of the preacher to give them effectiveness."

Shaw flushed uncomfortably. "You think I am too didactic?"

"My dear fellow!" the editor apologized; "I dislike personalities, and I avoid criticism; but you want frankness, and I have been interested in your work. I have tried to analyze my disappointment, and it seems to me that, from some cause which lies beyond my knowledge, you have simply stagnated."

It had been a bitter experience, for Shaw was a proud man, with no place for the word "failure" in his personal vocabulary. He had delayed his resignation too long; he should have given up everything for literature in the first glow of his success. Propositions had been made to him then that he had not been able to accept; the *Ladies' Counselor*, for instance, had offered flattering remuneration for a series of papers; but he had had no time then to prepare them, nor inclination to sell his honored name in the popular marketplace. If he had had only himself to think of, he would not have hesitated to risk everything for the opportunity to devote himself to his art; but just then he had met Ellen, and his allegiance had been divided. The bitterness deepened in his eyes as he stared blindly from the car-window at the flying landscape. Love, marriage, fatherhood, had come to him, and no new life had flowed into his work. His imagination had revealed in his earlier years more vital conceptions than had followed contact with reality, if he could trust the ver-

dict of his friend the editor. "Perhaps I have been working too hard," he thought wearily. "I must put myself to school to simple life, and forget the exactions of literature."

He haunted his wife's room, watching the baby as if its aimless hands held the clue to a mystery, watching his wife as if she were the priestess of an oracle. Life! life! The word rang through his brain. "An eager demand for *life* in literature." He would supply it if he could find it; the selfish claims of an exacting age had starved his own life.

In the sunshine of his devotion, Ellen's strength returned rapidly. Her heart bounded with hope; the vague apprehensions that had lurked in the shadows of her consciousness disappeared, with the other symptoms of illness. In this atmosphere of happiness, Lawrence would come into his own; her poet, whose sensitiveness to distraction and unpleasant contacts was necessarily in an exact proportion to his feeling for beauty, for life in its finest and truest manifestations. She rejoiced that she was not an artist, but only an appreciator of art, so that she could feel the value of another's work, while making it her own work to furnish conditions in which the finest life might be lived, the truest literature written. In the spring a conditional arrangement had been made with the principal of a school for girls in Bloomfield, by which, if all went well, Ellen was engaged to teach literature and history the following year. Her reputation as a teacher had compensated for a temporary uncertainty. "Pot-boiling" had become unendurable: enforced writing racked her nerves, offended her taste, and irritated her conscience. Some time her novel would find its way into being, but it could not be hurried.

July and August had passed before Lawrence confided in her; his hope had flickered out in darkness. "I should not mind what Stanford said so much," he explained; "he's fallible like the rest of us. But it corroborated my own judgment.

I have stagnated. I feel it through every fibre. I need a change. I need atmosphere, stimulus, inspiration. I ought to go abroad. . . . Do you think it could be arranged?"

"I have seven hundred dollars in the savings-bank," she said.

"I should not need it all," he answered gratefully. "Of course, you know I would not take it if I did not think it would be a profitable investment. I am sure it will make me more productive." She turned her eyes away from the look on his face, but he bent over and kissed her without noticing. "It is as much for you as for myself," he said.

"Of course!" she answered quickly. "Your success could n't mean to you what it means to me." But when he had left the room, she turned her face away from her own thoughts.

His three months abroad did for him all that he had hoped. He came back with sun-browned face, clear eyes, fresh enthusiasm, and renewed self-confidence. In the fight with untoward circumstances he had won; he would win in the battle for recognition. What was known by flippant young journalists as "the Lawrence Percival Shaw renaissance" speedily followed; his name again adorned tables of contents, — not as select, perhaps, as in his earlier triumph, but still respectable, — and humorous writers imitated his style. But Ellen kept her position in the Bloomfield school for girls, and even relapsed into her old habit of writing "pot-boilers." There was still a slowly diminishing return from her book, and her publishers still urged upon her the expediency of bringing out another novel before the impetus of her first success was lost. Under the stimulus of Shaw's "renaissance," she had written a few chapters; but later she laid them aside with an unacknowledged dread of what might be found written between the lines. Besides, she could not write truly unless her mind had time to play, and play-time now was scarce.

The year of her daughter's arrival was

abstracted from school work; she made up for the loss by an increased activity in literary journalism, a trade at which she had become surprisingly proficient. She knew now why teaching is sometimes called drudgery, but only in prospect and retrospect; she was still able to furnish on demand the interest in her work that made her a successful teacher.

Shaw paid for his own cigars, his own clothes, his own literary hair-cuts, — occasionally, when the sun shone, for his own trips. Careful attention was needed to make her home what it should be for her family; but the industry and thrift in which Ellen had trained herself enabled her to perform miracles. There was much to stimulate her energy and strengthen her courage as her boy and girl grew in sturdy self-reliance; and she had not entirely lost hope that some genuine accomplishment would reward her faith in her husband, and his confidence in himself.

III

One Saturday afternoon in May she settled herself for a half hour's breathing space in a blossoming lilac arbor that occupied a corner of the yard. The elm-shaded street behind her was hidden from sight, and almost as quiet as the country. Before her stretched the smooth lawn that was one of her extravagances, and the house, with its broad, vine-shaded veranda was eloquent of peace and home. The children were playing happily under the trees. The scent of the lilacs brought back her own childhood, with its hopes, its bewildered loyalty, its bitter disappointments, its passion for a dim, far-away good. A wave of thankfulness swept through her; her children had all that her childhood had been denied.

Her husband passed the gate, returning from a country stroll, and going on to the post office for his mail. A college student, home to spend Sunday, tramped by with his chum. Her husband returned his salutation with his habitual serene courtesy. "Who's your distinguished

friend?" the visitor asked, as the two young men passed her arbor.

"Lawrence Percival Pshaw!" came the mocking answer.

What she had refused to see started into insistent life before her, an invincible presence, raised by the spell of a ringing voice, — the echo of public opinion. That was what he was to those who had not willfully blinded their eyes. What was the use of unremitting toil to keep up this mockery called life?

The boy and girl came running toward her, straight and slim, with flower-like faces; the heirs of their father's distinction. She forgot her weariness. Her soul flung itself armed into the arena. "No!" she said fiercely. "Not for them, — *that* name!"

They threw themselves upon her. "Tell us a story!" they cried in unison.

"Not now," she said. "After supper. Come now." She rose and turned the torrent of their eagerness in another direction. "We have n't finished our weeding. There will be just time before supper." It was not a suitable time for such work, but her sense of fitness had been overwhelmed by the surge of desperate motherhood. The children went with her willingly enough; everything they did with her companionship was fascinating; their fingers flew as they chattered and laughed.

"Work is the best kind of play there is," Ellen said cheerily, "because you not only have the fun of doing it, but you have something to show for it. Think of the radishes and lettuce and peas and beans that will taste so good to us all!" It was heretically utilitarian doctrine for young children, but she felt instinctively that the best safeguard against making work of what should be play is making play of what is ordinarily considered work.

"Papa does n't like to work," Lawrence said sagely.

Ellen's heart contracted. The adjustment of loyalty to her children and loyalty to their father would be increasingly difficult.

"Of course not!" Ruth's confident voice returned. "Papa is a gentleman."

"I'm glad we're not gentlemen," Lawrence said. "I'm glad we're just a boy and a girl, and — a mother!"

"Your father's training has been different," Ellen explained gravely. "His — work is of a different kind. But — we were born to use our hands; to do things and make things, and — be glad we can."

When she had put the children in the way of removing the traces of their toil, she went out on the veranda. Her husband was resting after his long walk. Her heart was full of bitterness, but as he turned toward her, her mood changed. The faint lines about his eyes and mouth, his look of fatigue, touched her indefinitely; after all, he was only the oldest and most helpless of her children. "My story has come back," he said simply. She knew all that the words implied. Poetry and essays were not in demand, and were unremunerative; he had been advised to try fiction; he had spent himself on a short story, which he had elaborated with infinite pains.

"Dear!" she broke out passionately. "can't you see what the trouble is? You have lost your grip on reality. You wear yourself out in modeling mist, when what people want and need is life. If you would get some regular definite employment, it would be your salvation."

He looked at her in an astonishment that took away breath and power of speech. Slowly his equanimity returned; he even smiled faintly. "What would you suggest?" he asked. "A book-agency?"

"Yes! a book-agency! Or teaching. *Any* thing that would bring you into touch with real life. Why should your manhood be wasted?"

His eyes filled with slow, painful tears that wrung her heart. "Then you have altogether lost faith in me?" he asked.

"No!" she cried. "It is because I have *not* altogether lost faith in you that I speak. Your success would be the crown of my life, but I care infinitely more for

you. And I seem to know now just what your success depends on. Dearest, if not for me, if not for the children, if not for yourself, then for the sake of your art, be a man first, an artist afterward."

Shaw's habitual dignity reasserted itself. He spoke with a courteous aloofness. "My dear," he said with unconscious irony, "you ask what is impossible, -- I was *born* an artist."

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS IN ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

THE current output of books dealing with social philosophy emanates from two distinct sources. The remedial instinct intent on righting social ills is one source; the purely scientific impulse is the other. The first voices the growing protest at social maladjustments. The second perpetuates the strong tradition of unbiased scrutiny into social phenomena, regardless of any ulterior programme. From the standpoint of human interest the literature of revolt or reform is the more significant. From the standpoint of pure science the colorless analysis is the more valuable.

Culling over the literature of 1905, I should place at the head of works of the first class *A Modern Utopia*.¹ In point of literary presentment it is easily first. Utopias are so numerous that it requires something very like genius to create one which shall be essentially novel. A thin and unreal atmosphere commonly enwraps them. However engaging the terrestrial paradise they shadow forth for the masses, they are not alluring to the individual. If the Guardians of Plato's Republic should ever turn their backs upon us, we should inevitably yawn. Utopias, moreover, are generally detached, delocalized, without anchorage in space or time. Mr. Wells's Utopia is in another planet, of course, but its geography is

the familiar geography of Switzerland. Throughout his narrative he contrives to effect a double illusion. We see the shifting background of the action as though it were portrayed in the moving-picture series of a biograph. The dialogue of the two adventurers from our planet is synchronously produced by a figure in front of the lantern, who reads from manuscript. All this may sound like a merely ingenious device at realistic presentation, but the trick is unique. Mr. Wells, moreover, has genuine humor of the Anstey type, and the two rovers from our world are admirable foils to each other. One is a typical British Philistine from "Frognal" who is forever sentimentalizing about an unhappy love affair. "He had known her before he got his professorship, and neither her 'people' nor his — he speaks that detestable middle-class dialect in which aunts and other things with money and the right of intervention are called 'people' — approved of the affair." The other adventurer, of course, voices — often in soliloquy — the philosophy of the World-Cure. We should naturally expect the usual stage properties of Utopia, — socialized ownership of the agents of production, liberalized marriage institutions, universal peace, a World-State, and the like. In due measure they are forthcoming, but the curious, the altogether significant feature of Mr. Wells's Utopia is their subdued, their subordinate rôle. No one

¹ *A Modern Utopia*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

has ever hit off our author quite so aptly as Mr. Chesterton, who says: "The most interesting thing about Mr. H. G. Wells is that he is the only one of his many brilliant contemporaries who has not stopped growing . . . but it is no mere change of opinions . . . the chief proof that it is not a piece of fickleness and vanity is the fact that it has been upon the whole in advance from more startling opinions to more humdrum opinions." This is the really curious thing about Mr. Wells and his version of Utopia. Instead of blaspheming Malthus, which is the best recognized test of collectivist orthodoxy, Mr. Wells insists "that Utopia will control the increase of its population. Without the determination and ability to limit that increase, — no Utopia is possible. That was clearly demonstrated by Malthus for all time." Instead of preaching the *union libre*, Mr. Wells is seriously convinced that "there are two lines of reasoning that go to establish a longer duration for marriage." Worse still, Mr. Wells distrusts universal suffrage, and deplores "that hasty despair of specialization for government that gave our poor world individualism, democratic liberalism, and anarchism." He finds it necessary to found an order of Samurai, a voluntary nobility, — Knights of the Holy Grail, we might term them, — to insure anything like happiness and virtue in Utopia.

Aside from its literary power, Mr. Wells's book is shot through and through with unmistakable divinations of the real nature of the social universe; and in a day when the tide toward socialism is sweeping us all from our moorings, it is no small consolation to see that the shrewdest navigator in the opposing fleet is tacking in unmistakable manner for a port that may prove a common haven for us all.

Second only to Mr. Wells's book in point of literary skill comes *The Long Day*,² the story of a New York working

girl as told by herself. In holding the interest of the average reader this book will even forge ahead of *A Modern Utopia*, for a full appreciation of the Utopia implies considerable knowledge of social philosophy on the reader's part. One who has a fair acquaintance with "slum novelists" and their literature will begin *The Long Day* with very alert distrust. It begins: "The rain was falling in great gray blobs upon the skylight of the little room," and so forth. At once the suspicion of fiction masking as fact is aroused. But one cannot proceed far before the genuine character of the specific scenes and incidents becomes unmistakable. To those who have lived in a great city and have seen the innumerable swarm of working girls emerging from the shops the story has a fascinating interest. And yet in a sense the very skill with which the experiences of the heroine are massed, confessedly in climacteric fashion, and with an artistic disregard of the duration of the *entr'actes*, creates a false impression. Her rescue is effected by such a miraculous *deus ex machina* that one's first query as to the average girl in the shop is "Who, then, can be saved?" If it were not for the remarkable candor and sanity of the Epilogue, one would strongly suspect that the whole tale was a consummately artistic literary fraud. Those who have shed "the tears of sensibility" over Mr. Hunter's bathos entitled *Poverty* will sit up and rub their eyes when the erstwhile working girl concludes that "the harsh truth is that, hard as the working girl is 'worked,' and miserable as her remuneration is, she is usually paid quite as much as she is worth." Those who bring a railing accusation against our industrial system as one which makes the traffic in honor a necessity to the woman wage-earner will gnash their teeth to be told frankly that "a clean room and three wholesomely cooked meals a day can be furnished to working girls at a price such as would make it possible for them to live honestly on the small wage of the factory and store." But it is to be feared that our

² *The Long Day: The Story of a New York Working Girl, as told by herself.* New York: The Century Co. 1905.

self-constituted Cassandras will never have the patience to read on in the book until our working girl, speaking for her class, tells them that "a live and progressive church . . . can do for us, and do it quickly and at once, more than all the college settlements and all the (women's) trades unions that can be organized within the next ten years could hope to do."

Different as are Mr. Wells and the anonymous author of *The Long Day*, they both share in the saving grace of humor. There are innumerable flashes of it in *The Long Day*. One is tempted to quote many of the good things,—of how "Lame Lena" had found the secret of earning good wages in "makin' of your cocoanut save your muscle;" and of the vain effort of the young gentlewoman to interest her class of settlement "pants-makers" in Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive* and *Ethics of the Dust*. But those who read will not miss their reward.

Far inferior to *The Long Day*, but destined, perhaps, to excite equal attention, is a volume devoted exclusively to the interests of the children of the working class.¹ It is exceedingly difficult to know what attitude ought to be taken toward a study of this kind. So far as it seems likely to promote investigation into the conditions it describes, the volume deserves a hearty welcome. So far as it serves to acquaint the better-conditioned classes of the community with the way the oncoming generation of the laboring poor is handicapped in childhood, it ought to be bidden godspeed. It unquestionably discloses evils of the greatest magnitude in connection with the employment of minors. Much of its power is due to the fact that the author has a first-hand knowledge of the sufferings he describes. It is, however, a question whether his massing of effects does not create a picture too sombre to fairly mirror the real truth. Nor does the

rather imposing citation of authorities at the end of the volume convince one that the conclusions drawn or the remedies suggested are universally free from taint of error or unwisdom. The author is apparently a downright honest lover of his kind, but he weakens his rugged plea for the children of the poor by allowing his editors to besprinkle his page with falsetto doggerel recounting the "woes unnumbered" of childhood. Martineau says somewhere that certain instincts furnish very proper incentives to action, but very poor food for reflection. And, paraphrasing the dictum, one is disposed to opine that *The Bitter Cry of the Children* may furnish a very proper starting-point for investigation, but a very poor lot of conclusions in which to rest.

In fortunate contrast to the volume just under consideration come a trio of booklets devoted to social amelioration, all of which, for balance, sanity, and level-headedness, command unstinted commendation.¹

The first of the trio is an inaugural lecture by Dr. Edward T. Devine upon the occasion of his induction into the new chair of Social Economy in Columbia University. The lecturer continues to be the Director of the School of Philanthropy which is conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the city of New York. The newly founded chair to which he accedes has much the same purpose as the School of Philanthropy. It represents, therefore, a new and highly interesting departure in university instruction, to wit,

¹ *Efficiency and Relief: A Programme of Social Work*. By EDWARD T. DEVINE, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1906.

The Liquor Problem: A Summary of Investigations conducted by the committee of Fifty, 1893-1903. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The Poor and the Land: Being a report on the Salvation Army Colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh, England, with Scheme of National Land Settlement. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

¹ *The Bitter Cry of the Children*. By JOHN SPARGO. With an Introduction by ROBERT HUNTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

the analysis of social conditions, their pathology, their remedy, and practical training in the various kinds of activity for social betterment. Dr. Devine has previously laid the public under frequent obligations to him by his clear-sighted discussion of social needs. But he has never heretofore reached the high note that sounds clear through this discourse like "the trumpet of a prophecy." His comparison of the Pioneer, the Captain of Industry, and the Social Missionary makes excellent reading. If one may sample the address, the paragraph on the Social Missionary's heritage from the pathfinder may well be cited. "Pioneers create for us the true heroic age. Here in America they are no distant, prehistoric, superhuman, unintelligible beings. They are our own immediate forbears. They pushed into the undiscovered country for the very joy of larger living. Their blood runs in our veins, and we share in certain moods something of their tingling nerves, their high courage and indomitable will. They have not only given us the earth for a heritage; they have given us also a free spirit and an instinct for domination, — a sort of rudimentary organ which hears from many domains the voice calling to us clearly, more seductively than sirens ever sang, that there is 'something lost behind the ranges,' something waiting for us, and bidding us go find it."

Curiously enough, as if to exemplify the spiritual relationship between pioneer and social reformer, comes Mr. H. Rider Haggard's report on the labor colony idea as a plan to relieve the congestion of British cities. Mr. Haggard's little volume is an attempt to rescue from obscurity a blue book which he offered originally in the capacity of special commissioner to inspect and investigate the Salvation Army colonies in California, Colorado, and Ohio. His opinion of the success of these colonies is high; and his plan for governmental subvention of similar efforts to be engineered by the Salvation Army, "or any other well-established and approved social, charitable, or religious

organization," is a tolerably convincing one. It commends itself the more readily because it is not unmindful of the larger bearings of the projects. The proposer has wrestled with the objection that such colonization would but create a temporary vacuum in the slums, bound speedily to be refilled by an equal amount of human wreckage created by the self-same conditions that now make for urban congestion. One is the more disposed to accord the project a tolerant ear from the fact that it bespeaks a discriminating estimate of the people who can thus be aided and those who cannot. When the commissioner is told that his plan is futile "because it does not go to the root of the question," because "it does not provide for the scum and the dregs of our city society," he fairly disarms his critics by admitting their objection frankly. He is emphatic on the point that "no system formulated by the brain of Man" can provide for the "adult dead-beats," "born-tireds," "breakages," alcoholics, tramps, hoboes, criminals, sneaks, half-wits, dissolute women, and the like. . . . "With their children something can be done — perhaps; with themselves little or nothing." I, for one, am disposed to go far with a man who gives such credentials of sanity; and, whatever else may be true of the organization of which he treats, I am willing to believe that, in this respect at least, "the poke bonnets and military caps worn by the professors of corybantic Christianity" may show the way to a helpful social departure; and that in leading a large city class "back to the land" they are, as Mr. Haggard reports, "fulfilling their great and self-imposed office with a whole-hearted humility and patience worthy of the first founders of the Christian Faith."

The same dominant note of a well-weighed and patient opportunism which runs through the volumes of Dr. Devine and Mr. Haggard proclaims their affinity in spirit with the admirable summary of conclusions reached by the Committee of Fifty after its ten-year

investigation of the liquor problem. This summary is the essence of the five detailed volumes already published by the Committee.¹ It confirms one in the belief that the best guarantee of sanity in a student of society is a wise distrust, born of experience and philosophy, in the existence of any social panacea. Those who want in a nutshell the well-sifted results of the painstaking study of the liquor question by competent, disinterested, and philanthropic experts will do well to canvass this brief compend. No real evil is extenuated, and nothing is set down in malice. The scourge of drink is not minimized, and its relation to crime and pauperism is most temperately, but most convincingly drawn. The physiological effects of liquor are set forth in such fashion that no physician can take exception to the exposition. At the same time, the pseudo-scientific character of so-called temperance instruction in the public schools is unmasked. The remedial aspect of the matter is treated with breadth and sanity. Not the mere extirpation of the saloon, but the devising of healthful substitutes for the saloon, is the desideratum. Nor is the heart of the difficulty left untouched in the masterly exposition of the cure. We are brought up with the old-fashioned but eternally valid doctrine that the ultimate remedy is found "only in the souls of individual men. . . . There is no salvation for the mass as a mass." It is a homely truism, but an eminently reassuring one, to hear that "those forces that make for the development of personality are, in the last analysis, the forces that are doing the most to overcome the evils of the liquor traffic."

The three remaining volumes² de-

¹ *The Physiological Aspect of the Liquor Problem*. Two vols. 1903. *The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects*, 1897. *Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem*, 1899. *Substitutes for the Saloon*, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

² *The Menace of Privilege: A Study of the Dangers to the Republic from the Existence of a Favored Class*. By HENRY GEORGE, JR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The City, The Hope of Democracy. By

voted to reformatory propaganda trace their heritage to the genius of Henry George. His was a mighty spirit, and the impulse that he originated still ferments like yeast in the intellectual processes of the Georgian *Epigoni*. Nothing was finer from the standpoint of doctrinal consistency than Henry George's steady refusal to admit the parity of social evils. To him there was one central scourge, — private property in land, — and if he lent aid and succor in various battles against passing phases of monopoly or privilege, he made it clear that these concrete abuses were only phases of the deeper-seated cancer in the body politic. There was something that smacked of the conscious infallibility of the prophet in his refusal to modify even the wording of his great work when once it had been finally cast in its printed form. But nothing, apparently, is immune to the Higher Criticism, not even the faith once delivered to Henry George; and the three volumes under review illustrate three types of departures from the original body of doctrine. Least in its divergence is *The Menace of Privilege*. Even here it is the flaunting excesses of the trust magnates, the "Princes of Privilege," that draw down the imprecatory fire; and, while the all-sufficient remedy with Mr. Henry George, Jr. is that of his father, — the abolition of private property in land, — it would seem as though the capitalist as such, rather than the landlord, is the logical target for his arrow. Much in Mr. George's case must be explained, and may be generously condoned, on the ground of filial piety. But this close adherence to the formulas of *Progress and Poverty* has fatally impaired the book as a new source of revolutionary inspiration. Indeed, it reads like an artistic catalogue of the sins of the mighty, — bitter, censorious, mordant.

FREDERIC C. HOWE, PH. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The Cost of Competition: An Effort at the Understanding of Familiar Facts. By SIDNEY A. REEVE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1906.

There was no lack of material, as we all know, but the author seems often to show an intentional or a blind refusal to discriminate. Deliverances are often garbled and distorted, — particularly in the second chapter of the seventh book, — and are made to say what suits his purpose of invective or imprecation. In the analysis of social conditions, it is not a whit in advance of *Progress and Poverty*. It panders merely to the class hatred of those who have long been obsessed by an *idée fixe*, and “disgorges into the general world” the “embossed sores and headed evils” which an angry man has gathered from the public prints.

The other two volumes stand less nearly related to the single-tax gospel. In the case of Mr. Howe the primal impulse has been a practical one, though energized by his vision of the City Beautiful. But the engineering of the tax on land rentals seems to him so essential an instrument of realizing the Hope of Democracy that he is quite at one — so far as urban policy is concerned — with the founder of the doctrine. He does not so much differ from the single-taxers as he superadds to their platform. The stern individualism of the senior Henry George — for, except in the matter of land ownership, he was individualistic to the core — becomes transmuted in Mr. Howe’s hands to a generous belief in governmental initiative and coöperation. In short, Mr. George’s ideal was justice, while Mr. Howe’s is civic welfare, which he believes will be powerfully subserved by the tax on land values.

Mr. Reeve’s volume acknowledges the original impetus received from the elder George. Whatever else may be true of *The Cost of Competition*, it illustrates one tendency to perfection, — that no thinker of active mental temperament can finally rest in Mr. George’s programme as all-sufficient for economic regeneration. Such a thinker will either react against the doctrine of *Progress and Poverty*, and veer toward Rae’s proposition that “land is as much the creation of man as any-

thing else, and everything else is as much a gift of God as land.” Or else he will not content himself with the socializing of land alone, but will logically insist on socializing all the other means of production. The single-tax theory is, by its very nature, in unstable equilibrium. Mr. Reeve represents the latter type of logical departure away from George in the direction of a more inclusive collectivism.

Mr. Howe’s book will be very differently rated according as one is in quest of inspiration or information. It has life, vigor, movement. It is imbued with a healthful optimism. It is, without doubt, the counterpart of able, self-sacrificing, and hopeful civic effort on the writer’s part. The patriotic public service that it will inspire can hardly fail to result in making for the public weal, however far short it may come of realizing the writer’s dream. But if we assess the book in the cold, clear light of impartial criticism, we shall hardly fail to discover that the foundation of fact is absurdly inadequate to support the superstructure of conclusions. Mr. Howe depicts in lively fashion the ideal city that is to be, with its teeming millions. He finds the tap-root of our present political decadence in the fact that unscrupulous business men, mostly seeking or enjoying franchises, have bought up the government, body and soul. He discovers the way out through municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. Finally, in order to pay the bills of urban socialism, he proposes to confiscate the rentals from urban site-values.

This is a perfectly intelligible programme. There is no particular use in describing it as socialistic, though there is no very evident reason why its projector should disclaim the name. But it fairly exposes itself to strenuous objection in the off-hand way it alleges the financial success of municipal ownership in Great Britain and this country. A serious student who will take this slightly diluted asseveration for scientific proof does not begin to know the elements of what scientific proof is. The truth is, Mr.

Howe's enthusiasm sometimes runs away with his judgment. No one not totally out of touch with current work in economics would ever hazard in cold print the statement that "there is something queer about the familiar contention, especially common in universities, (*sic*) that land is a factor of but little importance in modern industrial life." Much must be allowed to the fiery zeal of the reformer. We may not measure the vision of the prophet with the common yardstick. But while our fellow mortal has a perfect right to speak with unknown tongues, he must excuse the weary plodders amongst us who still use the alphabet, and must not ask us for belief, unless he supplies us with evidence.

The third volume in this subgroup, Mr. Reeve's *Cost of Competition*, is exempt from the characteristic defects of its two predecessors. It does not ask us to take declamation for reasoning. Its social vision may be astigmatic, but it is unmistakably penetrating. It does not have to fumble through its pockets when asked for its credentials as an accredited messenger from the realm of scientific thought. It will undoubtedly suffer, so far as popular apprehension is concerned, by reason of its very excellence. The more than occasional employment of mathematical analysis will close its best pages to the generality of readers. Mr. Reeve subdivides his assessment of the seamy side of our industrial life into two divisions, the first treating of its economic cost, the second of its ethical cost, — to the winners no less than to the losers. It would be a stout optimist, indeed, who would minimize the social cost of competitive wealth-getting. That it involves waste in advertising, soliciting of trade, cross freights, no less than in a thousand other ways, no sane observer can deny. These are all incisively instanced by our author. To avoid this social waste he proposes a plan whereby the prices of goods shall no longer be the sport of competitive bargaining, but shall be set by governmental authority

apportioning to each producer a remuneration proportioned to the "life-supporting power" of each producer's product. Such authoritative price-fixing, which will, of course, be a continuous function of the State, he assures us, could be patterned after the "central office" of a big manufacturing plant which credits various departments each with the value of its respective contribution to the final product. Mr. Reeve's plan apparently allows private possession of goods which have been produced by the owner, or acquired by him through exchanges at State-sanctioned prices, but only so far as such goods are actually used by the possessor for enjoyment. The lending of money at interest, or the exaction of payments by individuals for the use of productive agents, he apparently inhibits.

To Mr. Reeve's indictment of "capitalism" on private property in productive agents, the typical economist, for whom our author has scant patience or respect, would emphatically demur. The demurrer would be based on the average effect of "capitalism" as affording a powerful stimulus to the creation of productive agents. There is one thing worse than having individuals idly pocket incomes from the rentals of productive agents. That worse thing is a society so scantily provided with productive agents that there are no incomes for either idlers or workers to pocket. As to the all-wise State bureau that is to fix exchange ratios in Mr. Reeve's renovated Utopia, the objection seems pertinent that such a bureau is not so much impossible as superfluous. What is termed the market constitutes a smooth, self-acting, economical bureau for price-setting. Our author, in his analysis of barter, fails wholly to inquire what effect is produced upon the margin of unfair gain to be obtained by bargaining when, instead of two traders facing each other in exchange, there are thousands interested in buying and selling the same commodity. In world markets for the staples, the "forced gain," which Mr. Reeve makes the virus of our

economic life, can be shown to be a vanishing quantity.

The borderland between works advocating organic changes in our economic structure and works which are devoted to a colorless scientific view of social phenomena is found in four volumes, three dealing with our railroad problem, and one with our colonial policy. It is rather remarkable, when we consider the flood of printed matter precipitated by the silver question, that the railroad issue has evoked so scant a response from the press. The small output has made possible a very searching inquest into its merits, and criticism at this time may almost be limited to a judicial summary of the consensus of expert opinion.

The searchlight of investigation has beaten most severely on Professor Hugo R. Meyer's volume.¹ It is not unfair to say that the conclusion of his high argument has been generally discredited. Despite the wealth of erudition paraded in the footnotes, the cautious reader puts the treatise down, unsatisfied, incredulous. That government attempts at rate regulation have always resulted disastrously from the larger standpoint of economic welfare puts too heavy a strain on sober students of transportation. When railway men themselves concede the existence of certain evils demanding legislative remedy, it will hardly do to preach *laissez faire*. In one respect the volume presents a pathetic side. To its making there evidently went the most laborious toil. If it fails to arrive at conclusions with which sober readers can concur, the writer is at fault neither in point of patient research nor in intellectual honesty. The conviction is forced upon one that his is a type of mind which, however widely it may sift facts, will inevitably find only reasons for its preconceptions.

In a Froude, where there is combined with this tendency both wit and a constructive imagination, the result may be well worth while. Unfortunately, railroad administration affords little scope for the exercise of these subsidiary qualities, even if Professor Meyer possessed them. In common fairness, it must be said that the tide is running so strongly against this book that some of its really good points are in danger of undue disparagement. The description and defense of the "basing-point" system in our Southern states, whether true or not, is highly ingenious. The account of the collection of grain at the primary markets and its distribution from these centres is a real contribution to our knowledge of transportation. And the author rightly insists on the fact that the selfish demands of localities for special transportation privileges would be an obstacle to governmental regulation. Hence, unqualified condemnation of the book is unfair. Because we feel that we require confirmation of the author's conclusions as to German and Australian railroads is no reason why we should discredit his sententious verdict that "in the conflicts of interest which are a necessary incident of progress, few men practice a broad and liberal patriotism, when interest affords the incentive and institutions afford the opportunity to do otherwise."

For the other two books¹ on railroads, the meed of praise has been deservedly liberal. Mr. Haines sweeps a rather wider horizon than Judge Noyes, and covers railroad construction, operation, and finance, as well as the matter of rate-fixing. Still, the two volumes finally converge in their discussion of restrictive legislation. It is significant that a practical railroad man like Mr. Haines and a railroad president like Judge Noyes are at one in conceding the necessity for further

¹ *Government Regulation of Railway Rates: A Study of the Experience of the United States, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Australia.* By HUGO RICHARD MEYER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

¹ *American Railway Rates.* By WALTER CHADWICK NOYES. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

Restrictive Railway Legislation. By HENRY S. HAINES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

remedial legislation. Judge Noyes devotes the greater part of his book to the question of rates. But so central is this theme that the book easily takes high rank in our American literature of railway economics. Mr. Haines's chapter on rate-making is below the standard which he elsewhere maintains in his book, but in general the two volumes supplement each other admirably. He who masters them both will have no mean equipment in the science of transportation.

Both volumes, however, are equally subject to a common criticism. They over-estimate the technical legal difficulties attendant upon Congressional regulation of interstate commerce. There savors much of the ultra-scholastic about such contentions as that the fixation of rates is in its essence a legislative power and may therefore not be delegated by Congress to a tribunal; or in the contention that the determining of the reasonableness of rates is a purely judicial function, and therefore may not be entrusted to a commission. One feels, on reading these deliverances, almost like the "cornfield lawyer" in the Senate, who sardonically remarked that the people could be so happy "if it were not always for the dear old Constitution." The truth is that the separation of legislative, executive, and judicial powers cannot, from the nature of things, be absolute. A court which punishes for contempt exercises executive power. A Congress which determines the right of its members to their seats exercises judicial power. And a railroad commission which shall combine both powers, subject to court review where Constitutional guarantees are involved, is not going to be denied us by the Supreme Court, if the voice of Congress is quite unmistakable in the matter.

The fickleness of popular interest strikes one forcibly on turning from the three works on railroads to Mr. Willis's treatise¹ on our foreign problem, — the Philippines. The truth is that we are

¹ *Our Philippine Problem: A Study of American Colonial Policy.* By HENRY

tired of the Philippine question. The glamour attendant on conquest has faded. The "trust for civilization doctrine," which reconciled the American republic to our retention of the islands, is becoming wearisome. Now that business enterprise sees little opportunity of commercial exploitation in the islands, selfish interests in Congress content themselves with defeating measures that would extend Philippine markets to the prejudice of American growers of sugar or tobacco. The subsidy-seeking shipping interests amongst us still hope to monopolize the shipping of the archipelago. But public interest is languid. The annual drain of \$20,000,000 on our treasury is not relished by Congress, but it seems unavoidable. We try to forget the whole wretched business, and groan internally when a wholesome massacre of bandits with their wives and children occasionally discloses the skeleton in the national closet. Most people who think soberly about the question are probably agreed that the natives as a whole are unfit for self-government, and are equally agreed that it is little less than a national misfortune that we must govern — or misgovern — them. For this reason Mr. Willis's book must intrude on unwilling ears. Nor does he soften a whit the plain, objective tale. There is no resiliency in his exposition. The civil government is sketched without sympathy, — a disguised oligarchy. There is even lacking adequate appreciation of the benevolent motives of such a governor as Secretary Taft. The educational system is characterized as sadly inefficient. The ecclesiastical policy in the matter of the friars' lands is held to be more than dubious. The decadence of social morality since our advent is said to be undeniable. Only in the matter of scientific sanitation, and in the negative policy of preventing corporate land grabs, is our policy commended. Business and agriculture are said to languish, and there is little or nothing to relieve the sombre

PARKER WILLIS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

picture. It is a Pandora's box with Hope left out. For that very reason it will not satisfy even those who concede the substantial truth of its specific assertions. But the book ought to be provocative. It challenges the defenders of our colonial policy. By silence they simply plead guilty at the bar of conscience. If they can file a reasonable demurrer, they ought to do so. It is to be hoped that the book may incite to more intensive study of the situation on the spot. No task is more needed than an envisagement of the mutual attitude of the islanders and ourselves in the light of even-handed equity and good will, which selfish interests on both sides ought not to be allowed to pervert or stifle. To acquiesce in our present mood of opportunist ennui is just neither to our wards nor to ourselves.

We reach the wholly irenical group of significant books in our subject, with the admirable series of Selections and Documents in Economics¹ which is appearing under the editorship of Professor William Z. Ripley. In his preface to the first volume of the series, *Trusts, Pools and Corporations*, the editor declares that his aim is a deliberate attempt at "the application to the teaching of economics of the *case system*, so long successful in our law schools." He is careful to add that the material thus assembled is designed for use in the domain of descriptive economics. It would certainly imply an indiscriminating analogy that would seek to employ the case method in the teaching of pure economic theory. But in the field indicated these selected readings and cases admirably supplement the usual text-books, and put the essence of the

most suggestive collateral material in the hands of every student. As labor-saving devices alone, they will amply repay their cost. The discussion of typical cases in the field of trusts, labor problems, public finance, and sociology ought to impart to their study a sense of reality and vitality which is wholly lacking to an abstract lecture syllabus.

Worthy of notice in connection with the group just adverted to, and similar to it in purveying much well-sifted information in short compass, is M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's *The United States in the Twentieth Century*.² So far as material is concerned, there is comparatively little in this compend which could not be extracted from the Abstract of the Twelfth Census. Indeed, the author admits frankly that the census reports have been his main mine of facts. However, he has traveled recently in this country, and has thus added to his well-known scientific equipment a visual knowledge of our economic life. Our French critic's volume gives rise to the suggestion that when Congress next authorizes the taking of the census, an adequate appropriation should be made for editing its results. The specialist will, of course, at present give careful heed to the census statistics. He must. The general reader of fair intelligence may occasionally cull out from the tables of figures bits of information in which he has a particular interest. But there is waste in the expenditure of millions for statistical findings, often of great significance, and their subsequent editing in so unattractive a form as never to invite any general attention. It takes a certain amount of genius to turn the dry-as-dust figures into gold nuggets, but it can be done. And in some measure this is what M. Leroy-Beaulieu has effected. That he is a foreigner who sees us at a peculiar angle and from a viewpoint different from our own, only augments the

¹ *Trusts, Pools and Corporations*. Edited, with an Introduction, by WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1905.

Trade Unionism and Labor Problems. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN R. COMMONS. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1905.

Selected Readings in Public Finance. By CHARLES J. BULLOCK. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1906.

Sociology and Social Problems. By THOMAS N. CARVER. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1906.

² *The United States in the Twentieth Century*. By PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU. Authorized translation by H. ADDINGTON BRUCE. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1906.

interest with which he invests his volume. And, while his book was written primarily for his own countrymen, it has not suffered in translation, — which is high praise, — and ought to obtain a wide reading in this country.

Hardly a year has passed of late without the appearance of a new economic systematizer. This year it is Professor Seligman who figures in this rôle. It was not necessary for him to publish this volume¹ to substantiate his title to be considered the most erudite of American economists. There are others more original, more sharp-sighted, and better equipped with intimate expert knowledge of particular provinces. There is probably no other comparable to our author in the range of his reading and in bibliographical lore. But erudition has its perils, no less than its advantages, and the volume under discussion will abundantly attest this. The generic adverse criticism to be passed on the book is that the author has not succeeded in dominating the almost perplexing variety and richness of the material on which he has drawn. In an introductory text it is preëminently necessary to subordinate the details to an organizing central conception. Here this volume is defective. For the beginner in economics downright error is less dangerous in the long run than a weltering distraction of ideas. It is a cruel paradox that the inexpert reader, with this treatise in hand, runs the aforesaid risk because of the author's very wealth of information.

The significance of this volume lies mainly in its indicating the trend of thinking in the matter of distribution. The older traditional theory insisted on the intrinsic difference between land and other productive material agents. Land was a gift of God, capital the product of labor. Capital could be increased, land could not. Land must be measured by

area, capital by dollars. Land rent was a lump sum, the hire of capital was always a percentage. Rent did not enter into price, interest did. Between them was an impassable gulf fixed. It was in large part against this central conception that Professor Fetter a few years since flung his shining spear, and the old school today are visibly on the defensive. Professor Seligman all but renounces them. Analyzing the three essential theses of the time-honored doctrine of rent, he remarks: "So far as these statements are true, they are not peculiar to land rent." But, either weighed down by the traditional view, or essaying an ill-judged attempt at mediation, he wavers, and holds that "because of the social significance of such relative changes (namely, alleged differences in changes of land values and the values of other things), it is legitimate to put land into a separate category."

Thoroughly to canvass the author's attitude toward even the more important theoretical questions is here impossible. But too often he seeks to synthesize the irreconcilable. Thus he tells us that in one sense capital involves the roundabout method of production; in another sense capital synchronizes labor and consumption. The older individualistic doctrine of marginal utility is introduced, and then fused into the newer, the more mysterious doctrine of "social marginal utility." The book is eminently unfinal. Its premature synthesis is not going to issue in agreement, but in disruption. Instead of allaying strife among economists, it is going to breed misunderstandings. It is certain to be a mine of endless casuistry, an inexhaustible source of economic litigation. A singular fancy possesses me when I try to symbolize the contents of this volume and its probable effects. I picture it an inviting *pâté de foie gras en Bellevue*. Through the quivering transparency of the gelatinous aspic envelope I can see no end of toothsome morsels, — chicken-livers, mostly from Professor Fetter's "novel and suggestive" incuba-

¹ *Principles of Economics*, with special reference to American conditions. By EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

tor, sweetbreads that hail from Chicago, Austrian truffles, Marxian mushrooms, and nameless tidbits that savor of "pure capital," — the whole garnished with a gay bibliographical bouquet. But this *mélange* is held together by the most tenuous and fragile of films, and only the most intrepid of gormandizers may attempt to digest and assimilate its varied contents.

American economists have of late become accustomed to an annual treatise on money. Kinley, Scott, Laughlin, and Aldrich have each produced within the last five years a notable contribution to the field of monetary science. Mr. Charles A. Conant is the last to "take up the wondrous tale," in two substantial volumes¹ of almost four hundred and fifty pages each. To his task Mr. Conant brings some very unusual qualifications. He has had practical experience as a banker. He has labored at the arduous task of monetary reform at home and abroad. He has read widely and discriminatingly in the history of the subject. He has not taken the ill-considered position that financial experience renders the abstract study of money and banking superfluous. He has struggled with the terminology of the academic economists, and has even caught the infection of the phrase, "marginal utility." It would be strange if, with all this in his favor, he had not produced a work which supplements certain *lacunae* in our knowledge of the subject. In particular, his account of the adoption of the gold standard in southern and Oriental countries is of importance, because Mr. Conant himself, in the case of currency reform in Mexico and the Philippines, may properly boast *quorum pars magna fui*. Moreover, his views on the technique of banking, and in particular on note issue, carry unusual weight, coming, as they do, from one who knows the business both on paper and in practice. It is small disparagement to add

that Mr. Conant lacks a fine sense of verbal felicities, and alternately adopts and condemns the same phraseology. Thus he quotes Jevons with approval as to the abhorrent usage which leads careless thinkers "to speak of such a nonentity as *intrinsic value*," and yet Mr. Conant himself uses the very phrase in his formal definition of money. Sometimes this carelessness verges on something worse than contradictory usage, and approaches contradiction in terms. The "vital factor in the choice of the metals as the material for money" is "that they represent an article the demand for which is insatiable." The phrase, *obiter*, reminds one of "Coin" Harvey's "infinite demand" for silver. But if the demand for the precious metals is "insatiable," discussion as to whether there is any danger of an excessive supply of gold would seem, to put it mildly, superfluous. So far as Mr. Conant's discussion of the so-called quantity theory of money is important, it is simply because it discloses the moderate view of a practical, well-read, judicially-minded, and experienced banker. If Mr. Conant's citations were not so apt, he might be justly accused of loading down his book with a *potpourri* of authorities. Certainly not less than two hundred pages are wholesale transfers from works on money; but he has so fortified his own discussion with appropriate quotations, whose origin is always indicated, that in some respects his work gains by thus becoming a ready source-book of information. Mr. Conant has read so widely in this field that it is surprising to find, neither in the text nor in the extensive bibliography, any mention of that most important piece of work in the monetary field, — Fisher's *Appreciation and Interest*. It seems not at all unlikely that we may soon perforce be compelled again to canvass the currency problem. The seemingly persistent disorder in the loan market can be explained only on the theory that the banks are not curbing wild speculation as they ought in their rôle of trustees for the commercial community, or

¹ *The Principles of Money and Banking*. Two vols. By CHARLES A. CONANT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1905.

else on the hypothesis that our system of note issue requires to be made more elastic. It is well that we have in Mr. Conant's work, especially in the second volume, so admirable a guide. The business world, so distrustful of the theorist, will absorb sound theory from a banker like Mr. Conant, *sans le savoir*.

A review of last year's literature of social philosophy would be incomplete without mention of two works on sociology,² Professor Blackmar's *Elements of Sociology*, and Professor Small's *General Sociology*. It is difficult for students of the special social sciences to be quite just to the sociologist. The point of view of the economist, the historian, and the student of politics is perceptibly different from what it would have been, had the study of sociology never attained something of its present vogue. On fair consideration there is much to be said in justification of one of Professor Small's chance utterances, that "Sociology . . . must remain more a determining point of view than a finished body of knowledge." The very existence of this somewhat inchoate science has at least served as a useful reminder to other workers in the more delimited social provinces that their task is in some respects a provincial one, that they must not mistake their conclusions for the whole truth, that there are other considerations to be reckoned with besides those which they assess in their own bailiwick, and that human society is an infinitely complex thing, and not fully to be appreciated from a single standpoint.

In short, we are indebted to the sociologist for some of our humility, and we ought to be free to express our obligation. Moreover, the student of the more delimited portions of the social domain ought by this time to recognize that there

are particular branches of inquiry, such, for instance, as the origin and development of family relations, which fall outside of the recognized boundaries of the special sciences of society. We have no right to excommunicate the social investigator from our fellowship because he refuses to be called by one of our familiar names, — economist, historian, anthropologist, or the like. But when all this is said, it must be confessed that the sociologists have too often invited the merited reproach of quackery. Nor do the two volumes under review altogether escape this charge.

Professor Blackmar's *Elements* is a singularly ineffective and eminently mediocre book. It affords no real penetrating insight into the nature of society. It has no intrinsic coherence. Empty it of what is essentially law, politics, and economics, and it becomes a stringy set of observations on social evolution, social pathology, and social ideals. It lacks character in its definitions. To define "culture" from the standpoint of sociology as "giving up old habits of thought and action for new ones with higher ideals" is an instance of confusion. What Professor Blackmar has defined as *culture* is in reality *conversion*. His account of the law of survival through selective struggle drips with treacle fit for a Sabbath-school periodical. To describe the principal methods of sociological investigation as "the statical, dynamic, and statistical methods, respectively" is about as logical as to divide animals into quadrupeds, insects, and blue-bottle flies. Moreover, even the *Elements of Sociology* ought to allow, out of four hundred and forty-five pages, more than a bare fourteen to the discussion of "Social Laws." This little nest of "laws" is a rare jumble, whose character is not unfairly conveyed by the half-page discussion devoted to each law. As sociology, this will never do.

Professor Small's portentous volume of seven hundred and twenty-nine pages he calls a "conspectus" or a "syllabus." In reality, it is a titanic compendium. Its

² *The Elements of Sociology*. By FRANK W. BLACKMAR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

General Sociology. By ALBION W. SMALL. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1905.

thesis is that "*the central line in the path of methodological progress, from Spencer to Ratzenhofer, is marked by gradual shifting of effort from analogical representation of social structures to real analysis of social processes.*" It would have been impossible, in the absence of the author's italics in the Preface, to disinter this thesis from the mass of *débris* under which the thesis lies buried. It does not require seven hundred and twenty-nine pages of exposition to show that Spencer's sociology involved an extended analogy between society and living organisms, while latter sociology insists more on the struggle for existence. And the truth is that, besides the extended criticism of Spencer, Schaeffle, and Ratzenhofer, which constitutes the core of this work, there are in it hundreds, literally hundreds, of voluble detours into other fields of social speculation. For this very reason no review of the volume can be at all adequate which does not traverse an almost endless sociological tract. No one can read the volume through without feeling a sort of hopeless dejection.

"Yet now despair itself is mild," — for the Gargantuan energy that does not hesitate to print, as chapter ten, nine consecutive pages of disjointed titles, which comprise the table of contents to Schaeffle's *Bau und Leben*, is beyond the reach of any reproach that bases itself on literary grounds. Walt Whitman's "catalogue method" is simply nowhere, in comparison with Professor Small's unwearying printing of lists of titles as essential chapters in his text. Chapters twenty-nine and fifty are awful examples of this form of typographical crime. But the dejected feeling that Professor Small's book produces is mainly because of one's inability to convince one's self that the author believes there is any real truth or

importance in this wordy farrago. It would be unfair to suggest that he regards the whole thing as a hideous logomachy, but at least one reader found in the whole treatise nothing that fell quite so like balm on the wounded spirit as Small's momentary lapse into skepticism when he says, "It" (the quest of sociology) "flies so uncontrollably from one aspect of humanity to another, we not only waver in our faith that the problem may be solved, but, if all the truth must be told, we sometimes wonder whether, after all, a real problem exists."

The truth is, I believe, that no such real problem as the author proposes does exist; and if it did, no finite mind could grasp it. For Professor Small insists that we must attempt to comprehend at one and the same time the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of the entire essence of the process of human association. "A maturer stage of knowledge must approach nearer to comprehension of the whole as a whole." It is his "demand for the universal" that so discourages us, — this striving "toward a final stage," and this conceiving the object as it "would look to an omniscient mind." Moreover, as if to pile Pelion on Ossa, he will not encourage approach to this ecstatic vision by intensive study of special fields. The part of the sociologist is "to counteract the tendency of specialists to follow centrifugal impulses." For example, he disparages the study of primitive man, and remarks thereof, — "the best that we can get from accounts of primitive men are hints about what to look for in our acquaintances"! The primary task of the sociologist, apparently, is to stand on the housetop, and to discourse of methodology. I believe this to be the consummation of folly.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON PHONETIC SPELLING

REGARDING the efforts of the gentlemen of letters and dollar-marks who propose a reform of English spelling, Serena and I have decided that nothing will come of it. Serena points out to me that I have never been able to spell correctly in the old, incorrect way, and that it would be utterly impossible for me to spell correctly in the new, correct way; and she rightly considers me a typical American literary gentleman, with one hand holding the bridle of Pegasus and the rest of my body reclining in supreme faith against the proofreaders, editors, and compositors, whose duty it is to look after the spelling business.

My own opinion of the spelling profession is that it has nothing to do with genius, except to kill it. I know that Shakespeare was a promiscuous sort of speller, even as to his own name, and no one can deny that the immortal Avonite was a greater genius than Noah Webster. I think, and Serena agrees with me, that the reason America so long lagged behind Europe in the production of genius is that America, for many decades, was the slave of the spelling-book and the spelling school. No man who devotes the fiery days of his youth to learning to spell has time to be a genius. The period of Noah Webster's spelling-book was the period of dwarfed literature in our country, and now, just when we have mastered the spelling so that it is second nature to us to spell *though* with an *ugh*, there comes this group of anarchistic spellers who would "chop off the tails with their carving knives" and turn us brilliant writers into groping, plodding spellers of stupid lines.

Serena says, and I agree with her, that it is the jealousy of a few college professors who are trying to undermine the

younger writers. They know that it is excusable to spell incorrectly now, but they want this new phonetic spelling brought into use so that there shall be no excuse for bad spelling, and that then, Serena says, self-made authors like me, who never could and never can spell, but who simply blaze with genius, will be academically laughed at and hooted out of the magazines to make room for a stupid, Dr. Johnson sort of literature that is spelled correctly. Serena looks upon the whole thing as a direct, personal stab at me. I look at it more philosophically.

To me it seems that the spelling-reformers are entirely on the wrong track. Their proposed changes are almost a revolution, and we Americans (Serena's father was a German, but she can forget her *ie* and *ei* all the better for that) do not like sudden changes. We like our revolutions to come about gradually. Automobiles, for example. Think how gradually the sixty-horse-power snorters have come to pass. If, in our horse age, the streets had suddenly been covered with "Red Satans" and "White Ghosts," going thirty miles an hour and smelling like an eighteenth-century literary debate, and killing people right and left, we Americans would have arisen and destroyed every vestige of automobile. But the automobile came gradually. First the bicycle, then the motor cycle, then the electric cab, growling and clanking like a sawmill in chains; then the light automobile, and so, by stages, to the present monsters. So slowly and progressively did the automobile increase in size and number that it seemed a matter of course. We take to being killed by the automobile quite naturally now, and I can imagine our ghosts bragging one to another of the size and power of the machines that unsphered us.

A people that will not revolt at auto-

mobile mania will not refuse spelling reform; but the reform must not be loud, organized effort. It must be brought to pass by Machiavellian craft, underground manipulation, and lowly stealth. Editors must be bribed, vocabulists seduced, and painters of advertising billboards tipped on the sly.

New words come into the language by the "slang" use of them. The spelling-reformers should truckle to our Bowery boys and newsboys, getting them to spell phonetically, and soon "smart" society would take it up as a fad, and the abridged spelling would get into society novels, and thence into real literature, — such as Serena says I write. "Abridged," by the way, is a word for the reformers to cling to. Many people who would refuse "reformed" spelling would take kindly to "abridged" spelling. I only see one difficulty in the word. It would hardly do to call a Reformed Webster's Unabridged Dictionary the "Abridged Unabridged Webster."

You may have guessed that I am not in sympathy with the spelling reform movement. I think, and Serena thinks, that the objections to English spelling can be overcome in a better manner than by mutilating good old words, "cutting off their petticoats, all around about."

Of course, the silent letters in our words are objectionable. They are lazy letters, earning no increment, and are distasteful alike to the anarchist, socialist, and competitionist. The introduction of the factory system of utilizing all the hog but the squeal inevitably preordained the downfall of the silent letter. We want no idle class in America, whether tramp, aristocrat, or silent letter, but we do not kill the tramp and the aristocrat. We set them to work, or we would like to. My theory of spelling reform is to set the idle letters to work.

Take that prime offender, *although*. *Altho* does all the work, and *ugh* sits on the fence and whittles. I would put *ugh* to work. *Ugh* is a syllable in itself. Whole romances of Indian life have been

written in which the stoic red man's conversation is simply "Ugh!" It is a grunt, or a gasp, or an asthmatic wheeze. I would have the *ugh* follow the pronounced *altho* as a third syllable. Doubtless the asthmatic islanders who concocted our English language actually pronounced it so. I have heard some orators — at Sunday school reunions, and day school exercises — pronounce the *ugh* in this country.

"My dear little friends," says the orator, "altho-*ugh* I am not much of a speaker; altho-*ugh* I may say I am no speaker; yet I will try to speak to you, altho-*ugh*," etc.

I propose to have some millionaire endow my plan, and Serena and I will then form a society for the reforming of English pronunciation. I will not decapitate, de-tail, or de-limb a single word. I will not punch out the *i* of any *chief*, nor shall any one drag *me* from any programme, however dull. I will pronounce programme as it should be pronounced, — *programmy*, — and, as for *chief*, he shall be pronounced *chy-ef*.

The advantage of this plan is manifest. It is so manifest that I am afraid it will never be adopted.

Serena's plan — Serena has an uncle who is a member of the Brick Layers' Local Union No. 12 — is, perhaps, less intellectual, but more American, as is to be expected from one whose father was a German. Serena's plan is to ignore all words that contain superfluous letters. She would simply boycott them. Like Bunner's "Midge," who could n't see why people should learn to spell such words as *asthma*, Serena would have people get along with such words as are already phonetically spelled. Why should people write *although*, when they can write *notwithstanding that*, and not have a silent letter in it? I have myself often written a phrase twelve words long to stand instead of a single word I did not know how to spell. In fact, I abandoned my Platonic friendship for Serena, and replaced it with ardent love,

because I did know how to spell *sweet-heart*, but could not remember whether she was my *friend* or *freind*. I am sure, too, that when it was all arranged between us, Serena was not anything so short and terse as *kist*, but lengthily, lingeringly *kissed*.

DO WOMEN ENJOY ONE ANOTHER?

"THE most charming women in society, when they are together without men, seldom say anything that is worth hearing, and feel more bored than when they are alone. But with men it is not so. Their conversation is, no doubt, less lively when no women are present, but as a usual thing, though it may be more serious, it is also more reasonable; they can do without us better than we can do without them."

So wrote Mademoiselle Scudéry in the year of our Lord 1640, and her words were quoted the other day by a Philadelphia hostess who was entertaining five guests at luncheon, two of them from her own city, while the three others belonged respectively to Memphis, Boston, and New York.

"And it reminded me," the hostess went on to say, "of our friend F. W., who observed lately that he vastly preferred dinners where women are present. We all knew that he was a professed woman-hater, so waited for his explanation, which was, 'For, don't you see, in dining with men only one misses that exquisite sensation of relief which descends upon the soul when the ladies rise from the table.'"

All laughed at F. W.'s speech, but it was freely granted that men, no matter how much they may enjoy the society of women, still like best to compare opinions on serious and solid subjects with one another. But the question remained whether, in this twentieth century, which has been called "The New Woman's Century," there could be any need of weighing Mademoiselle Scudéry's con-

fession concerning the inadequacy of the entertainment which women offer to one another; whether, in these days of feminine expansion and progress, women still feel bored when left exclusively to one another's society; "in short," said one of the Philadelphians, "whether we ever have an exquisite sensation of relief when we leave the men over their cigars."

"Of course," said the hostess, "women whose sole desire it is to adore and be adored are always and inevitably bored when there are no men present. We leave them out. It is the experienced, the mature, the rational, the clever women whose word counts."

All six women were experienced, mature, rational, not to say clever; and when the opinion of each was desired, it came the turn of the Philadelphians to speak first.

"I sometimes feel," said No. 1, "as if the passion for bridge whist were the inevitable result of our being thrown so much upon the society of our own sex. One has to do something interesting, or one would go mad."

"And I honestly prefer to talk with women," said the second of the Philadelphians. "I like a little more concession and rounding off than a man is willing to give. I confess I like men to take the initiative, and I am always ready to accept a man's opinion, as the result of more careful, all-round thinking than a woman's. A man does not allow himself to be run away with by every impulse as we do; but I do love a clever woman's idea of things."

Next came the charming Southerner. "Of course," she said, "one likes to talk with men, and in doing so exerts one's powers, and makes one's best efforts to be interesting. It is useful to draw out a man's views on important subjects. But with men one thinks of the impression one is making, and in talking to men one is conscious of being a little bit of a humbug. Now with women no affectations are of the least use, and there is a comfort in dropping any sort of hypocrisy,

and in talking about the things one honestly cares about, — that is, domestic matters, children, and dress. Nobody need condemn these as trivial subjects, for they are of the utmost consequence. Leave knowledge of them out of a woman's mind, and what is she? Then women understand one another readily, and are generally helpful and sympathetic and clever. Yes, women are immensely clever; that is, when they are on their own line."

The Boston woman entertained no doubt whatever that women are better off without men. "Men are so little in earnest; they will not be serious. You will hardly find a man who enjoys discussing abstract questions, — that is, in society. Women nowadays are interested in everything. They have retained their faith in the perfectibility of the species. Temperance, settlement work, civic and social questions, — they like to discuss these subjects, as well as Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Maeterlinck. In travel women are the most congenial companions, and they are ideal for living with; prompt, punctual, industrious, and disinterested. No one misses men if one has a few good women friends."

"I think," said the New Yorker, "that women are practically more interested in women than in men. We dress for one another, furnish our homes to vie with and surpass one another, and in entertaining lay ourselves out to surprise one another. We enjoy and admire one another, too. Now take teas and luncheons, where there are never any men to count, but the women are such dears in their pretty clothes, and each with something bright to say! It is only when you get too intimate, and know their weak side, that they distinctly bore you. A man's weak side is different; he may be vain, but he is vain in a different way. You can enter into his thoughts, help him to work them out, make him talk his best and feel contented with himself, and he admires *you*. Discuss any subject with a woman, and let her appear to have the pleasure of convincing you, and she takes immediately a tone of con-

descension, feels herself to be a superior woman, — and when a woman feels herself to be superior, Heaven help us!"

The hostess decided that, in spite of some reserves, all these opinions went to show that women appreciate and enjoy one another more than in Mademoiselle Scudéry's time; in fact, are "discovering one another more and more." "Was it," she asked, "the Miss Berrys who used to say, 'No more women, no more women'?" But then, the Miss Berrys liked to be the centre of things and have the talk to themselves. In fact, we are all alike; we like to be the centre of things, and no woman feels the full possession of her powers who has not a little world of her own, with something revolving around her. And given this, the modern woman is ready to say, '*No more men.*'"

THE VACANT ROOM IN DRAMA

I AM content to let Mr. John Corbin sing the praises of the stage without scenery; I prefer to sing the praises of the stage without actors. Ever since I was a little boy, nothing in the world has been for me so full of charm and suggestiveness as an empty room. I remember as vividly as though it were week before last being brought home from a visit somewhere, when I was four years old, and arriving after dark. My mother had difficulty in finding the latchkey in her bag (I have since noted that this is a common trait of women!), and while the search was going on I ran around the corner of the house, and peered in one of the low windows of the library. The moonlight lay in two oblong patches on the floor; and as I pressed my nose against the pane and gazed, the familiar objects within gradually emerged from the gloom, as if a faint, invisible light were being turned slowly up by an invisible hand. Nothing seemed, however, as it did by day, but everything took on a new and mysterious significance that bewildered me. I think it must also have terrified me, for I recall my father's carrying me suddenly into

the glare of the hall, and saying, "What's the matter with the boy?" And to-day I cannot enter a theatre, even at the prosaic hour of ten in the morning, when the chairs are covered with cloths and maids are dusting, and the house looks very small, and the unlit and unadorned stage very like a barn, without a thrill of imaginative pleasure. I have even mounted the stage of an empty theatre, and addressed with impassioned, soundless words the deeply stirred, invisible, great audience, rising row on row to the roof. At such moments I have experienced the creative joy of a mighty orator or a sublime actor; I have actually felt my pulses leap. And then the entrance of a stage hand or a scrubwoman would shatter the illusion!

But it is when I am one of a real audience, and the stage is disclosed set with scenery but barren of players, that I derive, perhaps, the keenest pleasure. A few playwrights have recognized the power of the vacant room in drama, but on the whole the opportunities for such enjoyment are far too rare. This is odd, too, with such convincing examples at hand. There is, for instance, the close of the second act of *Die Meistersinger*, when the watchman passes through the sleepy town after the street brawl is over, and then the empty, moon-bathed street lies quiet for a time, before the curtain closes. Of course, here there is music to aid in creating the poetic charm and soothing repose of that moment. But at the end of *Shore Acres* there was no such aid. Who that saw it, however, can forget that final picture? After Nat Berry — played by Mr. Herne, the author — had scratched a bit of frost off the window pane to peer out into the night, locked the door, and banked the fire, he climbed with slow, aged footsteps up the stairs to bed. At the landing he turned to survey the old kitchen below, that lay so cozy and warm

under the benediction of his eye. Then he disappeared with his candle, and the stage grew quite dim, save for the red glow from the fire. Yet the curtain did not fall; and through a mist of tears, tears it cleaned one's soul to shed, the audience looked for a long, hushed moment on the scene, on the now familiar room where so much of joy and grief had happened, — deserted, tranquil, but suddenly, in this new light of emptiness, realized to be how vital a part of the lives of those people who had made the play! It used to seem, indeed, as if the drama had not achieved full reality until the old kitchen had thus had its say, thus spoken the epilogue.

It is strange to me that more playwrights have not profited by such examples. The cry of the average playgoer is for "action," to be sure; but even "action" may be heightened by contrast, by peace and serenity. Certainly the vitality, the illusion, of a scenic background on the stage can be enhanced by drawing a certain amount of attention to it alone; and something as Mr. Hardy, in *The Return of the Native*, paints Egdon Heath — "Haggard Egdon" — in its shifting moods before he introduces a single human being upon the scene of their coming tragedy, it is quite possible for the modern playwright, with a Belasco to aid him, to show the audience the scene of his drama, to let its suggestive beauty, its emotional possibilities, charm or fire their fancies before the speech and action begin. So also, as Wagner and Mr. Herne have demonstrated, there can be a climax of the vacant stage. At present, our stage scenery is too seldom perfectly fused with the story, too often magnificent but meaningless. The drama is an art form which at best is restricted, and any possible technical variations should not be neglected. Is not the vacant room such a neglected possibility?

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XCVII



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1906

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Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

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